Henry Ford on Liquor and the Law

August 6, 1932

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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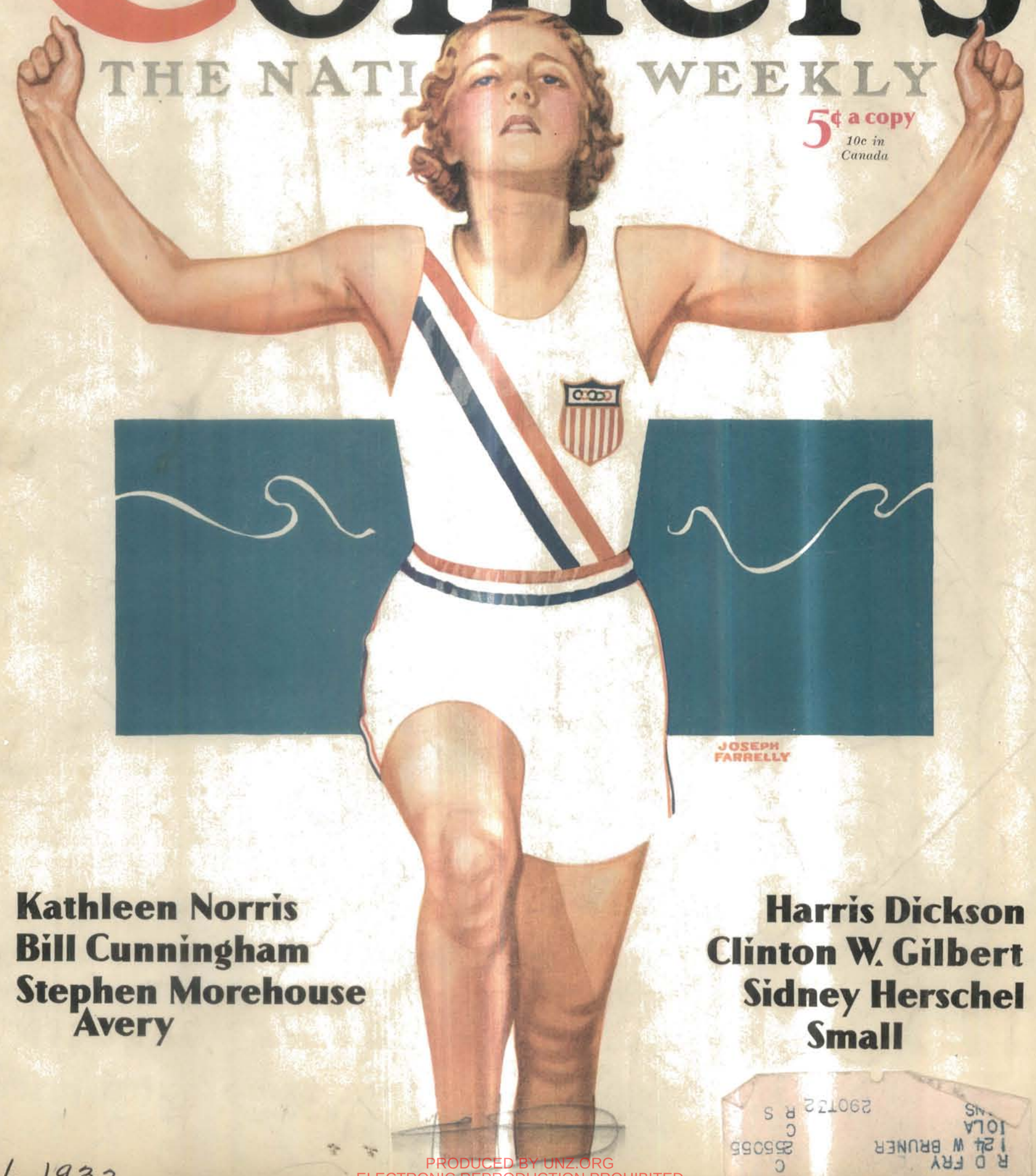

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The next best thing to driving with the Chief, is to drive with the new Texaco *Fire-Chief* Gasoline.

The U. S. Government specifies this same type of motor fuel "for ambulances, fire-engines, and emergency vehicles."

Texaco *Fire-Chief* Gasoline is alive with snap, dash, action; brimming over with eager power! It's anti-knock, with an Octane Rating that is outstanding. Try a tankful today. Then feel your car step right out and beat all past performances.

Wherever you are, in any of our 48 States, a new thrill awaits you. Texaco Stations are everywhere, in our cities and towns and along the great national highways.

Drive up to the red Texaco pump for Texaco *Fire-Chief* Gasoline or the silver Texaco pump for *Fire-Chief* Ethyl, now more than ever the leader among premium gasolines.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

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TEXACO *FIRE-CHIEF* GASOLINE

Developed for fire engines--Yours at no extra price

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Will you give your child a chance to be one of the leaders of the next generation?

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Metropolitan Life's contracts afford a means to

- —create estates and incomes for families
- —pay off mortgages
- —educate children
- —provide income in the event of retirement
- —establish business credits
- —stabilize business organizations by indemnifying them against the loss of key-men
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Will your son have the education necessary to qualify him for leadership?

More and more comes the demand for properly trained men and women. Each year the competition between the trained and untrained shows more clearly the advantages of planned education.

Give your boy his chance — a real chance. You want him to find himself and make a place for himself, and you hope to live long enough to see him looked up to as a leader.

A Metropolitan Field-Man will help you arrange a Planned Educational Fund through which your boy's training will be made sure.

It is a simple guaranteed arrangement—adjusted to meet expenses of professional, business or vocational training. Funds are accumulated while your children are growing up.

For details regarding a Metropolitan Planned Educational Fund, consult a Metropolitan Field-Man or write to

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IN THIS issue Mr. Henry Ford, writing with the intense conviction of a militant dry, says, "Every temperance campaign in the United States in the last hundred years has issued in a demand for prohibition. A temperance campaign can have no other end." Next week the Right Honorable Winston Churchill, who as Chancellor of the Exchequer came to grips with the liquor problem in England, tells you what effect, according to his observations, prohibition has had upon this country. His title is "The Shattered Cause of Temperance."

Mr. Churchill, as you may judge, does not see eye to eye with Mr. Ford. To say that their views are diametrically opposed would be accurate except that it leaves out of account the warmth of feeling on both sides.

MR. KELVER, who was the butler at Mark's Priory, used to wonder occasionally at the way things were done there. He wondered why the east wing was always locked off from the rest of the house at night. He wondered about the two taciturn but athletic American footmen, about the influential libertine, Dr. Amersham, and about the timid owner of the house, young Lord Lebanon. But most of all he wondered about "The Frightened Lady." That was before the murder. Edgar Wallace's mystery novel will make you a breathless witness to the happenings at Mark's Priory.

TWO hours late, Jimmie Walker strolls into a meeting of Tammany's "war council" and doffs his gleaming topper.

"We've been waiting for you," growls a disgruntled sachem.

"And what for, pray?" Up go both eyebrows and the thin hands spread wide. "Surely a gathering like this needs to wait on no man. Have more faith in yourselves, boys." And off he goes, gay, impudent, self-sure but utterly charming. George Creel draws his portrait in "The Boy Friend."

WHEN Harmony Childs wired his friend and business associate, Omar Gill, to come to South Cleveland, everything was set. Harmony had arranged a marriage for Mr. Gill which promised to net the firm $5,000. Unfortunately Mr. Gill proposed to the wrong girl and her brother turned out to be a boxer. Frank Condon tells what came of "Honorable Intentions" pitted against a widow's might.

JEROME BEATTY, Talbert Josselyn, Kathleen Norris, John B. Kennedy, Walter Davenport and Lucian Cary sing together like morning stars. Are you listening?

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Any Week

MR. LINK McMEACHAM of Lynchburg, Virginia, bids us cease this clamor for "a leader." He contends we wouldn't know a leader if we saw one, because we don't know where we're going or where we want to go.

"IF YOU think you're coming out here to pet those sweet little fawns (baby deer) in the hills just south of this city," advises Mrs. Henry G. Ostertag of San Francisco, "you're wrong. The game commissioners have levied a fine of $500 on anyone caught at it. You see, they've discovered that the doe, detecting the odor of the human animal on her young, frequently abandons the fawn, leaving it to perish and we don't know that you can blame the doe."

PERSONALLY we've never lost our composure in the presence of chicken stew. But that, suggests Mr. Joe Preister of Des Moines, Iowa, is because we've never had any made by Mrs. Henry Field of Shenandoah, Iowa, wife of the gentleman who beat Smith Wildman Brookhart for the senatorial nomination (see page 21 of this issue). Here's the Field recipe: One chicken, cut in usual pieces, stewed until tender; season well; one medium-size onion; one medium-size potato; one medium-size turnip; one pound of cabbage, a half pound of carrots and two ounces of rice. Stew for another hour or so, adding water to suit taste.

"NO FOOLING now," cries Mr. Maurice Ryan of Tulsa, Oklahoma. "How many years is it going to take to convince the marines that Sandino of Nicaragua is smarter than they are?"

MRS. L. ISERSON of Buffalo, N. Y., is in training for a long, derisive laugh when Europe, having built her armies and navies to the desired proportions, goes to war and asks us to lend her the money with which to arm and feed her warriors.

ACCORDING to Mr. Harry Peacock of New York City, we are about to enter a great political campaign in which "the forgotten man, Truth, is going to be taken for a nasty ride."

"WHY kick about prohibition not working?" asks Mrs. Kate Soper of Los Angeles. "What is?"

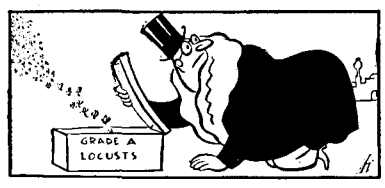
"THE trouble with most veterans," sighs Mr. Al Pearl (ex-sergeant, A. E. F.), of Chicago, "is that they think they'll be just as big heroes to the home folks after they've spent their bonus money."

HAVING attended a convention of magicians in Detroit and having heard one of the delegates contend that "Women are psychologically unfit to be prestidigitators because they hate to be fooled," Captain C. J. Cornish proclaims that that delegate doesn't know his women, adding hastily that "it can't be done—much."

"WHAT about a bonus for us children born during the war?" asks Mr. Russell G. McCloy of Seattle, Washington. "Because of the blockade our nurseries were not decorated with those imported German dyes, stunting and warping our tender little minds. Those meatless and wheatless days stunted our growth, making us unable to stand up under Life's hard knocks. We have a good enough case to get a swell bonus. Why not?"

AND Mr. Henry Kegerreis of Janesville, Wisconsin, goes on record as protesting against any member of the American Olympic team (man or woman) "who may at any time during the games offer an ill-mannered, un-American, unprovoked discourtesy to any foreign ruler, his representative or his flag." So, Mr. Kegerreis, do we.

MR. C. M. RHYNDER, C. E., of London, England, writes that he has just returned from Tashkent, Russia, where chemical warfare is under way against the cotton-destroying locusts in eastern Tadjikistan. "And if you do not think those locusts have been sent by the capitalistic enemies of the U. S. S. R., you haven't read the Moscow newspapers."



"PLEASE tell Senator Copeland," pleads O. L. Steensland of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "that when Congress runs like *real* race horses we'll be glad to pet, pamper and speak kindly to and about them. We won't, however, pet and pamper them as long as they act like a bunch of entries in a wild-horse race at some frontier rodeo, where the contest is won when one of the entries accidentally blunders over the finishing line."

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"THE SUCCESS of these merchandising plans requires an almost unlimited use of LONG DISTANCE"

W. K. Kellogg, President
KELLOGG COMPANY

THE Kellogg Company of Battle Creek, Mich., makers of cereals, is establishing one of the outstanding business records of recent years. Plants are operating on a 24-hour-a-day basis. The company is employing more people today than ever at this season.

Mr. W. K. Kellogg says: "The company has made progress and will continue to make progress through modern merchandising plans. The success of these plans requires an almost unlimited use of Long Distance telephone service."

Many companies which are successful in spite of unfavorable conditions consider Long Distance one of their important . . . *and most economical* . . . business-building aids. They know from experience that *increased* use of this modern service *lowers* costs in many ways, and helps to bring new business.

Like the Kellogg Company, these concerns use Long Distance in nearly every activity. Sales and advertising executives talk with field men throughout the country, discussing local problems, merchandising, packaging, special sales and advertising drives in various localities. The Purchasing Department saves money and time by using Long Distance. Traffic and production men use it to effect economies in their respective fields. Telephone conferences are often held between officials in different cities.

Your local Bell Telephone Company will gladly have a representative visit your office to explain how Long Distance gets results at low cost.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Typical Station-to-Station Rates

From	*To*	*Daytime*	*7 P.M.*	*8:30 P.M.*
New York	Pittsburgh	$1.50	$1.25	$ .85
St. Louis	Cleveland	2.05	1.75	1.15
Boston	Detroit	2.55	2.10	1.40
Atlanta	Denver	4.50	3.75	2.50
San Francisco	Washington	8.50	6.75	5.00

Where the charge is 50 cents or more, federal tax applies

JUST CALL YOUR BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

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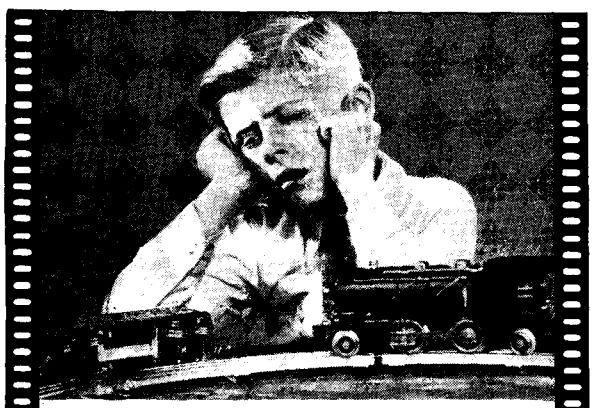
REAL LIFE MOVIES . . . Jimmy and His Dad

Parents—this story of young Jimmy Bates is retold for *you*—because it treats of a matter that is of vital, life-long importance to every child.

2. Of all proud fathers, Jim Bates was proudest. Between him and his little boy existed a rare and beautiful companionship from the time little Jimmy first began to toddle.

3. An athlete and outdoor man himself, Jim Bates took keenest delight in watching his young son grow into robust, active boyhood . . . Then, quite suddenly one day . . .



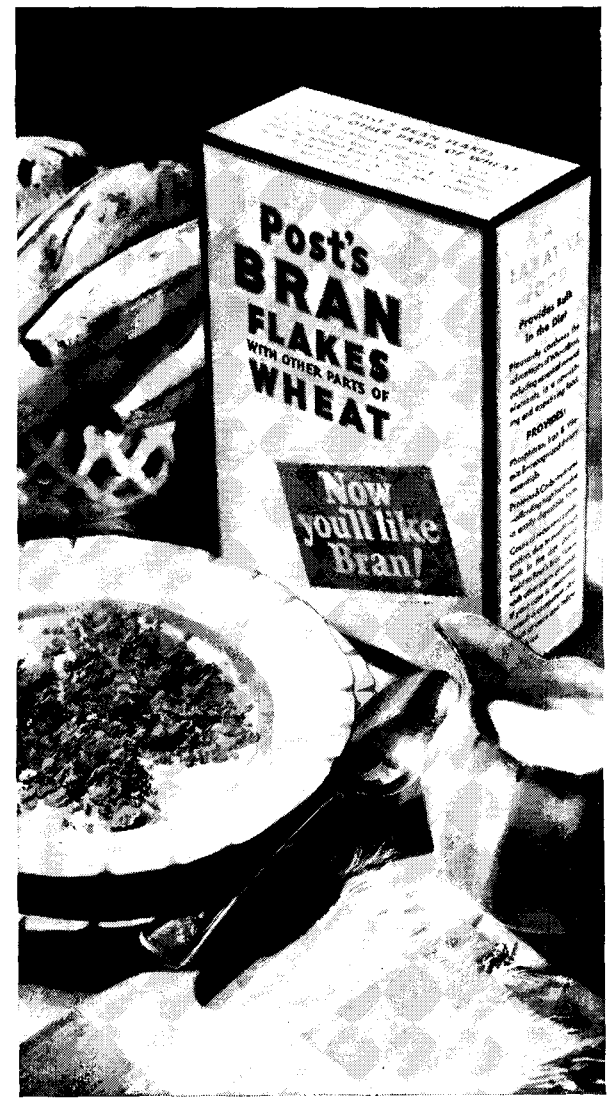
4. Jim Bates realized how much the boy had changed. How listless and lifeless he had become. He no longer played with other boys . . . was "cranky" and irritable.

5. One day Jim came upon a scene that hurt him to the quick. Some boys were playing ball. And young Jim watching them . . . completely out of it . . . pathetically an outsider.

6. That night Jim, anxious and worried, talked it over with Martha. She smiled. "Don't worry, Jim. I took Jimmy to Dr. Landis today. He told me what to do—just wait!"

Of course, she did something about it—quick. Mrs. Bates had never dreamed that the trouble with young Jimmy was—constipation. And . . . later . . .

8. What a difference it made in young Jim! Here he is—himself again . . . the same husky, happy boy, always alert, full of life . . . and it's no wonder his Dad is proud!



HERE'S THE "SOMETHING" MRS. BATES DID . . .

© G. F. Corp., 1932

Every parent should know what it was—for their own children's sake. Mrs. Bates saw to it that Jimmy played outdoors more—ate more fruit and vegetables, drank lots of water . . . and every morning—*regularly*—she gave him a bowl of Post's Bran Flakes.

Post's Bran Flakes is a natural "regulator." It speeds up sluggish intestines gently, safely. Thus it often brings new vigor to tired minds and bodies—new color to pale cheeks.

You'll find, moreover, that it is a most delicious food . . . thousands say the finest tasting cereal on the market.

So get a package of Post's Bran Flakes *at once*. Don't let intestinal sluggishness, due to lack of bulk in the diet, rob your family or you of the good things of life. Begin serving Post's Bran Flakes *regularly*. A product of General Foods.

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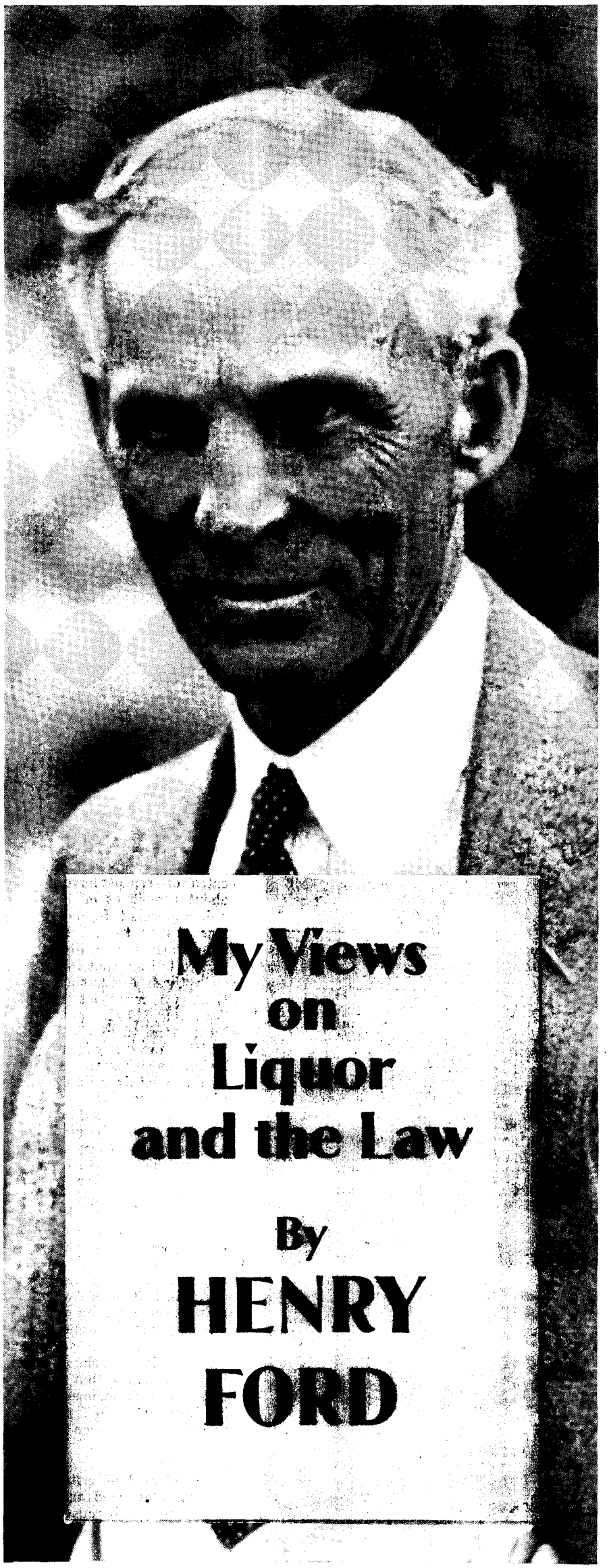

THE notion seems to be current that the United States made liquor illegal because certain politicians, clergymen, industrialists and college presidents desired it. As one recalls the event, the politicians did not desire it at all, the clergymen were of course taken for granted, industrialists were far from agreed concerning it, and the college presidents were cautious. The United States made liquor illegal and has kept it so because the people of the United States so ordered. When they order it undone, it will be undone, and not before.

But the notion just referred to is still used to foster the belief that if enough politicians, clergymen, industrialists and college presidents can be lined up in favor of a return of liquor to the country, then the thing is as good as done. And strange to say, a sufficient number of these can be rallied around the banner of booze to make large headlines in the press. But still the fact remains that until the people initiate a new amendment movement, and precisely formulate through their representatives the terms of the amendment they desire, and ratify it by a greater majority than that by which they initiated it, nothing is done. At least one power still remains in the hand of the people, which they can use without asking leave, and that is their power over the Constitution.

The People's Choice

It seems necessary to say this since the impression is held that we owe it to the generous responsiveness of the two National Conventions that the people are to have an opportunity to act again on the liquor question—if they desire it. That they could have acted at any time, that they can act at any time now, if they desire it, regardless of what National Conventions say or do, and that they have not yet acted, are facts that should not be overlooked. Whatever responsiveness the two National Conventions have shown was certainly not responsiveness to the people, who have not even moved to express themselves with regard to the Constitution; it was responsiveness to a closely united bipartisan liquor interest which has always dominated both major parties before and since prohibition, save when the people have interfered. The people do not have to apply to any National Convention for permission to amend their Constitution. When clever manipulation of isolated incidents makes them appear as if they were so applying, the purpose is merely to set the politician in the agreeable attitude of complying with their request. But so far away are National Conventions from having authority to confer popular rights as regards the Constitution, that these Conventions are not so much as mentioned in that document. They are as private and unofficial and unauthoritative as any other mass meeting. Their platforms are subject to those who can seize them. And in addition, one must admit that one of the places where prohibition has most lamentably failed is the National Convention.

That, however, is not to suggest that prohibition ever triumphed there. It never has. Conventions and politicians, and Administrations for the most part, have not been favorable to it; they have only prudently bowed to public opinion on the question. No thanks to them for it, and no fear of them against it. Prohibition did not take its rise from or by the aid of the official class, but in spite of it.

Officials Don't Count

Foreign visitors to the United States have often appealed to me to solve for them the inconsistency they have observed of a nation committed to the prohibition of liquor, and an official class not only lax in the enforcement of the law but personally, in many cases, violating it. I have simply had to explain to these foreign visitors that our officials for the most part never favored prohibition, and do not now, but were forced to it by the demands and the votes of the people. It was not a change that came down to an unwilling people from officials above them; it came up to the unwilling officials from the mass of the people. That is the only way it could have come. And if now it is to go, it can only be by the people of this country deliberately asking for it to go, seeing its dismissal formulated in Congress, and then very deliberately voting it out by voting liquor in. The method of amending the Constitution is in their own control. No one can permit them to act, and no one can forbid them. I am of the opinion, further, that no one can stampede them.

So that is where we are, as far as effective action is concerned. The question seems to be: What is it that the people want? I think we can get that only from the people themselves. So far they have taken no action. The newspapers are not the people; the politicians are not the people; coteries of repealers here and there are not the people; the various dry associations are not the people; in short, the hue and cry that has been raised has not been raised by the people, and the only source from which we can learn what the people are thinking is the action of the people themselves in moving for the change they are supposed to want—or which a few highly vocal interests very earnestly want for them.

Collier's has asked me to give my opinion along certain lines suggested by the Editor, and I am glad to do so.

The request arises, I assume, out of the interest aroused by recent announcements of a change of attitude on

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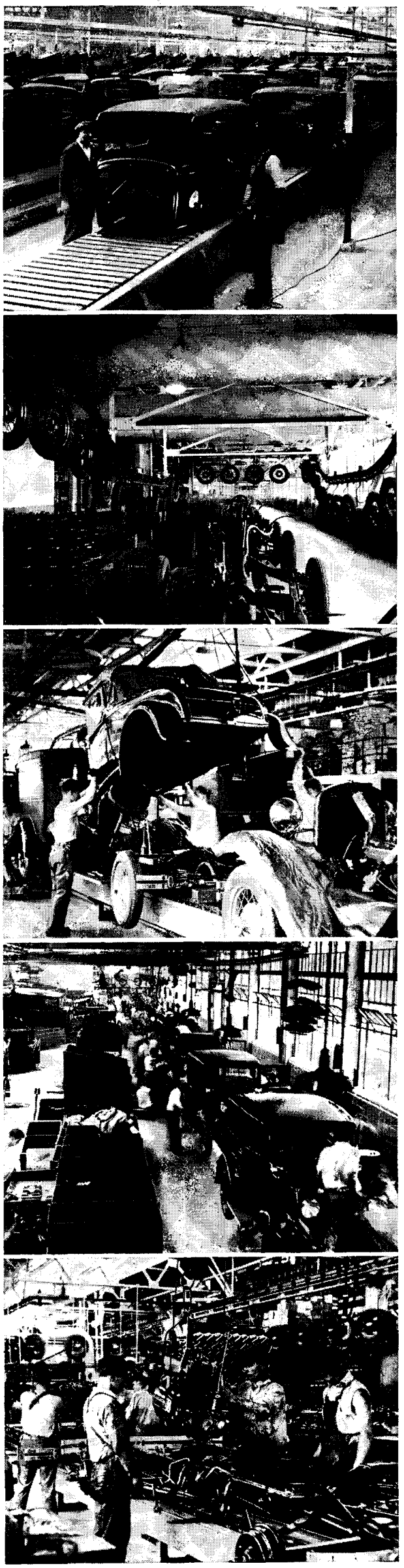
the part of some prominent men. When a man formerly regarded as being against liquor comes out in favor of it to some degree, it is regarded as important news. The importance may depend somewhat on which party has the announcing of it. I know of conversions the other way which are not considered news at all. And it is probably quite right to consider the conversion of a "dry" into a "wet" as an astonishing event, while the conversion of a "wet" into a "dry" is not to be regarded as astonishing at all, but commonplace and natural. But I think it does show a rather one-sided conception of "news." Here in Detroit, for example, many of our really best people are for prohibition —many more, I may say, than two years ago. Their conversion is attested by their ceasing to serve liquor in their homes, refusing to use it elsewhere, and openly banding themselves together to resist what they feel to be the misrepresentation of the whole matter by propaganda. Ordinarily the actions of these persons, socially, financially, politically, would be considered as "news," but the fact that they became convinced supporters of the law never has been so regarded. This editorial judgment on what constitutes news would be accepted without question were it not that we are constantly being asked to admire and wonder at the "wet" sentiments of persons whose words or works were of no consequence before, but who now suddenly become important because tney have announced themselves as against the law and in favor of repeal. It is possible that both or neither of these attitudes toward liquor is news. It is not possible that only one of them—the "wet" attitude—is news. That is why I usually counsel friends of the law to discount what the newspapers say on the question, and simply to accept the fact that at present the press is the "wet" platform. It cannot be for long.

No Argument

So, I am not writing because of anyone's change from "dry" to "wet." I do not admit the existence of any "crisis." I feel I know the country and what it is thinking about and how it will react. The argument which lasted a hundred years in this country is settled.

As to the actual consequences of prohibition, the first, of course, is the great decrease in drinking. Drinking was the thing aimed at and drinking is the thing that has been hit. The damage done by drinking is the only reason that drinking is a public subject at all. I have sometimes read that drinking has not decreased; I have even read that drinking has increased since prohibition came. To argue either of these statements is like debating the sum of twice two. I know from daily observation for over forty years that there is not one per cent of the drinking done in the United States that was done formerly. There is not as much drinking today as there was two years ago, since many of our so-called "better class" have begun to see themselves as they are. Anyone thirty years of age knows this from his own observation. It does not have to be argued.



"A good deal of criticism has been directed against our company because we insist on sobriety amongst our men." (Photographs of operations in various Ford plants)

True, we have seen strange things arrive with this decrease in drinking. We have seen a new fashion of lawbreaking appear in some of our best drawing-rooms; we have seen members of the "upper" classes devote themselves to what they once condemned in the "lower" classes—and it will furnish interesting material for some Mark Sullivan twenty-five years hence—but it does not affect the fact that drinking, as a habit or indulgence of the American people, has practically disappeared. I am well aware that in some environments the truth of this observation cannot be perceived. But if the doubter will only move out into the United States, among the people, he will find it true.

I am next asked to discuss "the effect of widespread secret and illegal liquor traffic upon government and people, with reference to moral standards." The effect of liquor on moral standards is always the same, whether it be procured in secret and illegal ways or in open and licensed ways. If this were not so, there would never have been a hundred years of temperance and prohibition agitation in this country. There has always been public corruption and loss of respect for government wherever liquor has been an element. Liquor has not changed its character a whit since prohibition. Whatever the advocates of repeal have to say about the effect of liquor on public morals today is true. It was always true. It will be true until liquor disappears. But to tell me that in order to cure these distressing conditions we must let in more liquor, and link openly with liquor the same officialdom which we now say is corrupted by it, hardly seems to make sense. Certainly there is loss of respect for government. But I can think of something worse, and that would be respect for a government that so openly betrays the Constitution. Multitudes of people were ashamed of their government when it was a partner in the saloon business and took profits from the damage which drink did to the people, and they are certainly not less ashamed now.

Again I am asked whether a majority or a strong organized minority should attempt to impose its will upon an unconvinced nation. I should like to know just how that could be done. For the moment I don't see how. Nor do I remember it ever having been done. I should not like to regard this as an echo of the champion joke of the whole prohibition debate—namely, that prohibition was slipped over on the country when most of the intelligent men were away in France, but this "strong minority" and this "unconvinced nation" are worth looking at a moment.

From the beginning of the Republic two reforms walked down our history hand in hand. One was the abolition of slavery, the other the abolition of liquor. These two questions the American people have threshed out more thoroughly than any others. Had you and I lived in 1840-1855 we would have said that all the indications pointed to the abolition of liquor as the first of these reforms likely to be achieved. The nation was more solidly agreed about liquor than it was about slavery. Whole legislatures were convened as temperance societies; statesmen regarded it as the next great issue to be decided. But the unexpected happened. The Civil War came, and when it ended slavery was out, but liquor was established more firmly than before. Why? Because it was thought to have revenue-producing power. A country hard hit by war was content partially to support itself out of the gains of national drunkenness. Conscience was salved by the argument that high license would restrict the sale of liquor, and at the same time produce revenue.

They Knew What They Wanted

No government ever pretended to regard liquor other than as a danger to its people. That is what license and prohibition both mean. Well, that went on for another half-century until the people became convinced that liquor was not a revenue producer, but a national blood sucker. And they threw it out. No one else could have thrown it out. So why talk of a "minority" or of an "unconvinced nation"? The amendment outlawing liquor was ratified by forty-five out of the forty-eight states in the remarkably short time of one year, one month and twelve days. And more than twenty states had prohibition previous to and independent of national prohibition.

Can anyone looking back over this country for the last quarter-century believe that any but a thoroughly convinced and overwhelmingly united nation could get anything the liquor interest did not want it to have? I could write a good deal about how the liquor interests incited the people to action and really taught them how to build public resentment high enough to crush the business, but I am not asked to do that. Nevertheless, no amount of organization, minority or otherwise, could have accomplished prohibition had not the liquor interests supplied the motive, the necessity and the occasion.

Liquor and Gasoline

As to the use of liquor by motorists and those responsible for the management of machinery, it should be unnecessary to say anything. All America knows that liquor and gasoline do not go well together. I have never heard anyone suggesting that we repeal the law that drinkers shall not drive cars. The railroads were the first prohibitionists on a large scale when they prohibited locomotive engineers from using liquor. The insurance companies came next. In fact, the emergence of America from the horse-and-buggy period (for the horse was always sober) brought the whole drink question into focus. No one wants any drinking man to be at the mercy of machinery, and no one wants to be at the mercy of any

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Men Don't Understand

Perhaps, when you've read this lovely story of the heart of youth, your mind will drift back to a boy or a girl you once knew—yourself

By Dana Burnet

She was dancing with Freddy when a hand fell arrestingly on her partner's elbow

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

THROUGH a blur of tears Joan Benson stood looking down at the body of the white rabbit stretched lifeless on the grass. Only yesterday her mother had led her out into the back yard and through the garden and, laughing, had showed her the rabbit hopping about in its wire cage. Yesterday was Easter Sunday and ever since Joan could remember there had been on Easter morning a white rabbit alive in the chicken-wire enclosure next to the garage.

Joan was seventeen this spring and a junior at boarding school; but she had shrieked with delight when she saw the rabbit. It added just the right note of sentiment to her home-coming for the holidays.

Stepping into the cage, she had cornered the foolish creature and had gathered it, wildly kicking, to her young bosom. "Mama, I'm so glad you didn't forget! Oh, Mama, I adore it!"

"I thought you'd like it, dear," said Mrs. Benson. She had been a bit fearful about the rabbit. Joan had seemed so grown-up lately. But it was all right. The spindling, tow-headed girl who within a few months had startled her parents by turning into a tall, slim-legged, golden young woman still apparently had a good deal of that vanished child in her. "Joan is still a child at heart," her mother had said to Mr. Benson, later. And Joan's father, a prominent business man of South Orange, New Jersey, had said: "Ummm!"

All this had occurred just twenty-four hours ago. Now Joan stood remembering that happy yesterday, so mild and bright and silvery with church bells, as if it were a day out of some past life. This was Monday; the sky was overcast and the rabbit was dead. Joan felt old and sad. Ages old and frightfully, frightfully sad.

"How did it happen, Henry?" she asked of the Negro yardman who stood beside her.

"Look lak some dawg done git him, Miss Joan."

"I'd like to know whose dog it was!" said Joan, suddenly furious.

"Yassam," agreed Henry.

She turned to walk back to the house. Then she heard her name called and, looking around, saw a young man standing beyond the low hedge that separated the Benson place from that of their new neighbors, the Wentworths. Joan's heart leaped as she recognized Bud Wentworth. . . . Bud Wentworth, Andover, 1932. . . . Interscholastic quarter-mile champion, member of the school hockey team and a predestined Yale man. Was he as good-looking as she had thought during these past three months? Oh, yes, he was. He . . . was!

The Wentworths came from New York. Last fall they had moved to South Orange and had bought the place next door. But it was not till the Christmas holidays that Joan had met Bud. They had become friends almost immediately and had gone to a lot of parties together. At the last dance of the season, an occasion saddened by good-bys and heartbreaks and gray thoughts of school, they had danced seven times together (Joan had kept count) and when it was over Bud had taken her home in his car.

HE HAD driven her straight home, for plainly he was a young man of character, serious about things that mattered. But they had sat snugly in his car for a little while, maybe half an hour, talking about people and athletics and life. Bud had such clear views on every subject that Joan felt her own ideas becoming marvelously clarified. It really was marvelous, she had decided, the way they agreed, mentally.

Instead of trying to kiss her when he said good-by, as most boys would have done, he had taken her hand and pressed it to his lips, not with a flourish, but as naturally as Maurice Chevalier did it in the movies. Thrilling.

She had not seen him from that moment till this.

"Oh, why hello, Bud!" she called back, in answer to his hail.

The young man waved his hand, took a short stride forward and gracefully hurdled the hedge. It seemed an act of light-hearted, youthful exuberance, but Joan saw as he came toward her that his face was solemn.

"Joan! I've got something to tell you. My dog Jumbo killed your rabbit this morning."

The girl looked at him. It was incredible that, after three months, this should be his greeting. Joan knew Jumbo by sight. Frequently she had included him in her thoughts of Bud, noting how appropriate it was that a future Yale man should own a bulldog. And now—!

"Oh, no!" cried Joan. "It couldn't have been Jumbo!"

"I'm sorry, but it was. I'm awfully darned sorry, Joan. I wouldn't have had it happen for the world. I licked him plenty and shut him up in the house, but that doesn't do you any good. I mean I guess you feel pretty badly about your rabbit."

"He was an Easter present," Joan said stiffly. "I suppose you'll think I'm childish, but I've always had one for Easter. I mean Mama has always given me a white rabbit, and it's sort of a family tradition in our family and I think it's *stupid* of people to have dogs that go around killing other people's pets!"

"Jumbo never killed anything before," Bud said with spirit.

"How do you know?" snapped Joan. It was one of those illogical, irritating thrusts that the female of the species so often employs to upset and madden the male mind.

"Why shouldn't I know?" retorted the boy. "He's my dog, isn't he?"

"Then why don't you keep him chained up?"

"A dog has to have exercise. He—! Oh, come on, Joan. Don't let's get sore about this. I've said I'm sorry and I've told you it was just an accident."

"Yes!" exclaimed the girl, her lips trembling. "That's just it. That's what makes it so horrible."

"Oh, gee, Joan—"

"I don't care *what* you think; it is horrible to me! I mean it isn't just the rabbit; it's everything, it's life!"

"How is it life?" asked Bud, in some bewilderment.

"Well, I mean you get to caring about something. I mean you go along thinking that everything is all right and sort of beautiful and then something happens and you see it isn't what you thought it was. The world, I mean."

"Oh, the world," Bud said. "I see."

"No, you don't. I'm sure you don't!" Joan's voice was gusty with emotion. "I don't think a man *ever* understands the way a woman does."

"Understands what? I don't get you, Joan."

"That's what I mean. That's what I just said."

The boy looked slightly dazed. He blinked his eyes, swallowed and said: "Well, but—gosh. I don't know what all this has got to do with Jumbo's killing your—your Easter present."

JOAN glanced up at him, and quickly away again. Some deep, waking instinct warned her that there was more at stake here than the death of a rabbit. For the first time in her life she felt herself at grips with the immemorial antagonist of her sex; and vaguely she knew that she must attack and if possible overwhelm this young male creature who, by his very presence, threatened the sovereignty of her inmost self. If only he weren't so *darned* good-looking—!

Suddenly she smiled, and held out her hand.

"It's all right, Bud. It doesn't matter. I thought, when I met you last Christmas time, that you were different from the other boys I'd known. I mean I thought you were the type that could

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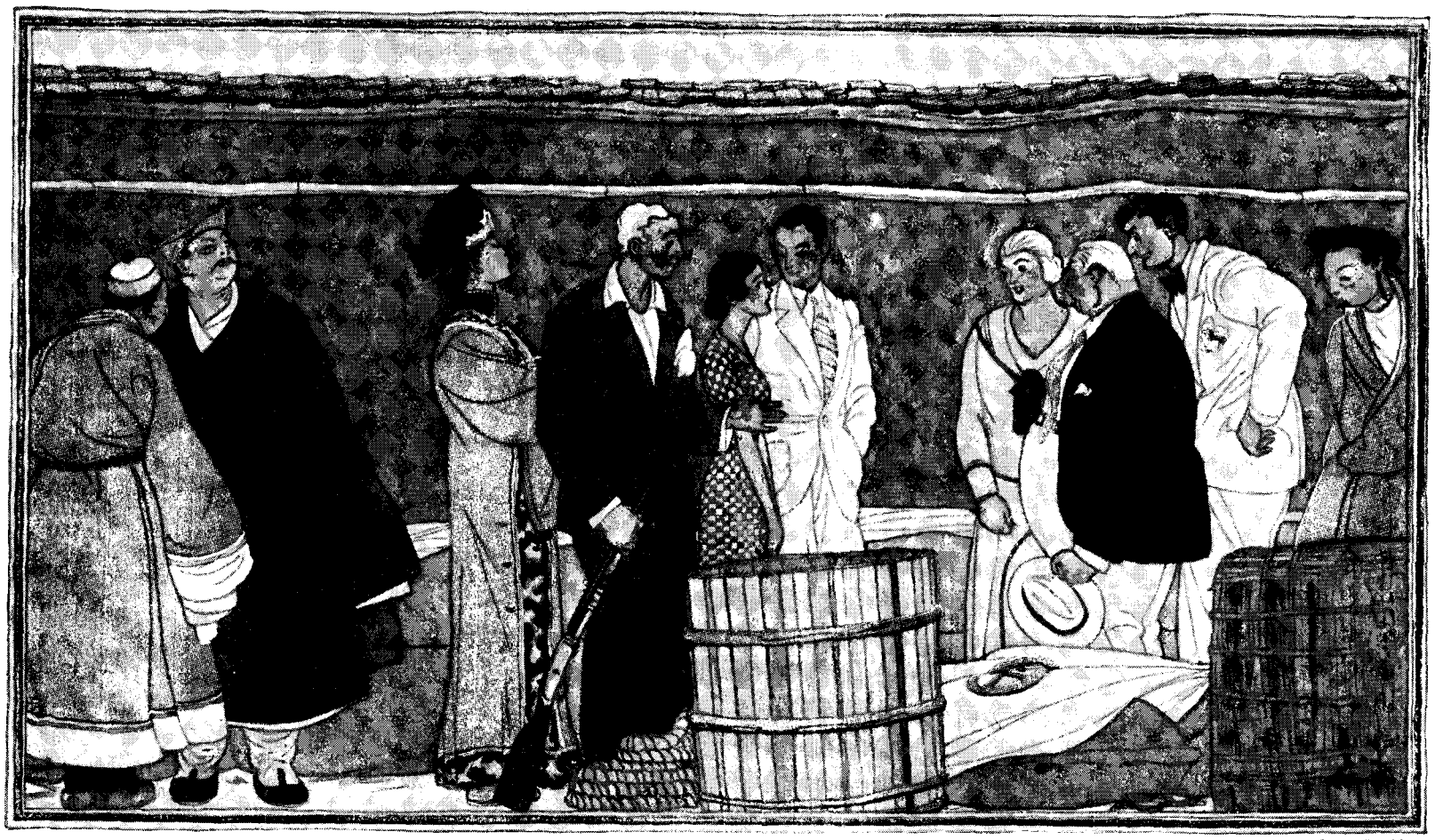

Harry Beckhoff

"You can't talk yourself out of this one," Stevens told him

The Number-One Wife

Jimmy Parks meets peril—and a girl—in Tibet the turbulent, where customs are not exactly what they are in the good old U. S. A.

By Sidney Herschel Small

ALTHOUGH the sun was flooding the eastern plain, the city gates of L'an-fei were unopened. The morning was already hot and desperately close. Stacks of silk filatures were smokeless; tea-house shutters remained tight and barred; shaggy mongrels appeared to have the border Chinese city to themselves. But L'an-fei was not deserted. Guarded lights in houses on narrow crooked alleys showed frightened life. Once a temple bell rang, short, sharp, without reverberation, as if a terrified priest had caught the clapper and prevented any second stroke.

Jimmy Parks, guardian of this most distant outpost of the Asiatic-Import, saw all this the moment he stepped from his house. It explained instantly why his morning coffee had not been brought him. Whistling noiselessly, he walked rapidly down to the company go-down, seeing nothing more than a troop of gaunt black rats. He noticed that the American mission-house was carefully shuttered.

The go-down was almost empty. No imports had been received for months. The Wilmot Company's man, Stevens, had already departed down the river days ago, because of bandit trouble on the plain and the rumors of wild Tibetans raiding in the near hills. Parks had been glad enough when Stevens left; he'd never liked the man, nor his habits. He didn't suppose Stevens had any great affection for him, either, nor that the other enjoyed the times when Parks had managed to secure valuable goods for his own concern, the Asiatic-Import. Stevens had not taken anything very gracefully, except comely Chinese women.

Little merchandise had been loaded on the Wilmot junk. Parks' own final shipment would be hardly larger; a few bolts of silk, some Kungala amber, a bit of Tibetan turquoise and silver. Parks was going with the shipment; going to Hankow, to Shanghai, to the States. After three years . . . home.

Reports of bandits had closed the gates before. The missionaries had departed several times, ordered away. He rather wished Dr. Cadmon had said something about going; they might have all gone together. Cadmon, the missionary, his energetic wife, and the nurse from Hankow, who believed the down-river settlement talk about white men in outposts. . . .

GIVEN a few days, Parks thought he would have been able to convince her that this gabble was all nonsense. A fellow did get pretty lonesome so far away from his own kind, but even that shouldn't make him an outcast. The white man supposed that this girl's objections had kept the Cadmons from inviting him to tiffin yesterday, when the nurse had arrived in the little mission boat.

In the dark go-down, Parks, anxious to get started, reached under what had been his desk for three long years and picked up a rifle. He slipped several unopened boxes of shells into his coat pocket, swearing as he crushed a package of cigarettes. Ordinarily he would have left the weapon for a boat-coolie to get when the few boxes were carried to the junk. He almost laid the gun back on the desk.

Locking the go-down, he stepped into the street. It was as empty as before. As he walked, he could see the plain, a sea of mustard-yellow rape shimmering in the hot sun. In another month it could be cut, the water turned in, and soon the fields would bear their second crop of long-grained rice, good enough for the Asiatic-Import trade-mark.

Parks was not thinking about bandits, nor, now, about the white girl. He wondered whom the company would send to relieve him. Old Higginson, in Shanghai, was too nervous, always writing that there was trouble brewing. Higginson couldn't forget the Boxer days. That sort of thing didn't happen any more. Bugs were the only peril left in China.

And then he heard a *ping!* and at the same instant stumbled and fell. His knee stung, more than it should from the stones of the street, and as he automatically looked down his lips tightened. A bullet had split the skin, and threads from his no longer immaculate trousers, mixed with shreds of skin, hung bloodily down. Parks stayed in the yellow dust.

A jingal's big bullet knocked a chunk of mud from the house behind him, and in another moment L'an-fei shook with sound as weapons of fifty makes—matchlocks, muskets, terrible nameless firearms manufactured in L'asa, thunderous tower rifles, stolen Mannlichers—swept a useless fire over the tiled roofs.

Over the wall at the end of the street Parks could see a mass of men vaulting. Men in sheepskins. Men with bared upper bodies. Black-robed fighting lamas swinging skull drums. Standing on the wall above the gate was a gigantic fellow who shouted his fellows forward to loot, killing and rapine. Involuntarily Parks' rifle went to his shoulder. The sights found the swarthy Tibetan; the white man pressed trigger almost before he knew what he was doing. The raider sprawled from the wall.

On hands and knees, Parks beat with his rifle butt against the nearest door. It opened slowly. At the same instant a bullet crashed against the tiles of the opposite roof, slued down, and struck the Chinese servant full in the mouth. He was hideous as he stood swaying, hand to where his lips and teeth had been; Parks picked him up and carried him inside.

THE room was dark. Idols, red cloth, incense sticks, bowls of sacrificial rice covered with crossed sword blades, all lay in a heap, showing what defense the householder planned. Stooping to lay the Chinese down, Parks heard the last thing in the world he expected. A white woman's voice: "They've really come?"

"The performance is on," Parks agreed. He knew she must be the nurse from Hankow. "How'd you give Dr. Cadmon the slip and, if it's any of my business, why?" He looked up, but was unable to really see her.

"I promised Ts'ui Mi I'd stay with her until she had her baby," Mary Candler said. "She's a mission girl. Dr. Cadmon thought I'd join him." The girl knelt beside the Chinese, and went to work on the torn face. Parks, trying to plan ahead, barely heard her add, "I wish I had, now."

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"So do I," Parks told her.

He sensed that she was about to retort, but, as an inner door opened, she remained silent. Parks' rifle came up, expecting to greet a rush of men. He lowered it as Chinese women came toward him, and stood up. The foremost woman, old, wrinkled, yellow, began to speak in gasps. Their men had run away. The Black Horde was in L'an-fei. The white master must protect them.

In chorus they begged, and then pushed a tall, splendidly built woman towards Parks. She laid a white-skinned hand, the hand of a Manchu lady, on Parks' arm, asking him to make the house his own, the women his own.

The nurse, her bandaging concluded, came to her feet also. Despite the yells in the street, the constant discharging of weapons, Parks could have sworn that she giggled. His face red, he demanded abruptly of the Manchu woman, "Take me where I can see outside. *Ny'o hi' tak se'si?* Do you understand?"

"You are my lord," said the Manchu woman, and led the way. All followed the white man, who carried the servant.

In the scented gloom of the shuttered house, and with the soft voice of the tall Oriental woman explaining, the strange party went through room after room, securely bolting every door after passing, until they were in a chamber filled with carved wood and silks, which overlooked the street below.

"What are you going to do?" Mary Candler asked.

Parks shrugged. "What is there to do?" he countered.

"Wait here until they drag us out?" the nurse demanded vehemently.

Parks said, "Listen. D'you think it wise to go outside now?"

Howls, savage yells, agonized cries, the ceaseless clacking of prayer-wheels whirled by murderous lamas, made a negative unnecessary. The white girl began to walk restlessly back and forth. The Manchu woman crouched at Parks' feet, her long fingers stroking the barrel of the rifle. The other Chinese women wailed and rocked on the floor. In a dark corner the newly born infant moaned feebly.

To set their hearts to beating faster, they heard the crash as the outer door was beaten down, heard shouts as bandits ran through the rooms below, breaking down other barriers. And then silence, as deadly as the noise had been.

PARKS stood inaction as long as he could, and then moved the heavy shutter enough to peer out. Lying on the ground was a Chinese, his side ripped open by an iron bullet. As Parks fought to take his eyes away, the Chinese stiffened and died.

"That's what I get if I stay," Parks thought.

He managed to look out toward the center of L'an-fei. The Tibetans had swarmed ahead; when they had rushed clear to the far end, and were convinced no resistance was possible, they would return and, in groups, sack the city carefully, missing neither loot nor women.

"I think we'll have a try at getting out," the white man said sharply. He added, "Right now." He repeated this in Chinese, and all the women stood up dutifully, without question.

Mary Candler demanded, "How're you going to get away? Where'll you go? And I tell you Ts'ui Mi can't walk yet—"

"The women must carry her—"

"She'll die!"

"Even that," Parks said, "is better than being carried into the hills." Since the nurse seemed about to argue further, Parks said quietly, "They'll take you along, too. Don't forget that. Let's get going."

Down they went, two of the stronger women carrying Ts'ui Mi, another the child. The stricken servant struggled to follow, but fell at the door. For a brief moment Parks hesitated. The women must carry Ts'ui Mi in relays. He himself had to have both hands free. And so he told the Manchu woman to lead the way downstairs; he would follow in a short time.

The shot echoed through the house as Parks hurried after the others. In growing distress Mary Candler cried, "You killed him!"

"I handed him the gun. He knew what to do."

"We might have carried him—"

PARKS' patience snapped. "Shut up," he ordered. "This's bad enough without a lot of talk."

It was. At the upper end of the street bandits were wrestling together over loot—silks, food, ornaments from the temple, squat jugs of rice brandy. As the Tibetans began to spread out, bodies were hurled from the tiled roofs where Chinese were hiding. Mingled with the screams of men were the shrill voices of their women. The sack was on. L'an-fei was being torn apart.

"Keep going," Parks said, shoving the nurse forward. "Turn at th' first corner. Th' street's open all the way through. Got to get on one they can't see along."

A hundred yards they walked unmolested, as swiftly as the woman could be carried. Parks tried to look all ways at once, tried always to keep in sight some doorway into which they might flee if the Tibetans saw them. That at least would give him a chance to stand them off while the women might pass through the house and to another street. . . .

Out of a door a Tibetan pulled a comely Chinese matron. Her husband, shot through the legs, crept after her on all fours, managed somehow to reach the bandit, and clawed his way up the semi-nude brown body. The Tibetan dropped his prize and swung his musket to club the raving, wounded Chinese. Parks fired; the man from the hills tottered and fell. He clutched at a turquoise amulet and, his voice sliding curiously up and down as if he had lost control of it, prayed.

The white girl echoed Parks' earlier order, "Oh, hurry!" As they went forward again, she added, "I'm glad you . . . "

"Killed him?" Parks asked.

She answered honestly. "Yes, I am. I suppose I shouldn't be."

As the strange party, women and man, went rapidly along a deserted alley, always riverward, flames burst up where the mission had been, rising higher and higher in the hot sky. Above the roar the voices of the bandits came fiercely, intoxicated with looting and killing.

Parks could see the girl's face. He saw in it terror, but not fear. He would have liked to reassure her, but felt the uselessness of it. She kept close beside him until they were able to glimpse the wall of the city. Beyond it would be the fields and the river flowing toward safety. If Mary Candler walked near him, the tall Manchu woman never left Parks' side. Each woman carried something. The nurse, her bag, to which she clung as the one sane thing in a mad world. The Manchu, a red silk pillow, small, embroidered with the Ascending Dragon; a pillow for her lord when he desired rest.

With hope in sight, a half dozen raiders ran gleefully around the corner in pursuit of women. Parks' first desperate shot went wild in his grim haste to reduce their numbers. The white man tried to tell the women to run—where? —and fired again, hitting once, missing once, and then the long-haired Tibetans, five now, seeing women, held their fire, rushing forward to eliminate the single defender.

POINT-BLANK, Parks made the odds four to one. Then these were on him. Too close to miss, Parks fired his last shell in the magazine. He was allowed no time to reload. One of the raiders, wanting no more of close quarters, was swinging up his gun to make the customary hip-shot. Then the Manchu woman stepped forward, gracefully, swiftly, and brought a thin knife against the Tibetan's neck. She stepped back, unhurried, so that blood might not stain her robe.

Two to one. Parks dropped his gun as he saw the nearest bandit hesitate, and leaped for him, hoping to achieve protection from the rising Tower rifle

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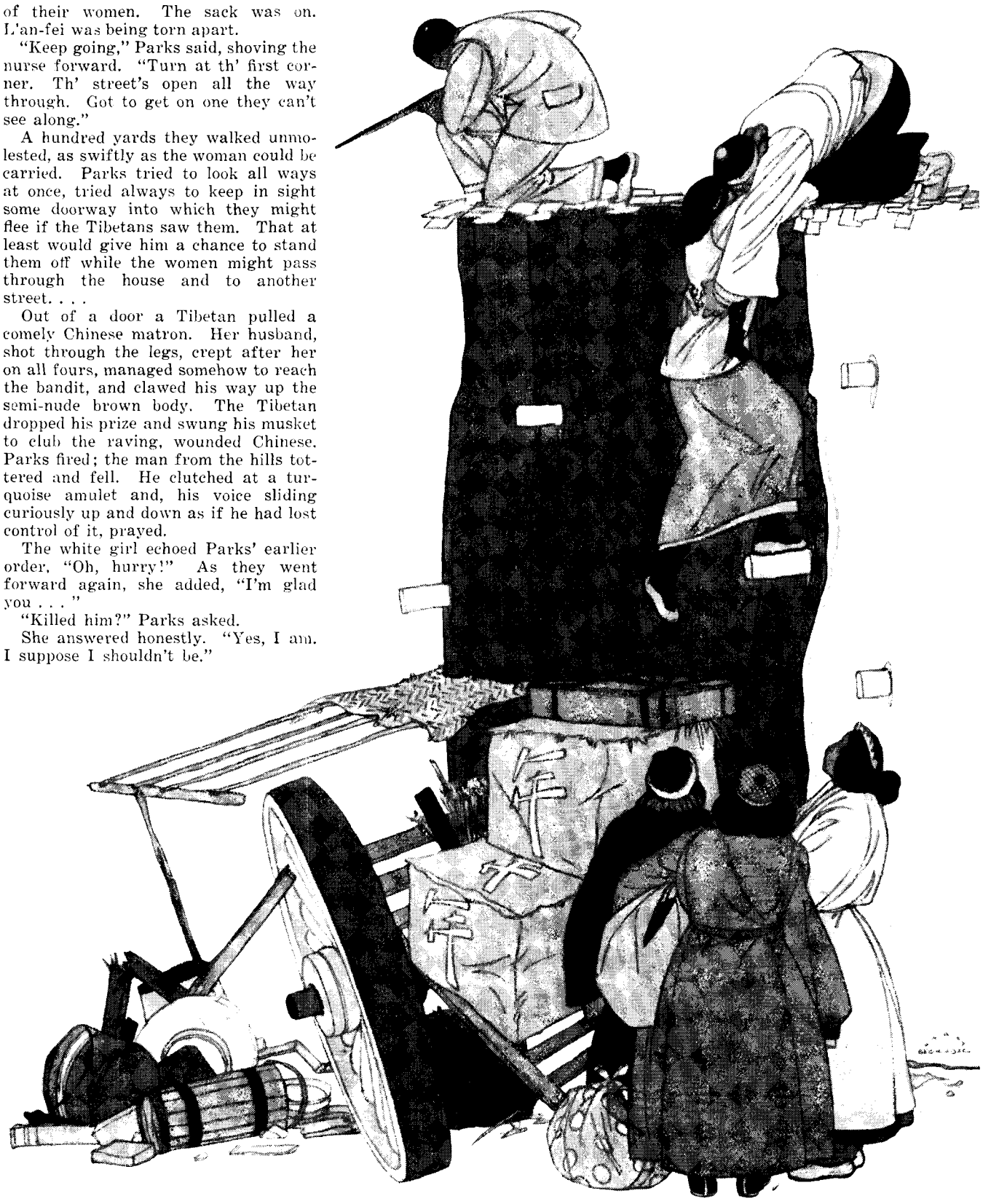

One by one the party climbed to the other side

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"I'm Barry Dunsmuir," he said immediately

Wife for Sale

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

NORAH OLIVER—who lives with her widowed mother, her brother Keith, and her sister Eve in a small New York flat—loses her job. And almost at the same time Keith loses his.

The family has no money. The situation is a desperate one. True, Eve is still working in a downtown office; but her salary is a meager one—barely enough to pay for the flat.

What's to be done? Keith and Norah discuss the question. If the worst comes to the worst, Keith announces, he can go to Guatemala, where a job awaits him. But he is in love—he does not wish to leave New York. "We *must* find something to do," he says.

Job-hunting, however, proves fruitless. To Norah, watching the bills mount while endeavoring courageously to keep her mother, an invalid, in the dark regarding the family misfortunes, life presents a terrifying aspect. "If," she confides in Keith, "David would only marry me, we'd be saved!"

David, the boy Norah loves, is wealthy. Adoring Norah for a time, he has recently, for some mysterious reason, shown an utter indifference to her. Marrying *him* is, she realizes, impossible. But the thought of marriage—and what it might mean to her family—gives her an idea. A strange, wild idea such as she, a sweet, unworldly girl, had never entertained before. And, being desperate, she puts it into effect. She writes a letter to a newspaper. In it she offers to give herself in marriage to some man who will contribute twenty thousand dollars to the support of her "invalid father." She signs the missive "Wife for Sale."

II

NORAH read the Open Forum of the newspaper every morning for a week; there was no mention of "Wife for Sale," and it was one more note in a depressing time that she had to conclude that even this desperate offer had made no impression and had merely been swept away in the discarded mass of the big daily's mail.

Her money was steadily diminishing; Keith's was diminishing too; there seemed to be nothing to do about it. They could only go on searching for jobs; families like the Olivers did not steal, and they did not beg.

"And anyway," as Eve put it simply, "there's nothing we could steal!"

Eve knew of their desperate situation now, but Mrs. Oliver was still under the soothing impression that all was well; Keith working, Norah working, and Norah's employers so generous as to give her many afternoons off so that she might care for her mother.

"I wish it was spring, dear," her mother would say, "so that you and I could get out into the park!"

Norah would rouse herself from her magazine page drowsily.

"I like it here."

"You've grown so good, Nono, in these last few months. In that stuffy office all day, or here taking care of me all afternoon. I remember, after Daddy died, all that you and Keith were going to do!" the invalid might muse on, lovingly. "You were going to open a hotel, or raise fruit, or take children to tutor, or board old ladies—"

Norah would listen with a sharp pang in her heart. Ah, those had been wonderful old days, when she and Keith, twenty-three and twenty-one, had indulged in wild dreams of success and achievement!

"And then last year too," her mother's gentle voice crooned on, one day, "only last year, just before we moved, David used to be in the house all the time, and I thought—we all thought—that something so happy was going to come of it—"

Norah's heart writhed with shame and pain as she listened without comment.

THE David affair had indeed commenced in happiness and confidence; everything was changed now, and she hated to remember it, hated to think of him. She had met him at one of the big football games at Princeton, just before her father's death; Norah had gone with a boy named Bunny Myers—she had not liked Bunny much, but any escort, rather than missing the game, had been acceptable, and Bunny had plenty of money, at least, and had led her, bundled up in Eve's new coat, and very pretty under a new brown hat, to excellent seats. And right behind them had been a party of four; two men and two girls, all old friends of Bunny's—Miss Porter and Miss Slade, and Mr. Thomas and Mr. Howard.

Ah, what a day that had been for Norah to remember, a day of crisp winter cold and the scent of violets; a day of growing excitement and triumph in her soul!

For David—he had only remained "Mr. Howard" for the first half of the game—had leaned over her shoulder, talked to her, laughed at her, showed in every way that he had been as much taken with Miss Oliver as Norah had felt herself to be with him. It had been instantaneous; thrilling and absorbing to them both. After all, the pretty Miss Slade he had taken to the game had proved to be his cousin, engaged to the great halfback they were all watching and cheering so enthusiastically; Norah had not been poaching on any other girl's preserves.

After the game they had all gone together to the Wilsons'. As far as Norah could ascertain at that time, or at any other, the Wilsons had no children, had no personal interest in the game. But they had an enormous, warm, luxurious house near the ball field, and they had had fires and big comfortable rooms and inexhaustible food; trays and trays of sandwiches and salads; fleets of smoking coffee cups and cakes. Some hundred young persons had been streaming about enjoying all this, and not the least had been Norah and David, ensconced in a stairway ingle behind palms, eating and drinking ravenously, laughing and talking eagerly, absorbed in the intoxicating emotions of that different kind of hunger and thirst that seems only to increase with the laughing encounter of eyes, the lowering of voices, the shy meeting of hands.

Bewilderedly, still together, they had sought out the Wilsons, at about eight o'clock, for grateful good-bys, and David had walked with Norah to her own house; the Olivers' pretty cottage not far from the college buildings. Here David had duly met her father in his invalid chair by the fire, and pretty little Eve, and Norah's mother. Her mother had been quite frankly aproned, quite honestly putting the last touches to an orderly kitchen; the Olivers had never been rich, and they made no pretenses.

Ah, yes, but that had been a pretty sort of poverty after all! It had been dignified, understandable; it had had nothing in common with the changes, the strange new order of things after Norah's father had died. The Olivers had come to New York then, to real poverty, the poverty of crowdedness and noise, of airshafts and house smells and angry neighboring voices, of shabbiness and weariness and discouragement.

For a while David had accepted all this cheerfully, loyally. He had brought Norah candy, discussed her first job sympathetically with her, taken her to movies. Late in his college work because of years spent with his mother in Europe, David had been loitering through his sophomore grades; his car cost him more than Norah could earn. But he liked her, admired her, laughed at her; her changed fortunes made no difference to David Howard.

At first, that is. She knew exactly the day—almost the hour, when he had begun to feel the strain of their friendship; when richer girls, girls who chattered of cars and dances, trips and frocks and house parties, had begun to make their impression. She knew it increasingly; his absent-mindedness, his very kindness had told her.

And now, for months, she had had no word from him at all.

On the Saturday night that ended the anxious and disappointing week, she and Keith were reading in the sitting-room after dinner. Their mother was asleep.

THE sitting-room, while not entirely out of key with the shabbiness and darkness of the rest of the house, was nevertheless its brightest spot. There had been no room for the piano, which was in storage, but the big chairs were good, the lamps were softly colored and simple in design, and as many of the fine books of a happier day as could be squeezed in were aligned on shelves or piled on the table. The family's former grandeur was also indicated by the rich, stiff, gold-lined blue brocade of the window curtains, and although those windows commanded only a strip of crowded city street, their height, and the western skies they faced insured them a flood of afternoon sunshine when there was sunshine at all.

Tonight the room was cozy with lamplight and furnace warmth. Norah had fallen into a sort of dream in her chair, and having secured, in her own imagination, an opportunity to take a small part in a forthcoming Broadway production, was in process of killing off the leading lady to afford herself a further chance, when Keith suddenly muttered "Damn!" under his breath.

His sister looked up, surprised, and at the sight of his anxious face her own grew sober.

"What's the matter, Keith?"

"Oh, nothing!" he said, as he had said a week ago. But this time his tone was different, and his expression did not indicate his old careless confidence.

"You and Anne haven't quarreled?"

"Oh, no. Nothing like that. It's only"— Keith said restlessly—"it's only that I'll be darned if I know quite how we're going to get out of this!"

Norah felt a first premonitory con-

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

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viction that matters really were serious. If *Keith* were scared—!

"Well, Eve's salary will pay the rent," she suggested helpfully.

"Yes. But it's nice to eat," Keith offered. And they both laughed suddenly and reluctantly.

"Well," Norah presently said, feeling the better for the laugh, "we're not going to be *beaten*. We're as intelligent as most people, and we're healthy and young, and we are willing to work hard—"

"I know," Keith agreed, as she paused. "And I tell myself that we will work out of this—in three years it'll all be straightened out somehow. But the point is, how?"

"In three years I'll be twenty-seven," Norah mused.

"But what's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing," she said.

"Darn it," the boy said, "there's no one we could borrow from."

"There are banks."

"You can't just go to a bank and ask for money."

"Not without securities, no."

THEY were both silent. Suddenly Norah said dubiously:

"There's Bill Gunther."

Her brother's brow grew dark.

"I'll be—damned," he said firmly, "if I ever give that rotter a chance to patronize *us!* Anyway," he added, suddenly cooling, "he hasn't got anything. He has his job, and his father has money—that's all there is to that."

"What are loan societies, Keith?" Norah asked. Keith pondered this subject for a while, and then said without any particular enthusiasm that he would see about the loan societies on Monday.

It was at breakfast on that very Monday that Eve said casually, amusedly:

"Listen, Norah—here's a girl in the paper who says she will marry any man who will take care of her invalid father!"

"Oh, no!" Norah said, feeling the room go around.

She reached for the paper; they had put her letter at the top of the column.

"I think it's silly, because she wouldn't, nobody would!" Eve said.

"You notice she doesn't put in her name," Keith commented.

"Ex-exactly," Norah managed to say unsteadily.

"What kind of a man would take up a proposition like that?" the younger sister observed, leaning against Norah's arm to reread the letter.

Norah, after a panicky glance that reassured her as to her not having been, by any horrible chance, betrayed, thought that the phrases of the letter rolled along very well. They had misspelled the word husband by a typographical error; she felt all the author's agony at the disfigurement of her child as she saw that it had been printed "hubsand." But neither Keith nor Eve seemed to notice the error; they were too much concerned with the idea.

"What kind of a man?" Keith repeated Eve's query. "Oh, a rotter of some sort, looking for a few evenings' fun, or blackmail, or for a chance to insure her and then murder her!"

"Oh, Keith, does it follow?" Norah asked, trying for an idle, natural voice.

"WELL," the boy said, with a touch of the haughtiness that was characteristic of the Olivers, "I wouldn't want one of my sisters to get mixed up in any such business!"

"I should hope not!" Norah agreed dutifully, reading the letter again. She was fascinated by the sight of her own words actually in print, and all that day the dreary business of job-hunting was brightened by the thought of the various men, lonely men, who might see the Open Forum today, and wish that they might get in touch with "Wife for Sale."

The next morning, printed in the same newspaper column, there were six or seven letters answering, condemning or praising "Wife for Sale," and a pathetic contribution from someone who described himself as a "young Swedish scholar," asserting that in seven months in the big city he had never found a real friend. Among the personals also Norah found three invitations addressed to "Wife for Sale."

In the second week of December things came to a crisis. All of Norah's money was gone. Keith's was almost gone. Mrs. Oliver's doctor said encouragingly that she could go on now to a diet of broiled chicken, cream, chops, roast beef. "And after Christmas we must see about getting those delicate tubes of yours into the sunshine somewhere!" he said.

Keith got Christmas work in a mail-order house in New Jersey. Norah stayed home and took care of the silent, chilly, impoverished rooms, and the invalid. Secretly she answered every one of the "Wife for Sale" advertisements, protecting her secrecy by means of a newspaper box.

MOST of them, as Keith had predicted, were milliners' advertisements and the cards of fortune-tellers and matrimonial agencies. One or two were genuine answers, written in pencil on lined paper, misspelled and illiterate, yet somehow very touching in their loneliness and eagerness.

One she nearly missed. It was merest chance that took her eye down the short column of personals one morning, and arrested her attention at seven or eight closely packed lines that were signed "Hubsand."

"My dear," the advertisement began smoothly, "if you really mean it and really can make your assertions good, why not try Princeton and Oxford? Any opportunity treated with greatest appreciation and respect. My offer extremely advantageous to all; please communicate at once with your devoted

"Hubsand."

Norah studied the scrap of gray paper with a fast-beating heart. Was it an answer to "Wife for Sale" or was it only a coincidence? It might be some man advising his wife—say his divorced wife—about placing their son in school. Or "advantageous to all" might mean that this graduate of Princeton and Oxford was promising assistance to "Wife for Sale's" invalid father.

But if he really wanted to get in touch with the writer of the letter, why hadn't he simply headed his personal as the others had done? Well—perhaps he had wanted to test her sharpness—perhaps

(Continued on page 28)

She had made herself look her prettiest. She did not know that excitement and trepidation were doing their part

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The Primrose Path

They told her St. Louis was a bad, wicked town. So she hopped on the ten-two, and went there

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

ONE likes to think of her that last twilight evening of an Indian summer as she and Wes Perry were driving slowly out the Bixby Pike. The very next morning, alone, unprotected, against all Wes Perry's advice and warning, and despite the inevitable fate which lurks there for innocent but errant little ladies from the smaller towns, she took the ten-two for the great, wicked city of St. Louis.

Her name was April, a lyric eccentricity inflicted by her mother at the peak of a December blizzard. April began at once to live up to advance notices. Dusky-headed, violet-eyed, chubby at six, lanky and shy at fourteen, she then proceeded to become in a fawn-like but definite way most unexpectedly, distractingly, impishly beautiful. For five years thereafter she ruled Kempton Square High School like a queen bee, granted various gallants the privilege of doing her algebra and carrying her books (pitched into the rumble as a matter of fact), never missed a change of program at the movie palace, wore a different fraternity pin every day in the week, and became generally number one girl for every boy with good eyesight and fair technique in town.

SO APRIL and Wes Perry, that last twilight evening, turned down the lane where the beechwoods feather the top of Snake Hill and stopped there watching the edge of darkness creep towards them from below. There was something magic and idyllic about it—sweet youth, young romance, eternal hope. Her long black lashes swept her cheek and she said languidly: "Well, Wes, what is it you want to ask me? If it's going on the river, I won't until you put some more cushions in that old canoe. It's too late in the season anyway."

"This has nothing to do with the river. It's really serious, April. Can't you ever be serious? I've been meaning to ask you for a long time—about Fanny Doolittle's house party."

"What about it, Wes?"

"Hype Stevenson will be there. I don't see that Hype's got anything I haven't. I want you to be my girl at that house party, April."

April purred and smiled and touched his cheek with her finger tips. "Do you, Wes?" She snuggled against his shoulder and he bent down and kissed her long and earnestly. She didn't like that so well and pulled away from him violently. "Honest to goodness, Wes, I'm sick of the way you kiss. You have no more style than my little brother."

"I suppose Hype Stevenson's style is better."

"Of course it is," she told him. "I can name you a dozen boys in town who are better. Now turn around here, as long as we're going to kiss, and I'll show you some of the first principles."

She showed him how to put his hand behind her head and how to kiss her slowly and increasingly and not all at once. Wes got the hang of it finally and was encouraged to bring up Fanny Doolittle's house party again. "Well, why not, then?" he demanded when she shook her head.

"Because I'm going to St. Louis on the ten-two tomorrow morning."

"St. Louis! Alone? An innocent, unprotected girl of nineteen?" He put into it all the consternation and dismay with which southeast Missouri regarded its metropolis. "Are your folks crazy? It's like throwing you to the wolves."

April smiled, as if being thrown to the wolves of St. Louis were not an unqualified horror. "At least I won't have to teach the wolves how to kiss, Wes. They are men of the world and not just clumsy boys with gin on one hip and, too often, a gun on the other."

"They're bad," said Wes, a bit pop-eyed with rage and colloquial in his excitement. "And when I say bad, I mean merciless and treacherous and relentless." The shiver which passed through her he put down to brazen anticipation. "All right, then, for all I care you can go to St. Louis or to —well, it's all the same. But don't come crawlin' back out here to me. I'm not pickin' any broken blossoms. I'll get Elsie Hiatt for the house party."

April's journey to the city was uneventful. The traveling gentlemen on the ten-two (evidently not wolves) made no advances at all, although one of them paid for her luncheon in the dining car and another offered to introduce her at his favorite hotel. But there was no suggestion of an apartment, or silk stockings, or anything a girl could reasonably pretend to resent. When she explained that she was visiting the rich and important Sherrills who lived in Portland Place, the kindly gentlemen lost interest, or hope. One of them said: "I had you all wrong, sister. You want to be more careful with those shades-of-evening eyes. Do your high-hat friends know what to expect?"

THE Sherrills did not know what to expect. Mrs. Sherrill was a second cousin to April's mother and had long promised a social season for the child when she should be nineteen. April was not sure what a social season meant but she assumed it to include the merciless, treacherous, relentless and fascinating men about town and she was ready to meet all comers.

The first one came very promptly, although he would have been shocked out of his ingrained solemnity if he'd had any idea what was expected of him. April spotted him the minute she emerged from the smoky train aisles into the old-fashioned gloom of Union Station, the most ravishing (or perhaps ravishable) young man she'd ever had the pleasure to behold. He had brown hair and gray eyes and faint hollows under his cheek bones. He was wide enough across the shoulders and slender everywhere else. His gray clothes were in harmony with his dignity and calm assurance. When he approached and bowed, April gasped out an "Oh!" and touched her throat. She knew just how to say "Oh!" like that and just where to touch her throat.

But the young man seemed not to notice. "You're Miss April Gilmore, aren't you?" He beckoned her porter. "I'm Leland Sherrill. I'm one of the Poultney Sherrills. Aunt and Uncle Poindexter Sherrill asked me to pick you up and I have the town car here."

They proceeded grandly to the motor entrance, April chattering brightly about relations: "You must be about my fourth cousin but we needn't mind that."

The young man said nothing. He handed her into a long black car of the sort so given to hood and chauffeur as to leave only a small, square cab for passengers. Something had jumped inside April when he'd said he'd come to pick her up, and now again with his fingers on her arm. The chances were, of course, that they would never get

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A burst of laughter came from the group of men just inside the door. April recoiled from it. There was something about that laughter which a girl would know

to Portland Place at all and would end up in a secret apartment Cousin Leland doubtless maintained above a speakeasy, or something. April felt that any resistance on her part would be futile. "I'm so frightfully thirsty," she said.

But Mr. Leland Poultney Sherrill, Third, ignored her thirst and made no other gesture which might either frighten or encourage her. His interest in girls was surely abstract. As a young member of an old firm of investment bankers, he was very serious, very old for his twenty-six years of age, or for any age. Maybe St. Paul's and Harvard had done it to him, or maybe his profession, or perhaps just being a Poultney Sherrill. He sat definitely on his own side of the seat, hands clasped over his knee.

SHE turned to him. "How the gray of your suit brings out your eyes, Leland! Do I call you Leland? Fourth cousins have so many privileges, don't they? And none of the handicaps. It's all right, even if they marry."

She fingered the sleeve of his jacket but the young man drew away. "This is Lindell Boulevard," he announced nervously, "—and that building ahead is the new Royalton where Aunt Beth plans to give your presentation party. But perhaps you would prefer to cut across Kingshighway and go up through the park."

April had read all about the possibilities of parks and she was for it. "I love parks," she said. "I think a park bench in the moonlight with a great, mad city swirling all around is an idea implanted somewhere in every girl's heart. Don't you, Leland?"

He turned red. "If you must use my first name, please say Lee."

"Of course I will, Lee. I wish I had a nickname too. But you'll just have to call me April. What could you say for short for a crazy name like April?"

"It is not for me to tell you," he said with venom.

As they curved up the north drive of Forest Park, Cousin Leland attempted to point out to her several points of supposed interest. He showed her the Municipal Opera. "It is unique and beautiful, out-of-doors performances during the summer months. You will doubtless be brought some time."

"I will? Oh, how perfectly romantic!" Before Cousin Lee could protect himself she had drawn herself up and implanted a grateful kiss upon his perspiring brow. "Do you know, Lee," she rattled on, "I was almost afraid of St. Louis until I found you waiting for me."

"Listen," he said, trying violently to wipe the carmine lipstick from his forehead. "I did not say I would bring you to the opera. I said you would be brought. You seem to have an idea somehow that I have come into your life. Let me assure you that when we reach my aunt's front door, we have seen each other for the first, last and only time."

April struggled to smile. "I'm sorry," she said. "If a girl in a strange and dangerous city can't count on her own fourth cousin . . . " She let the thought fade away as too tragic to dwell upon, recognizing of course that here was an example of that fascinating treachery she must expect from a qualified wolf. The more a wolf was impressed with a girl the more he assumed to spurn her, until in the end he simply wore down the poor girl's resistance. April felt resistance leaving her in leaps and bounds already.

IN AN old, stone, four-story house in Portland Place Mr. and Mrs. Poindexter Sherrill (Uncle Dexter and Aunt Beth in other words) maintained the family traditions in an atmosphere of dark-toned paintings, Florentine mirrors, Empire settees, crimson damask, unobtrusive service. They dined late and invariably dressed. They had rare French brandies after dinner in exquisite old thimble glasses. They were intellectual, tolerant and humorous, although they seldom laughed. They were too reserved to laugh, or to get excited, or to be surprised, no matter what.

Mrs. Poindexter Sherrill, her gray hair fixed rigidly above a high white brow and losing none of her bald-eagle hauteur even in the privacy of her dressing-room, picked up the house phone and commanded the presence of her nephew, Leland, as soon as he should arrive from the station. He came in breathing with annoyance and with having vaulted the stairs three at a time. "Very well," he said, "I have turned her over to your maid and I wash my hands of the whole business. I can't be a party to any such—"

His aunt Beth motioned him to the end of her chaise longue. "Sit down, Leland. What's she like?"

"She's awful," said Lee. "She's a man-eater. She's . . . "

"I don't mean that, Leland. What color are her eyes?"

"Her eyes? They're a sort of dark blue, hazy color and they are all over her face. She thinks all she has to do is look up at you with those eyes of hers and . . ."

"Has she good teeth?" interrupted his aunt. "What about her hair? Don't make me drag it out of you, Leland. Has she any sort of figure?"

"What?" Lee was frequently shocked by his aunt Beth who, of course, was not born a Sherrill. "Oh, I suppose she has a figure of some sort. I really didn't notice."

He turned and marched out of the room and no one at Number 4 Portland Place laid eyes upon him for a solid week. Finally he telephoned to discover what had happened about Uncle Dexter's agreement to transfer the Sherrill-D investment account to the young man's firm. "That transfer should have been made three days ago, Aunt Beth."

"YOUR uncle must have forgotten, Lee dear," said Aunt Beth sweetly. "You know how men are. You'd better come up this evening and remind him."

"I see." The telephone receiver in Aunt Beth's hand was still for a moment, and then Cousin Lee said: "So I've got to get you out of your fix with this April girl or I don't get the transfer. It's plain blackmail."

"You bet it is," said Aunt Beth.

As a matter of brute fact, Aunt Beth was a tiny bit desperate. The physical ordeal of personally conducting her dear little protégée's week of sight-seeing and preliminary shopping was one thing and the damage to one's nervous system was another. The dear little protégée's shock power was terrific.

The crisis arrived on the very first day April was turned loose upon the unsuspecting city on her own. That is, at twelve noon she was put into a taxicab at Vandervoorts' with orders to the driver to take her straight home to Portland Place. She arrived there at ten P. M., having accepted various and sundry invitations to visit the zoo, Sportsman's Park, the Ambassador movie, the Levee Dreamland dance pavilion, and Forest Park Highlands.

Aunt Beth recognized the need of male help. Her favorite nephew, Leland, was a plain necessity. After all, at Harvard and away from family influence he had been quite human and efficient. He had collected a cup and a broken nose as a middleweight, pulled a brawny oar for his bulk, and created a scandal with an ingénue who turned out to be more ingenious than ingenuous. On his post-college round-the-world tour he had picked the wrong side in a Peruvian revolt and been plucked from in front of a weary firing squad only by the heroic efforts of a heavily subsidized American consul. It was only at home in St. Louis that he relapsed and became more violently Sherrill than ever. If he cared so much for the family reputation, let him come to its rescue. It might even do him good.

And so, descending the dark-paneled stairway in Portland Place that night, her slender throat, shoulders and back revealed in luminous ivory by a black chiffon gown the like of which April had never even imagined, she saw the young man of her recent dreams standing stiff, starched and flawless in an attitude of dignified absorption in front of the library fireplace. She hurried in to him. "Oh, I knew you'd come, Lee. I knew you didn't really mean it."

"I did mean it," he said viciously. "My presence here is a matter of pure business." With exaggerated politeness he handed her a chill and golden Martini

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from the butler's tray on a side table. "Here. I don't suppose one of these will do you any harm." April felt that one little Martini wouldn't do her any good either, although six might have helped a lot.

She had no further opportunities with Cousin Lee until after dinner. Uncle Dexter and Aunt Beth departed for bridge at the Broughtons. "You can amuse April, Lee, dear," said Aunt Beth. "Tell her about your little ingénue at Harvard. Tell her about the handsome young men you've picked out for her début party."

They were left alone in the library, April in a deep chair three sizes too big for her and suggesting in some subtle way that she ought to be picked up and rearranged more snugly. Cousin Lee was pacing the room with long, angry strides. "I am sure you must have your good points, my dear girl, and I shall do my best to bring them out. My aunt has charged me to accompany, protect, instruct, and, if possible, to inspire you so that you will realize your responsibility as a representative of the family in St. Louis. It so happens that your simplicity and innocence, although perhaps appealing to us who understand it, are of such a nature that they will be disastrously misinterpreted by even the young gentlemen I am putting on the list to meet you. Why, at this very instant you give the impression that I could come over there and take you in my arms, and you'd like it."

April thought she would like it very much. In fact, she thought she couldn't bear it much longer if he didn't.

"Maybe I'm really wicked," she suggested, knowing perfectly well she was.

Cousin Lee was touched. He came over and lifted her limp white hand from the chair arm and patted it reassuringly. "In that event," he said, "I shall try to protect you even from yourself."

ONCE he'd set himself to the task of protecting the innocent, Cousin Lee made a thorough job of it. He censored the list of several plays April might see, accompanying and forewarning her when they seemed questionable. They attended two exhibitions of paintings which, unfortunately, were both questionable, and even a Reynaldo Hahn concert at the Odeon seemed to Lee to need a delicate interpretation for less worldly ears. They appeared together in the Sherrill box at the horse show and in the Sunday morning parade to St. Michael's, Lee distinguishing the latter occasion in tall hat and morning coat. "It's a family tradition," he told her.

For contrast one night he took April to a prize fight at the arena and afterwards to a decorous West End speakeasy. "Because," as he explained, "we must not avoid realities, April. Life has many faces with which you should be at least familiar. I'd hate you to become a prig."

Even with the completion of her wardrobe, a ten-day orgy during which April and Aunt Beth covered the ground (in a manner of speaking) from point-lace nightgowns to riding boots, Cousin Lee took a conservative interest. To one evening gown in particular, the slinkiest of black gowns, rising from its long folds with the sheen and smoothness of a flower's slender stem, he objected strenuously. "It accentuates the very qualities, Aunt Beth, which I have been striving to eradicate in April. She shouldn't be allowed to appear in such a dress. It's—I don't like the word any better than you do, Aunt Beth—but, frankly, it's enticing."

"To whom?" demanded Aunt Beth. "To you, Leland? Surely the Sherrills are above any such impulses. . . ."

"I'm thinking about the impulses of Eric Forbes and Harrison Wick and Freddy Ogden and the rest of the men I put on her party list," said Lee impatiently. "I personally have a totally different attitude towards April. . . ."

"So she says," remarked Aunt Beth grimly. "April says she couldn't have been better instructed or protected if you'd been her grandfather."

April, however, recognized Cousin Lee's benign attention as the subtle but relentless campaign of a treacherous St. Louis man who, instead of just kissing a girl so that she could tell where she stood, pretended to advise and protect her until she was reduced to a wavering helplessness somewhere between desperation and terror.

But when April's pet wolf first slipped out of his sheep's clothes and revealed his true villainy, she was totally unprepared. Lee had asked her to help him select some drapes at Marx and Jones'; and, after, they had driven out to his apartment in the forty-seven hundred block on Lindell so that he could match some material. "Won't you come up?" he said.

APRIL went icy cold all over, a sudden realization that in the crisis she was not quite so wicked as she had counted on being. In a severe but small and quavering voice she said: "No, thank you. You seem to have a wrong impression of me, Cousin Lee. I wouldn't dream of such a thing."

Shortly before midnight several long and Lee-less days after that, a dust-covered and road-weary little car drew up in front of the Poindexter Sherrill residence in Portland Place. A husky, bushily blond young man, ex-halfback and hero of Kempton Square High and idol of so many of the little ladies of that community (those perhaps not so particular in the matter of technique), climbed out belligerently and stalked up to the door. "I'm Wes Perry," he announced to the astonished butler who answered his persistent ringing. "I've come to get Miss April Gilmore, and don't waste our time stalling around about it. Where is she?"

The Poindexter Sherrills' butler was as rigid as a mummy and for the moment as dumb. Finally he said: "Miss April is not at home, sir. Perhaps you are not aware that a ball is being given in her honor this evening at the Royalton."

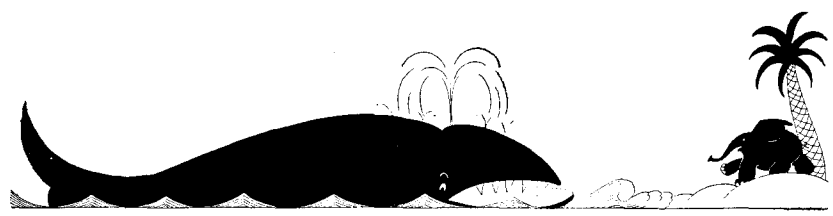
The long, trailing gowns of even the most baby-faced of girls, the white ties and tail coats of burgeoning young men-about-town, slow dance music, balconies full of glittering dowagers and waggish but important dodos, colors and light through a *decor* of white and green, and an ever-available champagne supply—all placed April's coming-out ball in the old tradition. She was an apparently outstanding success. A stag line, like a parade of wobbly puppets, followed her "enticing" black gown all over the ballroom—from one pair of claiming arms to another, from one bit of momentary but insistent whispering to another, from Eric Forbes to Freddy Ogden, to a dozen others and back to Eric again.

DURING the first hour a score of informal invitations for their protégée to other balls, teas, luncheons, theater parties, poured into the Poindexter Sherrill lap, although few were being extended now. The congratulations and compliments— "So lovely and unspoiled, Beth dear"—"What a charming discovery, Mrs. Sherrill"—"We should send our daughters to the country for pointers before they come out, Sherrill"—all that had ceased with curious abruptness. Aunt Beth wished Lee would arrive. He was coming down on the eleven-o'clock plane from Chicago and he should be dressed and here by now. Lee could find out what was wrong.

As far as April was concerned, nothing was wrong. She was a young girl in the Cinderella dream at ten minutes to twelve—with nothing more ominous to fear of the witching hour than the eagerly awaited arrival of Cousin Lee. Meantime she could float in an ether of admiration towards the land of success. Even Lee would be impressed. He would see that she was more than the little country cousin he took her for. All the other men saw it anyway. Freddy Ogden knew it the instant they began dancing. Eric Forbes found it out when, down behind a bower of greenery at the far end of the outside corridor, she kissed him the first time.

Eric's kisses were disappointing perhaps, rating only somewhere between Wes Perry and Hype Stevenson and not at all what she had a right to expect from these glamorous St. Louis Don Juans, but they were nevertheless kisses. Harrison Wick was better at it but he was not remarkable either. Maybe she was losing her interest in kisses, or in kisses just as kisses. As they circled the dance floor once more, her fingers trembled unaccountably on Harrison Wick's shoulder and she began to glance nervously about, looking for

(Continued on page 47)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The largest living thing in the world is the sulphur-bottom whale. It is known to attain a length of 100 feet and a weight of 150 tons—which is equivalent to the combined weight of 40 average-sized elephants.—*By R. J. Harrison, New York City.*

The ball—in baseball, bowling, football, golf, tennis, polo, billiard, etc.—has figured more largely than any other single thing in the pastimes and pleasures of mankind.

Man possesses today many vestigial appendages which, although once of importance, are now of little or no use to him. Among them are the vermiform appendix, the ear-moving muscles and the little tail bones at the base of the spine.—*By G. W. Smith, Great Falls, Montana.*

In France during the Middle Ages the writing of poetry became such a vogue that it was fashionable for every great lady to employ her own poet and enter him in the periodical poetry contests.

A newly perfected sextant that registers the infra-red rays of the sun enables a shipmaster to take his bearings even when the sun is completely obscured by fog or thunder clouds.

An electric light requires delicate manufacture. If its filament, which is no thicker than a hair, is only 1-600th too thin at any point, its life is reduced 23 per cent. And if but 4 parts of water vapor remain in 100,000 parts of its gas content, the bulb will fail almost immediately.—*By C. R. Yeager, Cleveland, Ohio.*

In some European countries today it is still the practice to compel convicts to wear hoods or masks whenever outside of their cells so they cannot become acquainted and be able, after release, to blackmail one another or to form criminal partnerships.

Botanical science has not yet learned why the telegraph plant of tropical Asia spontaneously trembles and shakes at frequent intervals, even in the still, calm air of a breezeless day.

France and Mexico now have professional women jockeys; Spain has licensed women bullfighters; and Russia has more women than men studying in its medical schools.

Hearts removed from the bodies of humans and animals can be made to beat many hours and even days after death. The heart of a child who has died of pneumonia can be restored to activity after 20 hours, while that of an animal can be revived after seven days.

Only one company in the world today still owns and operates a fleet of sailing ships. It is located in Finland and has 20 sizable vessels. Some of them can carry cargoes of 5,000 tons and one has a record of sailing 360 miles in one day.—*By Molly Robertson, Flushing, N. Y.*

Japanese homes do not have furniture—beds, chairs, tables and divans—like those of other civilized countries. All sitting, eating and sleeping is done either on the floor or on little platforms a few inches in height.

Thousands of blind men throughout Europe today own German sheep dogs which, through intelligence and intensive training, are able to lead and "mother" them as well as if they were human companions. These dogs, invariably females, even know when to avoid guiding their master under a low obstruction on which he might hit his head.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York

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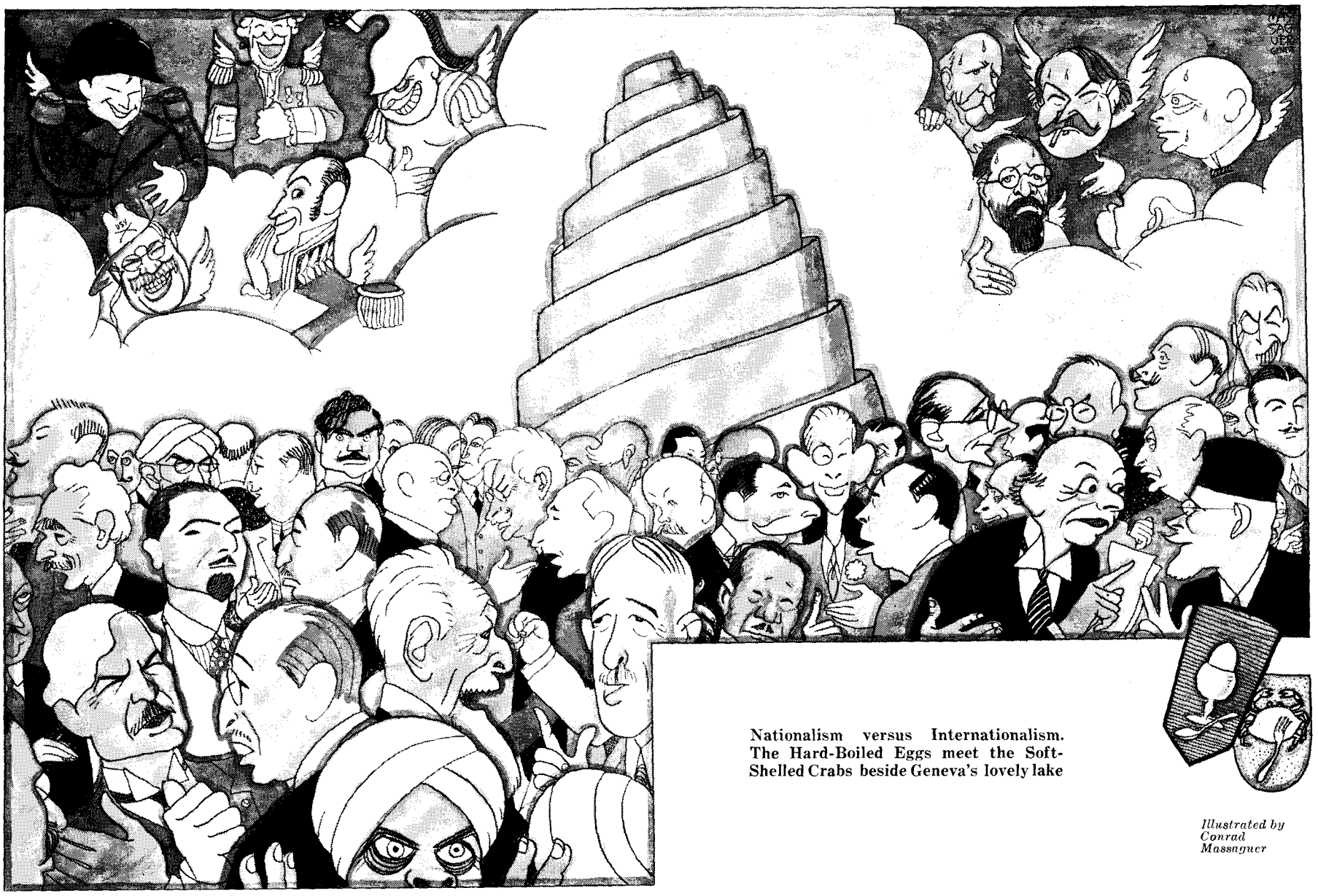

Nationalism versus Internationalism. The Hard-Boiled Eggs meet the Soft-Shelled Crabs beside Geneva's lovely lake

Illustrated by Conrad Massaguer

Tower of Babble

If you get far enough away, the League of Nations looks almost saintlike—ineffectual, perhaps, but also incorruptible. Come with Mr. Ybarra and take a close-range look

By T. R. Ybarra

I BLEW into Geneva some time ago all agog with excitement at the thought that I was about to find the League of Nations.

It was a time of big happenings in the world. Japan and China were at loggerheads in Manchuria and Shanghai. The Disarmament Conference was in the midst of its arduous task of seeking to disarm nothing but criticism. Economic conferences, scheduled for the near future, were casting their somber shadows over Geneva's lovely lake. All eyes were on the League. Optimists everywhere believed that it was going to solve—directly or indirectly—all sorts of knotty problems confronting mankind.

Representatives of fifty-five nations, delegates to the League, were gathered at Geneva. I saw them sitting at desks and looking as solemn as the solemnest senator in Washington. I saw them rise from their desks with knit brows, walk—as in an Olympian trance—to an Assembly meeting, or a Council meeting, or a Committee-of-the-Whole meeting. I watched them, after these meetings had adjourned, rise again, reknit their brows, reseat themselves solemnly at their desks, and gaze raptly into space. I saw Paul Boncour of France darting piercing glances from beneath his aureole of white hair. I saw Dr. Eduard Benes, Minister for Foreign Affairs, of Czechoslovakia, veteran of many League meetings, hurrying here and there, buttonholing this delegate and whispering to that one, in the endeavor to shape still another meeting and still another crisis to his own ends. I saw Sato of Japan, calm and suave; and glaring at him, with only the width of a table between, Yen of China, preparing still another anti-Japanese outburst, in English as flawless as that of a native Englishman fresh from Oxford.

I saw Motta of Switzerland nodding affably to Sir John Simon, Britain's representative; while Madariaga of Spain, almost bursting with pent-up eloquence (as usual), impatiently awaited the signal for jumping to his feet and making yet another speech full of lofty League sentiments.

"They are thinking internationally," said I to myself.

Everyone for Himself

I was awed. I wished that I, too, might rise above the nationalistic narrowness into which I had been born; that I, too, might float about in an atmosphere of pure idealism, with little international wings, white as snow, buttoned to my vulgar, mundane shoulders.

"Ha!" I murmured reverently. "I have found the League of Nations!"

Well, it didn't take me long to learn that I had found the Nations all right; the difficulty, I discovered, lay in locating the League.

It was soon borne in upon me that the representatives of the fifty-five nations assembled at Geneva seldom, if ever, forget for a moment the interests of whichever one of the fifty-five they represent, and seldom, if ever, remember the interests of the other fifty-four. If they ever catch themselves thinking internationally—which, in the case of most of them, is extremely seldom—they act exactly like a man with a toothache. They either proceed to rid themselves altogether of the offending thought, or they put it to sleep, for the time being, by shooting it full of deadening nationalistic dope. Their motto, it seemed to me, was: "Never the League of Nations, always the Nations of the League."

I arrived at this conclusion only after close observation of the League in action—as it expresses itself both through the delegations accredited to Geneva by the fifty-five nations composing it, and through the activities of its permanent staff, the so-called Secretariat.

Some of the members of the latter have been on the job ever since the Woodrow Wilson era. They have seen so many delegates come and go that they have grown to look upon them with an air of superior detachment—as if the true spirit of the League were vested in the Secretariat alone. But—alas!—even into the Secretariat the poison of nationalism has crept. Though it includes many idealists, its ranks can show also many members whose bodies may be in Geneva, but whose souls are in Paris or London, Rome, Berlin or Tokyo.

I soon realized that, during the thirteen years of its existence, the League has been suffering alternately from two major ailments. The first has been the tendency, on the part of some of those intrusted with operating it, to let high-brow idealism get the upper hand at the expense of practical sense of reality. The second has been the tendency to make reality—in the guise of nationalistic self-interest—get the upper hand at the expense of idealism.

A Conflict of Ideas

The two elements which have cooperated efficaciously thus far—in conjunction with mankind's congenital inability for teamwork—toward keeping the League of Nations from being a success, may be dubbed (inelegantly, but none the less appropriately) the

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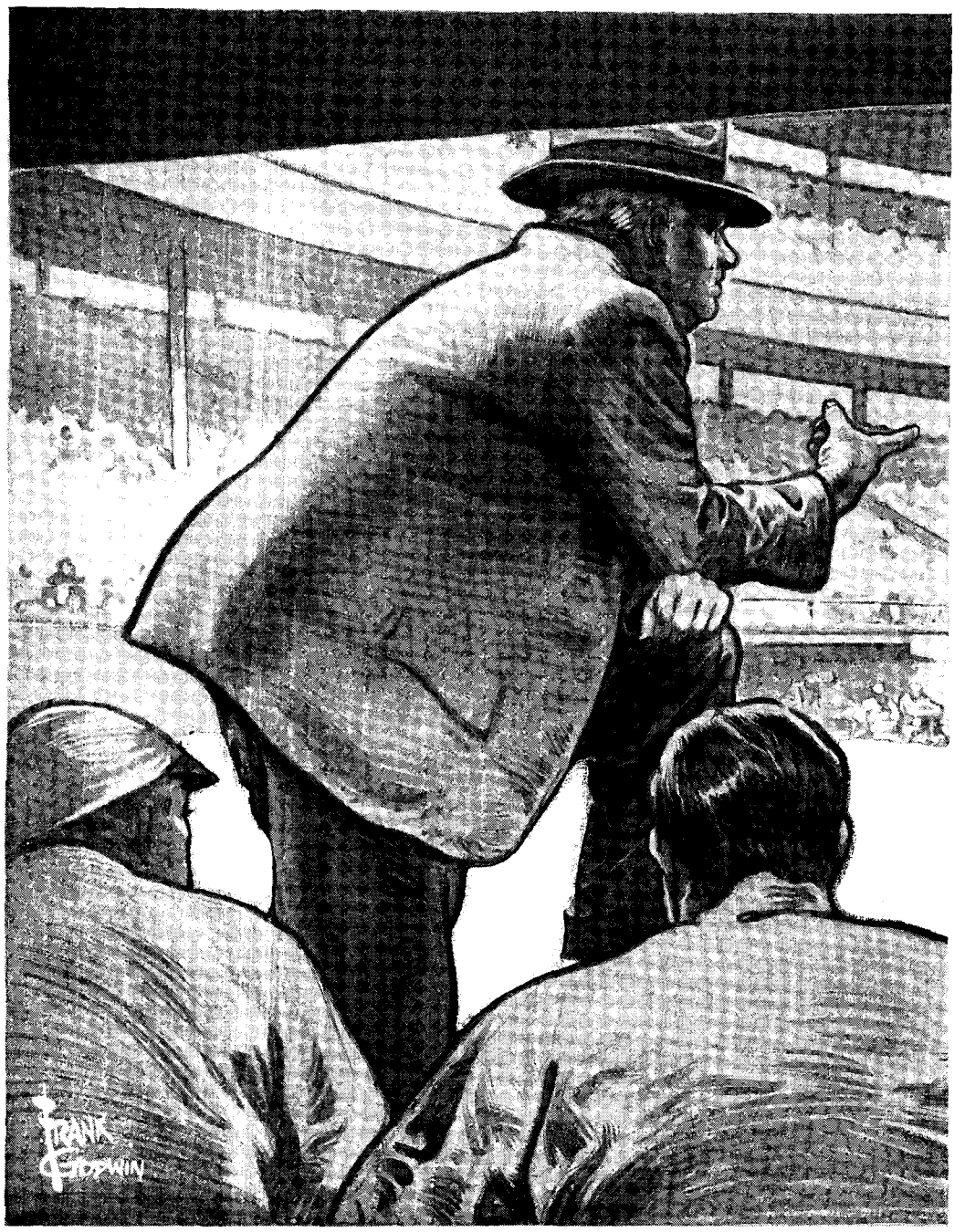
Just a Haunch

About two vanishing marvels: the ravishing Kitty Johnson and that weird genius of the diamond, Joe Klinker. Now you'll know why baseball managers resign

By K.S.Crichton



McGraw stood up. "All right, miracle man."

WHEN the train pulled out of Cincinnati with the New York Giants on board, Dan Kelly was running up and down the aisles in a panic.

"Any of you guys seen that guy Klinker?" he demanded.

They looked up from various card games and gave him a sour eye.

"Why don't you go on away?" said Bill Terry. "I'm right on the verge of something here."

"I'm askin' you something," said Dan. "Has anybody seen that guy Klinker?"

"Don't tell me he's lost, thank God!" said Shanty Hogan, looking up from a game of stud.

"If he ain't on this train when we get to Pittsburgh, you know what'll happen to me," moaned Dan. "McGraw'll have them dump me in one of them blast furnaces."

Mel Ott came down from the back of the car.

"Klinker was down at the hotel with his wife right after supper," he said. "I thought he was on his way to the train then."

"He probably forgot his nightshirt and went back to Bismarck to get it," suggested Mr. Hogan, pushing a pile of blue chips into the pot.

"That's your idea of it."

"I bet," said Mr. Hogan, looking at his hole card, "I bet if you painted 'New York Giants' on this Pullman in boxcar letters like a circus, that guy Klinker would get on the train with the Cuban Stars."

Bill Walker joined the party.

"Did Klinker sock that one today or didn't he sock it?" asked Mr. Walker.

Mr. Hogan began raking in the chips.

"Lucas slipped when he was going to throw it," said Mr. Hogan. "It came up there big as a Fifth Avenue bus."

"When it went out past Crabtree in left," said Mr. Walker, "it looked like something you get in a medicine dropper."

Mr. Walker was a pitcher who liked to win games even when a pinch hitter named Klinker did it for him.

DAN went back and sat in the washroom and brooded.

He was still there at two o'clock in the morning when the train got to Columbus. In a minute or two he saw the porter coming in from the platform.

"Whatta you got there?" yelled Dan, jumping up.

"A telegram foh Mistah McGraw."

"Give it here."

"It's foh Mistah McGraw."

Dan started toward the colored gentleman. "Would you like to have your leg cut off at the knee?" he demanded in a dangerous voice.

Dan took the telegram and tore it open:

JOHN J. MCGRAW, MANAGER
NEW YORK GIANTS
UNION STATION
COLUMBUS, O.

VISITING EMMYS COUSIN IN ASHTABULA MEET YOU TOMORROW IN PITTSBURGH
JAKE KLINKER

Eddie Brannick, the road secretary, came in in his pajamas.

"What's the idea, waking everybody up, yelling?"

Dan handed him the telegram.

"We're one game in the lead and this guy goes visiting his wife's relatives."

"I see he's started on those Union Station telegrams, too," said Mr. Brannick. "That's what he drove us crazy with on the way down to spring training."

"The season's got a month to go and we're one game in the lead and he goes visiting his wife's relatives."

"Don't get the idea that I'm overjoyed about it," said Mr. Brannick.

MR. KLINKER wasn't at the hotel in Pittsburgh when the Giants got there next morning and he wasn't there when they ate their lunch and started out to Schenley Park. McGraw had stayed in his drawing-room on the train until about eleven o'clock and wasn't around at lunch. But when Dan and his crew came into the dressing-room, Mr. Klinker was there, in his uniform, sitting in the trainer's armchair and smoking a big cigar. He looked at peace with the world.

"Where were you last night?" Dan demanded.

Mr. Klinker never missed a puff and never took his feet off the bench before him.

"We was in Ashtabula, Ohio."

"I know where you were!" yelled Dan. "And I know what'll happen to you if McGraw ever hears about it. What do you think this ball club is—some kind of a Raymond Whitcomb tour with stop-over privileges?"

Mr. Klinker yawned and got up and stretched himself.

"I guess I'll go out and get somebody to hit me some flies," he said.

The Giants had it soft with Pittsburgh that day. They jammed four runs across on Kremer in the first and kept hammering at Brame until they had an eight-run lead in the fifth.

It was then that McGraw put Klinker in right field, his first appearance as anything but a pinch hitter.

"This is as good a time as any, Klinker," said McGraw. "Go on out there in Ott's place. You watch me and I'll tell you where to play for the hitters."

Mr. Klinker went out and moved around obediently and nothing came his way. When his turn came to bat, he tripled off the left-field fence. In the seventh he moved around again as if he were something on a string and nothing came his way.

IN THE eighth the Pirates got two on and Lloyd Waner lifted a high fly into right. Mr. Klinker started after it. He came forward at a trot, and then he saw his error and retreated. Finally he stopped at the place he thought about proper and started to circle around. The ball kept coming down and Mr. Klinker kept circling. At length he made a grab aloft. The ball, propelled by the bat of Mr. Waner, paid almost no attention to this. It fell with a thud on Mr. Klinker's head and bounced off into space.

Mr. Klinker sat down abruptly on the grass and felt his dome. Then he rolled over onto his feet, scrambled after the ball, got it and threw it toward the infield, holding Waner on third.

Following this, he walked toward the Giant's bench, with the choicest of Pittsburgh razzleberries sounding in his ears.

Mr. McGraw came forward to the edge of the dugout to meet him.

"Listen, Klinker," he said. "I'm not saying anything to you because you lost the ball and it beaned you. That's happened to better men than you. But this business of leaving the club at your own sweet will. . . . Don't get the idea somebody told me. I know what's going on; I wasn't born yesterday. I know where you were and that isn't baseball on this club. I don't care if it was Sandusky, Ohio, or Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania. You can't pull that stuff with us and get away with it. Get your clothes on and start for New York as soon as Brannick can get you a ticket. . . . You're suspended indefinitely without pay."

THE Giants won the first game of the Pittsburgh series despite the Klinker muff, but they lost the next two and dropped out of first place. The atmosphere was purple in the clubhouse. In each game a hit at a tight moment would have made all the difference in the world.

Dan Kelly dropped into Mr. McGraw's room casually after the third game.

"I know what you're going to say," cried McGraw heatedly. "If this club has to depend on one moron from North Dakota, we don't deserve a pennant. He's suspended and he stays suspended."

They won the last game in Pittsburgh and thought the jinx was ended. Then they came back to the Polo Grounds and dropped two straight to Philadelphia with Fidgety Phil Collins and Jumbo Elliott standing them on their ears.

"All right, all right," said McGraw to Dan Kelly the night after the second game in which Elliott had given them

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Illustrated by Frank Godwin

he said. "You might as well be a real hero"

only two hits. "Get him back here before we drop out the bottom of this league. I'm sick of all the rest of these bums popping up with the bases full."

So Dan went bouncing gayly down to the hotel where the Klinkers had been staying. He was back in half an hour, his face ashen.

"He's gone," he cried wildly.

"What do you mean—gone?" demanded Dave Bancroft.

"He's checked out at his hotel and nobody knows where he went and he hasn't left any forwarding address."

"I can believe it," said Mr. McGraw. "I can easily believe it."

"WHAT'LL we do?" asked Dan, bewildered.

"Put an ad in the lost and found," suggested Mr. Bancroft.

"Something must have happened to him," mourned Dan.

"He's probably on his way to South Africa to visit his wife's Aunt Jennie," said Mr. Bancroft sourly.

Mr. McGraw was not taking it lightly.

"We should have kept him reporting up here every day. He didn't know any better than to go away and get lost. . . . Wait a minute."

He took up the phone and gave a number and waited, obviously worried.

"Is this Commissioner Mulrooney's house? This is John McGraw speaking. Is the commissioner there?"

He waited again.

"Commissioner, this is John McGraw. I'm all right; how are you? I hate to break into your evening but you know that fellow Klinker we got . . . the pinch hitter? Well, I suspended him and now I want him back and we can't find him. Checked out at his hotel and didn't leave an address. We'll start hunting for him here but I wonder if you could get in touch with the authorities in Bismarck, North Dakota, and see if they know anything about him. It's his home town and he may have gone back out there. I want you to do it confidentially. If I wire out there the whole town'll know about it and the papers will get it and it'll make a boob out of us. You can see how it would be—suspending a fellow and then losing him. He's made a monkey out of this club as it is. Will you do that? Well, thanks a lot. I'll appreciate it."

After that the search began in earnest. Dan went back down to the hotel again for further details and found that Mr. Klinker really hadn't been at the hotel since he got back to New York. His bag was checked there and this morning he had come in for it and that was all they knew about it. They didn't bother asking for a forwarding address because they knew they could always get him through the Giants' office.

"Oh, sure," said Dan.

McGraw had gone to bed when about midnight a messenger brought the telegram which had come to Commissioner Mulrooney:

POLICE COMMISSIONER MULROONEY
NEW YORK CITY

JAKE KLINKER IS WITH NEW YORK GIANTS BASEBALL TEAM IN YOUR TOWN STOP HAS NOT BEEN HERE SINCE MARCH STOP SUGGEST IF YOU WANT INFORMATION YOU ASK THAT SMART ALECK MCGRAW WHO SUSPENDED NORTH DAKOTAS FAVORITE SON STOP CAN INFORM YOU THAT IF KLINKER HAS SHOT MCGRAW AND SEEKS REFUGE HERE NO REQUISITION FOR HIM WILL BE HONORED

CHIEF OF POLICE
BISMARCK, N. D.

"I guess," mused Mr. Bancroft, "I guess there's no use bothering McGraw with this. We'll just say Mulrooney called up and said they couldn't find Klinker out there."

He tore up the telegram carefully and put the pieces in his pocket.

The Giants lost another to the Phils and won one and then lost two out of four to Boston. A week had gone by; Klinker was still missing, and there was now worry in two directions—first, that something serious had happened to Klinker, and, second, that Mr. McGraw would soon blow up with a roar fit to awaken the residents of San Juan, Porto Rico.

It was finally decided that secrecy was no longer a virtue. When the Giants made the announcement and asked for the cooperation of the newspapers, the roof was off.

The noon editions carried scareheads:

KLINKER, GIANTS' STAR, DISAPPEARS

It was a front-page smash and by the second edition Klinker was reported in Danbury, Conn.; Reading, Pa.; Oskaloosa, Ia., and Newport News, Va.

The early sports edition reported that a strange man with a red beard had been apprehended in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, and was being questioned.

Giants' headquarters wired to Saskatoon:

PULL HARD ON BEARD STOP IF PRISONER YELLS RELEASE HIM STOP IT IS NOT KLINKER

It was then that Jim Tierney of the Giants called in the reporters and said: "Now, get this straight. Klinker hasn't murdered anybody. There's no reward for bringing in the dead body. The bird has drifted away and we want him to know that he ought to come back. We need him back all right, but if it's a question of his coming back with his rear leg gnawed off by a bloodhound, we'll let the matter drop."

That was the night of the announcement. Next day the real blow-off came. The morning papers carried these headlines:

KITTY JOHNSON, OF FOLLIES, ALSO MISSING

FAMOUS BEAUTY THOUGHT TO BE WITH GIANTS' STAR

NO REPORT OF KLINKER IN SECOND DAY OF SEARCH

It was then that Mr. Shanty Hogan began to go around kicking the hotel chairs.

The town was agog about it. It was pretty plain that in the case of Kitty Johnson it was kidnapping. She had left a night club at three o'clock in the morning and that was the last seen of her. Head Detective Blair came up to confer with Manager McGraw about it.

"Now, this Klinker," he said. "Is there any reason why he should be mixed up in this Johnson business?"

"None that I know except that he's the kind of bird who would naturally walk right into a kidnapping," said Mr. McGraw.

"We have a report of a car passing through Paterson, N. J., with a woman and a man in the back seat. The description sounds like Kitty Johnson. Do you imagine that might be Klinker with her?"

"You can put this down as an answer to all questions," said Mr. McGraw: "If it's some place Klinker oughtn't to be, he'll be there. Just bank on that and you can't go wrong."

BUT nothing happened that day, and that night the police were investigating a dozen clues. With Kitty Johnson in the case, it had taken on national importance. It was no longer a question of advertising for a ball player to come back—all was forgiven: it now was a case of running down the criminals.

"Sure, he's mixed up in the Johnson business," said Mr. Blair. "If it was just a question of coming back, he'd see the newspapers and do it, wouldn't he? He either can't get back or he's one of the gang himself."

"Has anybody looked up at the zoo?" asked Mr. Hogan.

"What's that!" asked Mr. Blair sharply.

"I said your words were all too true," answered Mr. Hogan.

"Well, that's the way I dope it out," said Mr. Blair, modestly. "But how about his wife? Would she be with Kitty Johnson, too?"

"Don't worry about her; she'll be visiting somebody. She's probably found a relative among the kidnappers."

They were still at sea on the case three days after Klinker was reported lost in the newspapers. The Giants' office at the Polo Grounds was in gloom. It was two-thirty and the players could be seen down on the field, going through fielding practice. Then Eddie Brannick burst into the office, shouting and waving a paper.

"They've found her!" he yelled. "They've got Kitty Johnson!"

"What about Klinker?"

"Nothing about him at all. They stopped a car at Ridgefield, Connecticut, and it was Kitty Johnson. They got the kidnappers."

"Klinker wasn't there, eh?"

"No," said Mr. Brannick, tossing over the paper and dropping into a chair, discouraged. "There's not a word about him."

THE phone rang and one of the girl stenographers answered it and it only took ten words for everybody to know something had happened. Bancroft grabbed the phone.

"Here, lemme have that. . . . Hello, hello, you say you know something about Klinker. No, NO! . . . You *couldn't* be mistaken. There's only one like him. Yeah, like the pictures in the papers. Now, listen. . . . Where are you? What's your name? Can you come right over here! Will you stay THERE till we can get there? . . ."

Bancroft put down the phone.

"It's a man named Baldridge, vice

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Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

Lije stood on the platform, even more forbidding in his prison clothes

On Darkwater

A drama of life where conventions may differ somewhat from ours—but where the human heart is the same

By Harris Dickson

AFTER the peril and the dread had passed, white-haired Doctor Hugo muttered, "This could have happened only on Darkwater." Only on this remote and stagnant river could women have done what Madge and Ma Jerusha did.

The queer old recluse knew what he was talking about, for he had known the varying standards of morality in Benares, Vienna, Paris, Stamboul, Buenos Aires. Yet, after tasting all the civilizations of this world, Doctor Hugo now chose to live in solitude. Why? That was his own affair, and no fisherman, trapper or hideaway of Darkwater pried behind the doctor's privacy. He lived alone on his houseboat, carried medicines, and charged no fees for tending their sick; so when a city hunter suggested that he might be some sort of scientist, Darkwater people just let it go at that.

Beside the narrow river a she-dog howled, sent up her deep-throated melancholy wail in a moss-hung melancholy land. Muffling jungles surrounded old Sal and smothered her cry, but on the winding waters it carried far.

At any other time of day if Sal howled like that, Madge would have been scared because it meant that Babe was in danger; but at this particular hour in the morning a wail from Sal signified only that Madge had stayed too long with Jimmy at their trot lines; and the dog mother considered that the human mother ought to come home. Madge thought so too, for she left Jimmy and hurried ahead in a dugout. Easy strokes sent her slim craft flying through somber channels so crooked, so narrow, the shore so thickly overhung with trees that few glints of sun could ever touch Darkwater. There are no rapids, no laughing ripples, no sunshine dancing in the shallows. And Darkwater people are just like that; they rarely smile. Nevertheless Madge was smiling and nodding. "Hush, Sal. I'm comin'. I'm comin'."

Swiftly her dugout glided onward, propelled by strong young arms, for the girl was less than twenty—and pretty, too, if she'd half a chance.

Dexterously Madge rounded the last bend and saw that nothing had gone wrong with Babe. The year-old child was playing happily, picketed out with a rope, like a mustang pony, on a stretch of sand. Beside the little boy sat an ugly brindle beast with nose uplifted, howling, howling, howling. At sight of Madge the she-dog hushed and, wagging her tail, trotted across Ma Jerusha's gangplank into the shanty-boat cabin to suckle her whimpering puppies.

NATURALLY Madge had looked first at her child before glancing toward a pair of shantyboats that lay close together; too close together, as Darkwater considers that five miles apart is plenty nigh for neighbors. The lower boat was Ma Jerusha's, the upper boat was Jimmy's. Both their craft were painted white, with stripes of blue, by Jimmy's amateurish hand. In color scheme a new skiff matched the houseboats. Jimmy had built it for Madge. Their landing place, too, was better cared for than those of other fishermen, cleared of brush and presenting a thrifty appearance. All that was Jimmy's work of love.

A rakish motor craft now lay alongside the front platform of Ma Jerusha's boat, and Madge saw Doctor Hugo standing up in it while he talked earnestly with the old woman. On Wednesdays and Saturdays the scientist always came to tow Jimmy's skiff with Ma's fish to market. Their old friend helped them mightily, yet it seemed irregular for him to come on Tuesday. So when Madge had gone first to Babe, then started toward Ma's gangplank, she felt a hunch that Doctor Hugo brought bad news.

On Ma Jerusha's platform sat the withered hag, smoking her pipe and listening to what Doctor Hugo said. Wisps of dead gray hair were knotted at the back of her head, and scraggy cords, like guy wires, sustained Ma's emaciated neck. She did not shift an eye as Madge crossed the plank, then she removed her pipe, spat into the river and observed, "Lije is comin' home."

"Yes, Ma, next November a year, the twenty-second."

"Doctor's come to warn us." The crone emphasized her words. "Lije gits out tomorrer."

"No, no, *no!*" Madge almost shrieked, "Doctor, that ain't so."

"I'm afraid it's true."

"But, Doctor," the girl protested, "Lije got five years, an' his time don't run out until the twenty-second day of November, next year." To the hour and minute Madge had counted when she must again confront the menace of Lije Carlin. Now the girl sank down limply upon a stool with fingers twitching in the lap of her gingham dress. "Doctor, who told you?"

"A fisherman told me they were setting your husband free tomorrow because of good behavior."

"That fisherman lied," Ma Jerusha snapped. "I'm his mammy, and Lije never behaved good in his whole life."

"Besides that, Doctor," Madge still insisted, "Lije ain't been gone 'cept a little more'n three years."

"THREE years." Doctor Hugo looked toward her one-year baby that romped on the sand, then said, "Move Jimmy's boat away from here *now*, while I go to town and see what can be done. Good-by." He waved a departing hand. "I'll return before dark."

After his motorboat had sped away, Madge inquired dully, "Ma, what are we goin' to do?"

"Dunno. 'Tain't no way we kin explain that child to Lije, him bein' hard-headed as what he is."

Both women realized that Lije Carlin was a violent man. He might not ask one single question, might just sit there in silence for a week, or a month, snapping sticks between his merciless fingers and gazing on Darkwater. All of a sudden Lije would act. And Ma Jerusha shuddered to think of Babe's tender neck.

"Ma, I'm scared. What's to be did?"

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The Laugh Cure

By Clinton W. Gilbert

HENRY FIELD, who will probably be the next senator from Iowa, laughed Smith W. Brookhart out of a renomination. The egregious Brookhart, tilting at a lot of Wall Street windmills, could not withstand his opponent's shafts of ridicule. Field happens to be more conservative than Brookhart, so a lot of Eastern people are extracting great comfort from the defeat of a "radical" by a relatively conservative opponent.

But Mr. Field was not the candidate of the conservative Republicans of Iowa, who hoped that he and Brookhart would kill each other off and that their man might slip in. If he had been the usual stodgy conservative and had attacked Brookhart as dangerous, he probably would have renominated Brookhart. But he treated Brookhart not as dangerous but as funny. He got the whole state laughing at Brookhart. And that laughter was fatal.

It was easy to make Brookhart look funny. He is a humorless person who regarded himself with the utmost seriousness because of the accident of his being a United States senator. It was the stupid conservatives who kept Brookhart in Washington. These witless persons threw him out of the Senate to which he was honestly elected in 1924 and seated a Democrat, Daniel F. Steck, in his place. Iowa resented this reversal of its vote and at the earliest opportunity sent him back to Washington.

By this time Brookhart took himself as a great man. So he was defenseless against Field's shafts of ridicule. He couldn't see why anybody should laugh at him. He stiffened up and became preposterous when Field began to kid him. He assumed an air of outraged dignity. He blinked harder than ever, lost his temper, and lost his seat. Nobody could have beaten Brookhart without showing Iowa the utter ridiculousness of being represented in Washington by him.

The usual election consists of a couple of commonplace candidates, each impressed with his own importance, slamwhanging at each other with the utmost seriousness. Field departed from this process. He didn't pretend to be anything but what he was, an "amateur" in politics with nothing to offer the state but a little common sense and a talent for penetrating humbugs. He made a singularly effective contrast to the fake statesman. If he had chosen to be a fake statesman himself he probably would have been licked.

Field summed up the situation himself after his victory: "The Senator just hasn't any humor. And besides that, he has supreme egotism. That is an unfortunate combination." Oh, for about fifty more Fields in the United States Senate!

One of Mr. Field's most effective shots at Brookhart was to compare him to a flag-pole sitter, "who didn't get anywhere and who didn't do anything." Brookhart's one attempt to belittle his opponent took this form: "If you want the cement trust, vote for Glenn Haynes; if you want Wall Street, vote for George Cosson; and if you want chicken stew, vote for Henry Field."

Haynes and Cosson were two other candidates for the senatorship. Mrs. Field is famous for her chicken stew. Field retorted: "I say that if the people want chicken stew they should vote for Henry Field, and if they want the same old boloney they should vote for Senator Brookhart."

Field dramatized his campaign. He had a man dressed up as Brookhart in a high hat and carrying two signs, one reading "I only get $10,000," and the other, with a sausage hanging on it, reading "This bologna only ten years old." Another group of six figures exhibited the Brookhart nepotism. One figure, the senator, had a sign, "I only get $10,000," while the other figures of Brookhart's relatives carried signs reading "I only get $5,400," "I only get $3,900," "I only get $2,500," "I only get $2,200," "I only get $1,000." The old boloney at about $25,000 a year looked expensive to the thrifty Iowans.

Field is a seedsman at Shenandoah, Iowa, selling seeds by radio. He is known to all Iowa as "Harry." He was educated as an engineer. In this campaign he had a platform from which I quote a few paragraphs, for they show the hard common sense of the man and his shrewd gift of expression. They probably reflect pretty well what the farmer folks are thinking:

On the World Court—"I do not favor the World Court without reservations to protect our interests. Let's arbitrate, but not forget that too often in our foreign dealings we have come out at the little end of the horn."

On Paying the Soldiers' Bonus in Full at This Time—"Not now. We all acknowledge adjusted compensations as a debt which must and will be paid. The boys have it coming, but I believe they recognize we are in a condition where we all have to pull together. Payment now would delay the return of confidence in our national and business credit structure. This we must have before any degree of prosperity can be restored to the farmer and business man."

On Reconsideration of War Debts Owed to the United States Treasury by England, France, Italy and Other World War Allies—"No. I am in favor of letting the other fellow pay for his wars."

The National Temper

On the defeat of Brookhart in Iowa, the defeat of the La Follette candidates for delegates to the Republican National Convention in Wisconsin, and the defeat of General Smedley Butler, backed by Governor Gifford Pinchot, in Pennsylvania, the Republicans base their belief that the country is conservative at this time. And on these incidents they base their hope of Mr. Hoover's reëlection.

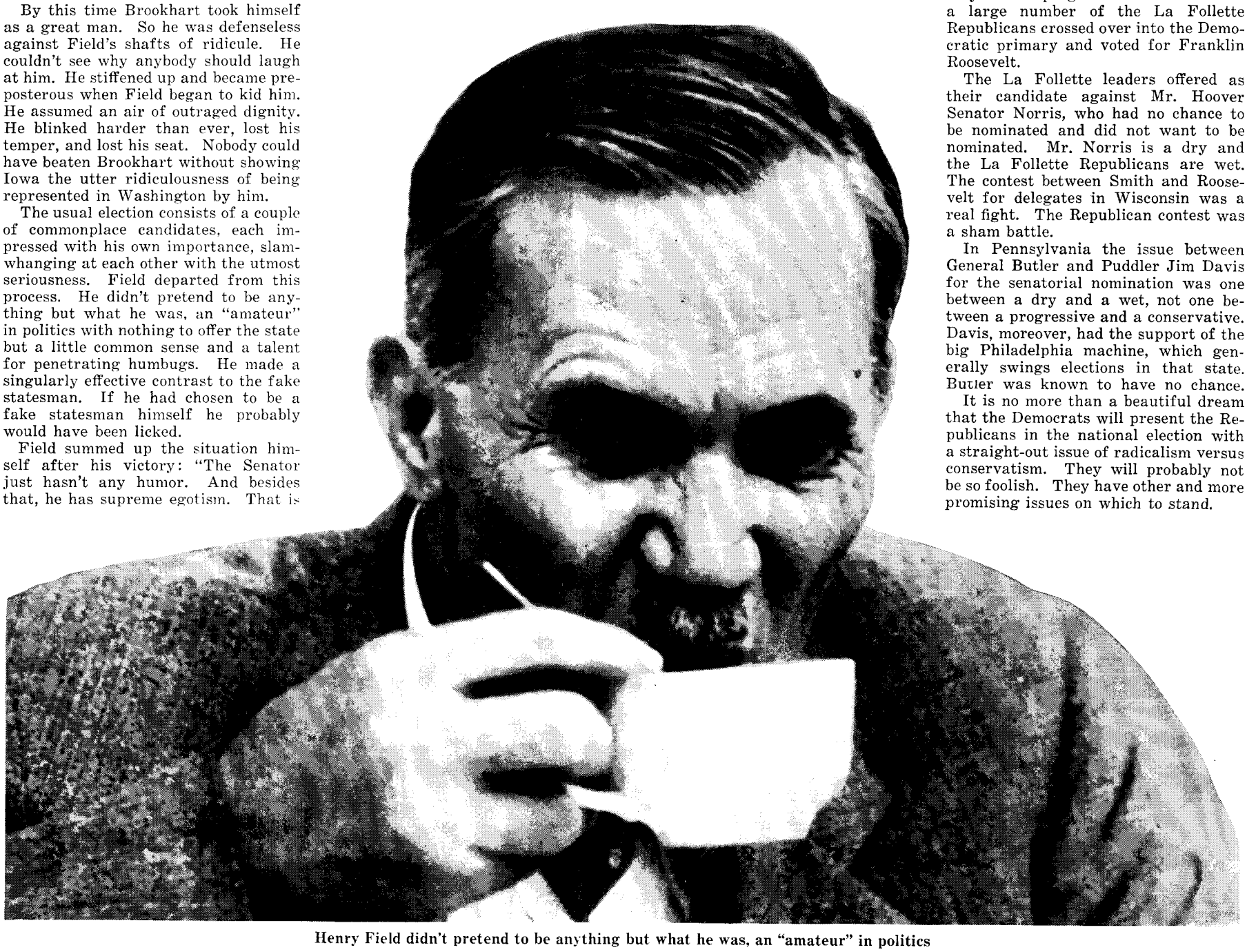
Well, perhaps the country is conservative at this time. It is natural to be cautious when business is bad and jobs are scarce. But the evidence that the Republicans cite proves nothing about the temper of the country.

Henry Field, who defeated Brookhart, is no doubt more conservative than the man he beat. But he won rather by the shrewdness with which he penetrated a sham than by the character of his economic beliefs. In the Senate he probably will ally himself with the progressives. The La Follette delegates in Wisconsin were defeated not because they were progressives but because a large number of the La Follette Republicans crossed over into the Democratic primary and voted for Franklin Roosevelt.

The La Follette leaders offered as their candidate against Mr. Hoover Senator Norris, who had no chance to be nominated and did not want to be nominated. Mr. Norris is a dry and the La Follette Republicans are wet. The contest between Smith and Roosevelt for delegates in Wisconsin was a real fight. The Republican contest was a sham battle.

In Pennsylvania the issue between General Butler and Puddler Jim Davis for the senatorial nomination was one between a dry and a wet, not one between a progressive and a conservative. Davis, moreover, had the support of the big Philadelphia machine, which generally swings elections in that state. Butler was known to have no chance.

It is no more than a beautiful dream that the Democrats will present the Republicans in the national election with a straight-out issue of radicalism versus conservatism. They will probably not be so foolish. They have other and more promising issues on which to stand.



Henry Field didn't pretend to be anything but what he was, an "amateur" in politics

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Edward A. Wilson

IT WAS a dark night in autumn. The old banker paced his study. He was distraught. His mind went back to the fatal party he had given fifteen years ago, a gathering of men brilliant and distinguished. He thought of it now with bitterness, and with despair. There had been a great deal of debating this and that; and somebody had raised the subject of capital punishment. Was it effective? Could it be justified? Which was to be preferred in an enlightened society—the death penalty or life imprisonment?

Many of the company were persuaded that capital punishment should be abolished—that it was barbarous. Their host vigorously opposed this view, saying that for his part he should prefer to have his life extinguished suddenly rather than to suffer, through interminable years, a living death.

Then one of his humbler guests, a young lawyer of twenty-five, spoke. "As for me," said the young man, "if I had to choose between death and imprisonment I should certainly prefer the latter. Any sort of life is better than no life at all."

The banker, a man by nature vehement and choleric, was stung. He banged the table and shouted, "You're crazy! You couldn't tolerate confinement for as much as five years, my foolish friend."

The young lawyer said coldly, "What do you bet? Make it worth my while and I'll stake, not five, but fifteen years of liberty!"

"Two millions you won't," roared the banker. "Two of my millions against fifteen of your years. Gentlemen, I call you all to witness. It's a bet."

"Agreed," said the lawyer. And the insane contract was ratified.

And it was performed. Now the old banker, whose fortunes had waned and who had scarcely enough in his treasury to meet the obligation that had seemed trifling to him when he undertook it, faced his hour of reckoning.

His memory traced the history of the disastrous transaction. A formal agreement had been written. It stipulated that the lawyer's imprisonment was to be suffered in strict solitude. Every reasonable comfort was to be his, including a piano, books, music, wine and tobacco. His place of confinement was to be a ground-floor room in the garden wing of the banker's house. He was to enter this voluntary cell at midnight of November 14, 1870, the door was to be placed under seal, and he was not to cross the threshold again for fifteen years to the second. Once he had entered, traffic with the outer world was to be by means of a small, high window expressly provided. Through the window his guards could watch him. Through the window, also, supplies would be passed to him and he would make known his desires by written messages.

THE young lawyer began the term of his confinement. During the first year, judging by his behavior and the notes he passed through the window, he suffered horribly from loneliness and boredom. He read books, but only of a light character. He strummed the piano incessantly.

In the second year the piano ceased to be heard. The prisoner abandoned light novels and read nothing but classics. In the fifth year, he returned to the piano and ordered wine for the first time. He read very little, but sometimes he wrote far into the night. In the morning he would destroy the writing and fall to weeping. After the sixth year, the prisoner turned with great energy to the study of languages, philosophy and history. Once he wrote to the banker: "My dear jailer, I am writing these lines in six languages. The geniuses of different times and countries do not all speak the same tongue, but in them all burns the same flame. Now that I can understand them, my happiness is boundless."

Presently, when the tenth year had passed, the prisoner fixed his attention on the New Testament. For months he read nothing else. During the last two years of his confinement, the lawyer read at random in an extraordinary number of unrelated fields. He read as though he were drowning in a sea strewed with floating wreckage at which he grasped haphazard in a desperate effort to save himself.

The banker remembered all this and said to himself: "Tomorrow, at midnight, his time is up and I shall have to pay him. If I do, it's the end. I'm finished. There is only one escape for me. The man must die!"

The banker took the key to the lawyer's prison, put on a heavy coat, and went into the dark garden. The watchman who guarded the wing had taken refuge from the bitter weather.

In the prisoner's room a candle burned. The banker went to the window and peered in. The prisoner crouched over his table, surrounded by stacks of books. The banker tapped on the pane, but the figure at the table made no movement.

THE banker took courage, went to the door of the prison, tore off the seals and turned the key in the rusty lock. The lock squeaked, the hinges groaned, but no sound of alarm came from the prisoner. The banker entered stealthily.

At the table slept a creature less like a man than like a skeleton. The sparse hair that draped his skull was silvered with gray and grew as long as a woman's. His beard was shaggy and unkempt. The skin that stretched like parchment over his sunken cheeks was the color of yellow earth. The hand on which he leaned his bony forehead was like a fleshless claw. He slept bowed over a sheet of paper which was covered with a delicate script.

The banker muttered: "I have only to smother this half-dead thing with a pillow and there will remain not the slightest trace of unnatural death. But first, let's see what's written on this paper." He took the paper and read:

"Tomorrow at midnight I shall be free to reënter the world. But before I leave this room I have something to tell you. I declare to you that I despise freedom, health, life and all those things that are called blessings. For fifteen years I have made a study of worldly life and lived in books every kind of experience imaginable. I am wise—wiser than you and your world. And I say that all those things which you and others like you cherish are no better than a mirage—empty, fragile, visionary and delusive.

"You are all mad, all strayed along a mistaken way. Your truth is falsehood; your beauty is ugliness. I marvel at you, who have bartered heaven for earth. I do not understand you and I do not want to. And to show indeed my contempt for what you live by, I waive your bet, I renounce the wealth of which I used to dream as though it would purchase paradise. To prove that my words are not empty, I shall violate our contract. Five minutes before the expiration of the stipulated term of years, I shall leave this room and so release you from your obligation. Farewell!"

The banker laid the message back on the table. Tears sprang to his eyes. He kissed the bowed head of the sleeping man and left the prison room. Remorse overcame him. He flung himself on his own bed, but he could not sleep.

Just after the expiration of the lawyer's term of confinement, the prison watchman sought the banker in his study where he waited, harassed by suspense. The watchman said that a little before the stroke of midnight he had seen the prisoner climb through the window of his cell, walk to the garden gate, and vanish into the night. The banker secured other witnesses, went with them to the garden wing, and verified the watchman's story. The prison room no longer had an occupant. The bet was void.

On the table in the prison room the lawyer's message lay. The banker took it and locked it reverently in his safe.

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Illustrated by Matt Clark

"And I'm warning you for the last time," he snarled, "to keep your long nose out of my business. I'm cutting this timber"

The Last Thing

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

LISTENING to old Saul Fearing's angry speech, Joel Kinstry grinned contentedly. He had driven his little car across the cotton field to the very edge of the high timber, so that his huge, soft body could sit comfortably behind the steering wheel while he watched Vin Durie's axe at work on the first of the great, doomed pines.

Kinstry loved a profit the better when he could sit at ease and watch another man sweating to earn it for him; better still he loved a gain taken, like this one, by some sly stroke of special cunning, with loss and grief to someone else. Old Fearing's words, testifying to these things, only deepened Kinstry's self-content.

"It's plain stealing, Kinstry," Fearing said. "Stealing from your half-sister, when she's in the hospital—"

"The law says different," Kinstry interrupted. "If a woman don't pay her taxes, the law takes her land and sells it, same as it sold me this here tract."

"I say it's stealing, and low-down, ornery stealing," the old man said. "You went to see Hannah just before they carried her to the hospital; you told her not to worry about being behind with her taxes; you said you'd pay 'em for her. You—"

"Well, I paid 'em, didn't I?" Kinstry chuckled. "Had to pay 'em or the sheriff wouldn't have given me my deed, would he?"

The ring of the axe had stopped. Kinstry swiveled his head in its cushion of nested chins and saw that Durie was leaning on his axe to listen. He yelled at him harshly:

"Hey, get busy, there! What do I pay you wages for?"

FOR just a moment Durie seemed to hesitate. Then the axe moved in its swift, flashing arc and bit deep into the yellow gash in the great red-brown trunk. Kinstry knew nothing of woodcraft, for, except for this small tract of his half-sister's, the timber hereabouts had been lumbered off before his day; but, for all his ignorance, he felt a reluctant admiration for Durie's skill. It seemed impossible that the little, twisted cripple, nearly sixty years old, could handle that heavy, double-bitted axe so easily and surely.

Saul Fearing's anger shifted suddenly to the laboring old lumberjack.

"And this is a pretty business for you, Durie," he cried, lifting his voice to make it heard above the steady, ringing axe. "It was Hannah Kinstry that nursed your wife through smallpox and paid for your doctoring that time you broke your leg, and you pay her back by helping this fat thief rob her of the only property she—"

He stopped suddenly. Durie, as if he had not heard, continued to swing his axe. Kinstry's head twisted to look at Fearing. The old man was staring at Durie, staring with a strange wild gaze, as if there was something mysterious and terrible about seeing somebody chop down a tree, as if, in the old timber days, he hadn't seen ten thousand huge pines go down before the axe. Kinstry was puzzled by the look.

"What's the matter, Fearing? What—?"

The old man spoke without moving his gaze from whatever it was that held it, fascinated, on the tall brown tower of the pine. His voice was strange to Kinstry's ear; for a moment it almost seemed as if, instead of a backwoods farmer, Fearing was a judge, black-robed and grave and terrible, in a hushed courtroom.

"Kinstry, I warn you, for the last time—"

Kinstry was angry because of that moment of foolish terror.

"And I'm warning you for the last time," he snarled, "to keep your long nose out of my business. I'm cutting this timber if it's the last thing I do."

VERY slowly the old man turned and faced him.

"Kinstry," he said, "it *is* the last thing you will do."

He moved away swiftly, for all his years, from the car. Something pulled Kinstry's gaze to the great pine. He saw Vin Durie spring backward from its foot, saw the great column of the trunk sway and lean and, with dreadful slowness, begin to fall.

There was not time enough for Joel Kinstry's hands or feet to move, but his wits, swifter, had time to remember, before proof crashed upon them, the tale he had heard long ago and long ago forgotten, of Vin Durie's power to cut a tree so that it would fall, to hair-line accuracy, wherever he had chosen. . . .

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Hot Water

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

MISDIRECTED, a letter—from U. S. Senator Opal (a loyal "dry") to his favorite bootlegger—goes to Mrs. J. Wellington Gedge. Inasmuch as she is planning to make her husband ambassador to France, the lady is delighted. She keeps the missive—and invites the senator to visit her at the Château Blissac, where she and her husband are residing. The senator accepts the invitation. With his daughter Jane (secretly engaged to one Blair Eggleston, her father's valet, pro tem.), he goes to the château. Henceforth, a small safe in Mrs. Gedge's bedroom, where the lady keeps the letter *and* her jewels, is a center of stirring drama. . . .

Packy Franklyn, a young American who, although engaged, has a sentimental feeling for Jane, arrives. Announcing himself as the "Vicomte de Blissac," who is expected, he proceeds to go after the letter. Two other gentlemen also show up: "Oily" Carlisle and "Soup" Slattery, who are out to cop Mrs. Gedge's jewels.

Exciting events ensue. Result: Mr. Gedge (convinced by Packy that he has killed the real Vicomte de Blissac) goes in hiding on Packy's yawl; the real Vicomte de Blissac (convinced by Packy that he has murdered Mr. Gedge) also flees to the yawl; Lady Beatrice Bracken arrives unexpectedly on the scene—and smashes her engagement to our hero; and the safe remains unopened. . . . Mrs. Gedge has a "secretary." The lady is, it develops, a detective. . . . An auspicious moment for cracking the safe arrives. Soup Slattery embraces it. Entering the château, he makes his way to Mrs. Gedge's bedroom. His friend, Mr. Carlisle, is there ahead of him—trying to open the safe! "Double-crossed!" exclaims Mr. Slattery; whereupon Medway, Mrs. Gedge's maid, who is in love with Mr. Carlisle, appears dramatically and shatters a vase on his head. Out cold, he is shoved under the bed; after which Mr. Carlisle resumes operations.

As the safe door swings open, steps are heard. Mr. Carlisle crawls under the bed. Someone enters the room!

Conclusion

IT WAS Packy who had pressed the electric button. Arrived at his destination, with the door shut behind him, he saw no reason why the proceedings should not take place with the fullest illumination possible. The house was asleep, and nobody could see through those curtains that the room was lighted.

All seemed quiet on the Venetian front. Despite her haste, the efficient Gertie had gathered up every vestige of the broken vase, and the hangings of the bed, reaching to within an inch of the floor, effectually concealed the Messrs. Slattery and Carlisle. Nevertheless, there came to Packy that same feeling of unreasoning nervousness which had gripped him on his first visit to this room. Now that he had actually met Mrs. Gedge, the intimidating atmosphere of this boudoir of hers seemed intensified.

Jane, whose reaction to the vibrations of a woman's room was less pronounced, had hurried to the safe. And now, observing its condition, she uttered a squeak of astonishment:

"Why, it's open!"

Packy, too, had made a discovery.

"So," he pointed out, "is the window."

Jane's eyes met his. He was touched to note that, brave girl though she was, she moved a little closer to him.

"Somebody," she said with a slight quiver in her voice, "has been here."

"Must have heard us coming and dashed out of the window," agreed Packy.

"Perhaps they're on the balcony!"

"I'll look."

"Oh, do take care!"

"No," said Packy, returning, "there's no one there. They must have got away. It's an easy drop. I never saw anything like this joint for burglars. They absolutely congest the place. The Château Blissac seems to have burglars the way other houses have mice. However, it's all for the best. They have very conveniently opened the safe for us, so I don't see what we've got to grumble at."

Jane's composure had returned.

"Quick! Look inside and see if it's still there. The letter, I mean."

Packy did so.

"YES, this must be it. Yes, this is it, all right."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"Then," said Gordon Carlisle, emerging from beneath the bed, "just hand it over."

He pulled himself to his feet. There was an automatic pistol in his hand. He directed it at Packy.

"And make it snappy," he said.

To a young couple engaged in burgling their hostess' bedroom the sudden appearance of an armed desperado is always disconcerting. Neither Packy nor Jane bore the experience with perfect composure. Jane made an odd little noise like a startled kitten and backed slowly toward the window. Packy stood where he was, regarding Mr. Carlisle, astounded.

"Stand still," said that nervous but determined man.

Jane ceased to retreat. She cast a questioning look at Packy. He had proved himself in these last few days so noteworthy a man of resource that she was not without some faint hope that he might be able to do something about this.

But Packy had no immediate plans. He was still staring at the Duc de Pont-Andemer with bulging eyes. This sudden transformation of one on whom he had looked till now as a respectable member of the French aristocracy had paralyzed him.

His sojourn under the bed had not toned up Mr. Carlisle's nervous system. Such close proximity to even an insensible Soup Slattery had affected him unpleasantly. More than ever he wanted to get this business finished and return to his own less exacting walk in life. Growing panic lent a sharpness to his voice:

"Hand over that letter!"

"I won't," said Packy, finding speech.

HE WISHED that Mr. Carlisle could have been just a few feet closer. He was just too far away for tackling purposes.

"I'll count ten."

"Count all you want."

"One . . . two . . ."

Packy attempted to appeal to his reason.

"You don't really want it. It's just a letter."

"Three . . . four . . ."

"If you're collecting autographs . . ."

"Five . . . six . . . seven . . ."

Packy began to feel irritated.

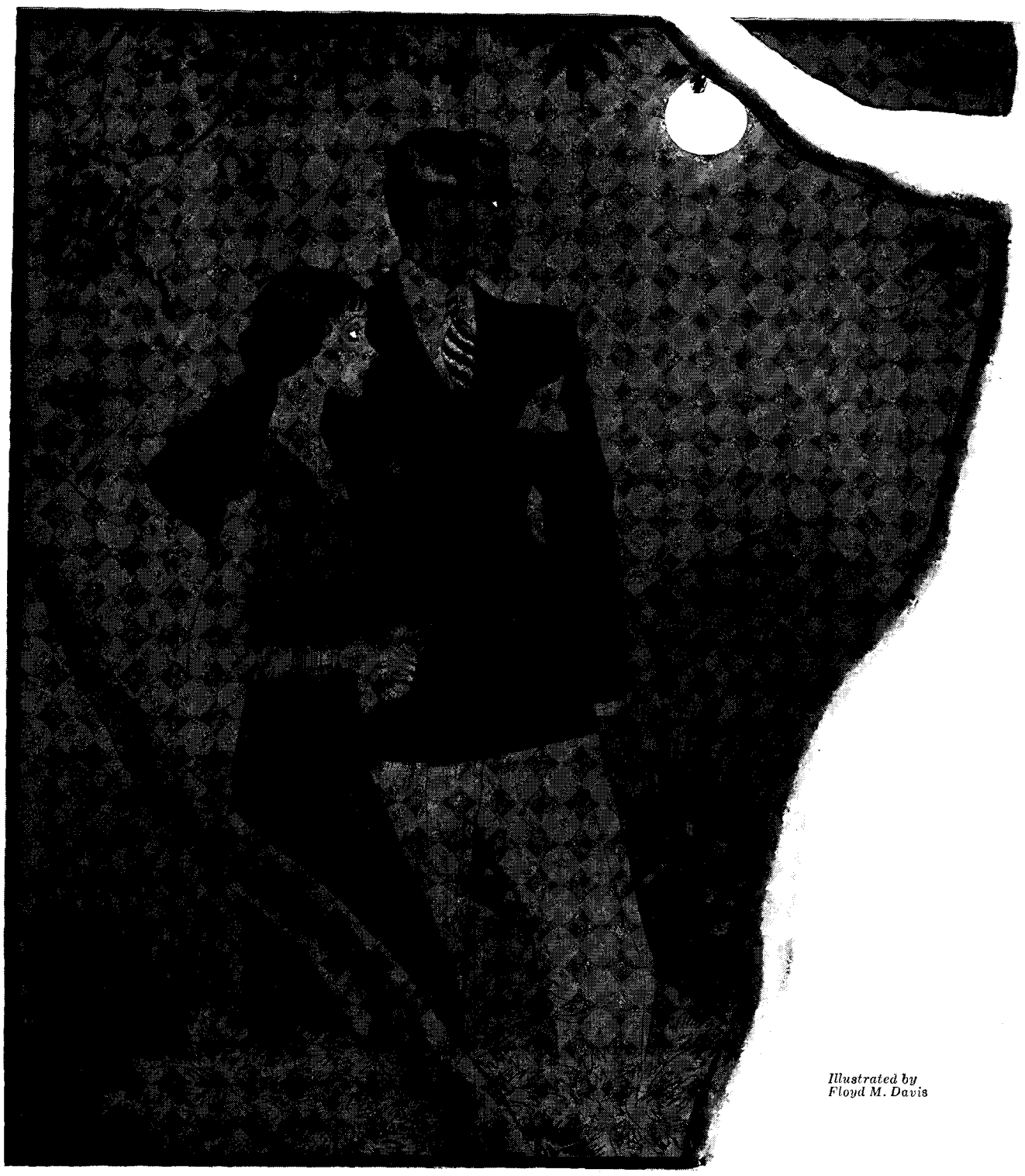
"Do stop imitating a cuckoo clock, and let's sit down quietly and talk it over. You can't possibly want a letter that's of no value whatever except to its owner."

"Eight . . . nine . . ."

"Ten," said Miss Putnam in the doorway. "You're out!"

She walked composedly into the room, followed by Mrs. Gedge.

On occasions when any little group



Illustrated by Floyd M. Davis

"I knew you were kidding me when you said you weren't that way with

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this beasel," observed Mr. Slattery.

of men and women are gathered together, nothing spoils the evening more than the absence of introductions. The perfect hostess will always attend to this branch of her duties first of all. Miss Putnam lost no time in making her identity clear.

"Presenting Kate Amelia Putnam, of the James B. Flaherty Detective Agency of New York," she said amiably, holding a pistol in her hand on a steady line with Mr. Carlisle's pelvis. "Drop that gun. And you," she added to Packy, "keep your hands up."

Mr. Carlisle's automatic dropped to the floor. Miss Putnam seemed well content.

"Now we're all set," she said. "Mrs. G., might I trouble you to step across and pick up that cannon? And while you're there . . . you see that little ninctobinkus on the writing-table . . ."

She indicated a small woolen rabbit of rather weak-minded aspect which had apparently been designed as a pen-wiper.

"Put it on top of his head. We may as well have a little demonstration in case any of them are tempted to try any funny business."

Mrs. Gedge laid the object on Mr. Carlisle's hair and backed away.

"Now, then," said Miss Putnam. "William Tell stuff."

There was a sharp report. The rabbit seemed to explode.

"That'll show you," said Miss Putnam, simpering slightly.

There is always a somewhat breath-taking quality about a pistol shot. Miss Putnam's entire audience were visibly affected. The first to recover was Mr. Carlisle. He turned to Mrs. Gedge.

"This is an outrage!" he said, speaking in the justly incensed tone which French ducs always employ when they have had woolen rabbits shot off their heads. "By what right am I treated as if I were a . . ."

"All this," said Miss Putnam, "would go a lot stronger with me if I wasn't hep that you are Oily Carlisle. Take off those whiskers, Oily; we know you."

"OH, YOU do, do you?" said Mr. Carlisle, starting with some violence and ceasing abruptly to portray a French aristocrat in a state of righteous indignation. He was aware that the retort was a weak one, but he was not feeling in good debating form.

Packy now spoke. He had had time to collect himself, and he saw his line of action clearly.

"Smart work!" he said in a crisp, approving sort of voice. "Capital, capital! I dare say Mrs. Gedge has told you that I, too, am in your line of business. I am one of the staff of detectives employed by the London, Paris and New York Insurance Company, and they sent me here to look after Mrs. Gedge's jewels. You have done splendidly, Miss Putnam," said Packy, hoping that he was not being too patronizing. "I shall advise my employers to write a special letter to your firm commending you highly for your work tonight. Very smart work, indeed."

"I could listen forever," said Miss Putnam, "but I know all about you, too, buddy. I got the London and Paris on the wire this evening, and they've never heard of you in their lives. So don't bother about that letter."

Packy subsided. He was blaming himself. The fact that Miss Putnam had not been drowned at birth was the fault, of course, of her parents. But to his personal negligence was due the fact that she had not been drowned in the Château Blissac's leaky cistern.

"WELL," said Mrs. Gedge, "you were right, Miss Putnam. By the way, where is Mr. Gedge?"

"Search me," said Mr. Carlisle sullenly.

"He's on my boat," said Packy, feeling that nothing was to be gained by concealing this minor point.

Miss Putnam eyed him keenly.

"If you beaned him and tied him up, boy, that'll make things a lot worse for you."

"No. He went quite willingly."

"Well, we'll go into that when we get him back."

She appeared to be about to speak further, but at this moment a voice spoke in the doorway:

"Goosh!"

Senator Opal was standing there in a mauve dressing-gown that matched his face. He stared in horror at the scene before him. An intelligent man, he had no need to ask what had occurred. He came totteringly into the room, and Miss Putnam uttered a piercing cry:

"Get out of the way, you mutt!"

It was too late. He had wandered across her line of fire, and Mr. Carlisle was a swift thinker. Darting forward, he seized Jane. Employing her as a shield, he dashed to the window. Then, reaching the window, he hurled her at the on-coming Miss Putnam with such force and shrewdness of aim that the efficient woman went down as if she had been pole-axed. And long before she had succeeded in regaining her feet the window had slammed and there came faintly from beyond it the sound of a heavy body dropping to earth.

Miss Putnam did what she could. In the execution of their duties the employees of the James B. Flaherty Agency do not spare themselves. The window opened and slammed again, and this time from out of the night there sounded a fusillade of shots, mingled with the roar of an accelerated automobile engine.

She came back into the room, drooping a little.

"They got away," she said.

Her attention was attracted to the fact that in the interval of her absence a brawl appeared to have broken out in the Venetian room. Packy was still where she had left him, but he had now been joined by Mrs. Gedge, who was pulling at his arm. The liveliness of the scene was increased by the fact that Senator Opal was pulling at Mrs. Gedge.

"Stop him!" cried Mrs. Gedge, seeing her ally. "He's eating it!"

"EATING what?" said Miss Putnam, mystified.

"Don't worry," said the senator buoyantly. "He's through."

He gripped Packy's hand and shook it warmly.

"All finished?"

"That was the last mouthful," said Packy, swallowing. "As palatable a letter as I ever tasted."

"Nice work, my boy!"

"Packy," said Jane, "you're wonderful!"

"I wonder," said Packy, addressing Mrs. Gedge, "if I might have a glass of water?"

Mrs. Gedge had regained command of herself. She stood there, a statue of Doom.

"You'll be sorry," she said.

"Here, what is all this?" asked Miss Putnam.

"He has eaten Senator Opal's letter."

"He has? Buddy," said Miss Putnam, eying Packy with severity, "you must like trouble, the way you keep right on asking for it."

She suspended her remarks once more. She had spied strangers. The doorway had become a staring mass of them. The butler was there. The cook was there. So were what seemed a regiment of the lesser servitors. You cannot fire pistols in a country house during the small hours without exciting interest among the domestic staff.

"Get out of here," said Miss Putnam, annoyed. She was always opposed to the presence of the general public on these occasions. "What do you think this is—a circus?"

She removed herself temporarily from the center of operations. She could be heard out in the passage and on the stairs driving a reluctant mob before her.

Mrs. Gedge's eyes were hard. Her lips quivered.

"Yes, you'll certainly be sorry," she said.

"I'm glad," said Senator Opal, correcting this view.

"You won't be long. I'll give you your choice. You make my husband ambassador to France, or this man and your daughter go to prison. Think quick!"

"MISS OPAL had nothing to do with it," said Packy. "She just came down because she heard a noise."

"I didn't," said Jane. "I came with you."

"Fathead!" said Packy. "What did you want to say that for?"

"Do you think I'm going to run out on you?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Well?" said Mrs. Gedge.

Something stirred beneath the bed. A battered head appeared, followed by a massive body. Soup Slattery was back in the world of men.

"Cheese!" he observed, rising slowly to his feet and passing a meditative hand over his skull.

Then it seemed to come to him that he was not alone. He looked about him dazedly. His eye fell on Mrs. Gedge,

(Continued on page 36)

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Texas Flash

Babe—don't call her Mildred!—Didrikson is just a natural athlete. After two short years of competition, she has broken (officially or unofficially) or can break every record in the Olympic field and track events for women. But you should see her play basketball

By Bill Cunningham

ON A BLEAK night back in February, 1930, a cold rain whipping down upon the mane of a lashing blue Texas norther made the customarily pleasant city of Houston a frigid and unfriendly place. A Dallas insurance man, stranded in Houston overnight, sloshed his way into a local auditorium to watch a basketball game between two teams of girls.

His heart, as the old Sioux chief once expressed it, was very low to the ground.

All normal men have hobbies of one sort or another. With one it's golf. With another it's fishing. A third may raise dahlias, collect stamps, paint landscapes or write letters to congressmen signed Pro Bono Publico.

This man's hobby was athletics for women. He profoundly believed in them, not only as an aid to health and a form of entertainment, but also as a distinct commercial asset to any firm employing large groups of young women. Athletics mean health, and a healthy employee is more vigorous, more enthusiastic, quicker-witted and more dependable.

So he had organized the young ladies of his firm, the Employers Casualty Company, into baseball, basketball, track and field teams with incidental interests in tennis, swimming and golf. A former Texas A. & M. athlete himself, this gentleman, Colonel M. J. McCombs, soon found himself the coach, trainer and manager of one of the most enthusiastic women's athletic clubs in the country.

His basketball team, however, at the time we're discussing, was his particular pride, and it was likewise his problem. After sweeping every court in that section the previous year, he had entered it for national women's championship honors, had seen it streak into the finals, there only to miss official capture of the national diadem by one solitary point.

In this year of 1930, he was preparing to drive under full steam toward that title again, and his chances seemed better than ever. But his hopes and plans were suddenly blasted by the resignation of his team's star forward. The fact that she was needed at home made it necessary for the girl to quit her job. That naturally made her ineligible to represent his firm. There wasn't another forward who even approximated her speed and skill. The team's hopes were a punctured balloon.

And it was this problem that had Coach McCombs' heart low to the ground as he walked into the Houston hall on this nasty winter's night to watch the young ladies of Houston High School meet a team from the smaller town of Beaumont in an interdistrict basketball game. He didn't have anything in particular in mind. It was just a sort of postman's holiday.

But suddenly, from the depth of his gloom, he began to sit up and focus his eyes upon the Beaumont forward court. There was a kid down there who was as fast as a flash! And she was ringing those baskets from all over the floor.

The Start of a Great Career

In the trim regimentals of the visiting team, she was slim as a slat, but as lithe as a fly-rod. She was quick. She was sure. She was steady. Certain points of her game could stand plenty of polish, but she had that instinctive grace, that natural and easy coördination, that flash that hallmarks every champion.

Coach McCombs could scarcely wait for the end of the contest. As the last whistle blew he hurdled the stairs three at a time to request and to receive an introduction to the considerably flustered young lady.

Her name, it appeared, was Babe Didrikson. Yes, she was a senior in Beaumont High, she said. She'd graduate in June, and she had no plans. No, she didn't know of any reason why she couldn't move to Dallas. She'd certainly like a job that would allow her to go on competing in athletics. She was crazy about athletics, and the one thing she hated about graduation was the thought that she'd have to give up competition. She'd go home and talk the matter over with her folks, and she'd let him know what they said.

That was the start, and it was only two brief years ago—of perhaps the greatest all-around woman athlete the world has ever produced. She moved to Dallas and became affiliated both with Coach McCombs' firm and his team on February 18, 1930. She was promptly registered with the Southern Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, qualified under its eligibility requirements, and played out the season with the firm's basketball team called the Golden Cyclone.

The team, as it happened, missed the national title again, but the sixteen-year-old high school girl played so sensationally that she was named on the All-Southern, and later on the All-America team in the exacting position of forward.

The next season—that of 1931—led by the truly phenomenal play of Babe Didrikson, now famous, the Golden Cyclone swept aside all opposition. Her team became in succession Dallas city champion, Dallas County champion, Texas champion, Southern champion, and finally national champion!

Babe set a blazing pace in every game of that campaign, and was acclaimed at its close by both Southern and A. A. U. officials as the greatest player of the year, if not indeed, of all time.

Miss Didrikson knew practically nothing of track and field sports. Her surplus energy, however, needed some outlet, and her curiosity was keen. McCombs gave her a tryout in all the standard events, and noted the same natural grace and ease of action that originally had caught his eye upon the basketball floor.

He decided to have her specialize first in the field events. He showed her how to throw the javelin, the eight-pound shot, and the baseball—the baseball throw being an officially recognized sport for women. He also gave her some coaching in high and broad jumping.

Rough on the Records

The natural aptitude of the young woman made any coaching almost superfluous. All McCombs could do was show her a point here and there, and he only had to show her once. By the end of the 1930 track season, the first in which Babe had ever donned a spiked shoe, she had established a new Southern A. A. U. record of 37 feet 1 inch with the eight-pound shot; a new American record of 133 feet 5½ inches with the javelin; a baseball throw record of 268 feet 10 inches; a high jump mark of 5 feet 1 inch, and a startling performance in the running broad jump of 18 feet 7½ inches.

The javelin and baseball marks were new American records for women, while the rest were new Southern marks!

The next year McCombs gave his star a chance at some of the speed marks. He had her specialize in the 100- and 220-yard dashes, along with the 80-meter hurdles. It was soon apparent that this unusual young woman was just as fast on the cinders as she was dexterous in the field.

That season she established a new American record of 12 seconds flat in the 80-yard hurdles for women.

She now holds three official A. A. U. national records and has broken the marks of most of the others in exhibition or practice. She has the unusual

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Close Calls

Clyde Beatty frolics with lions and tigers—in the same cage—as you and I would play with puppies and kittens. Possibly that's the reason he is the only member of his circus who is refused life insurance

By Clyde Beatty with Edward Anthony

An informal scene between Rosie and her master, Clyde Beatty—who declares "Caution is my middle name"

© Howard Barry

I HAVE had quite a few narrow escapes since the day—about ten years ago—when I joined the A. W. O. L. list of the Chillicothe, Ohio, high school. My ambition was to become a trainer of wild animals. My close calls, if merely tabulated and presented as a list, would make the business of putting lions and tigers through their paces for the entertainment of circus audiences seem the most hazardous in the world. Presented alongside a list of the thousands of performances I've given without mishaps of any kind, my job wouldn't seem quite so dangerous.

I'm not trying to minimize the hazards. The best proof that I selected a risky way of making a living is that I am the only member of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus who can secure no life insurance. Yet accidents but rarely occur. I make this point so that the reader will not get the impression from this record of some of the occasions on which I have flirted with death that these are typical daily experiences. They are not.

After serving an apprenticeship as cage boy and assistant trainer I finally got a chance to try my hand as a full-fledged boss of a mixed group—lions, leopards and bears. This was back in 1923 when Gollmar Brothers' Circus was wintering at Montgomery, Alabama. In other words, I was to demonstrate how good I was, without the benefit of an audience.

"Chubby" Gilfoyle was our chief trainer. Chubby had been nursing me along, teaching me the tricks of the trade and encouraging me in my ambition to become a first-class wild-animal showman.

I soon found out that I had much to learn—not quite so much in handling the animals as in handling myself. I was overconfident to the point of carelessness. I was so consumed with the idea of showing I wasn't afraid that I wasn't afraid enough, in the intelligent sense of the word.

Your properly cautious trainer wouldn't think of undertaking to work with a mixed group that was new to him without arming himself with a chair—or its equivalent—as a shield for use in warding off attacks. But I couldn't be bothered with such nonsense. Didn't I have a whip in my hand? What more did a fellow need?

In I went, walking right past the chair Gilfoyle had left in the arena for my protection. Old-timers like Chubby Gilfoyle might need chairs, but not Clyde Beatty.

Beatty and Nero, one of the savagest of his pets

My first few minutes in the ring were so peaceful I began to wonder why I had bothered to take the whip. What a vindication of my belief that these cats and bears were a lot of pushovers! Didn't they have any fight in them at all? It developed that they did—at least this was true of one of the lions who thought I was being insulting in turning my back on him as long as I did. He interrupted my efforts to capture the attention of one of the animals I was facing by leaping for that back of mine. He was determined to remind me of the code of the veldt—that one never turns his back on a gentleman lion.

Struck from behind with complete unexpectedness, I pitched forward on my face, my assailant on top of me. As I hit the floor I felt the animal's teeth in my right shoulder.

Gilfoyle rushed into the ring and drove the animal off, using for this purpose the chair I had disdained. Fortunately the lion was a young one. An older animal would have put up more of a fight and might have insisted on tearing me up in places. My shoulder still bears the marks of that lion's teeth.

I'll never forget Chubby's gentle reprimand: "You never can afford to be careless with wild animals, especially the cats. I've had years at this game and I know my lions and tigers, but I'd be the last man in the world to bet that an animal won't end my career some day."

Those were prophetic words. A few years later Chubby was the victim of a bad attack in the arena. One arm was so badly chewed up it had to be

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Wife for Sale

Continued from page 13

he had been as half-hearted in responding to her call as she had been in sending it.

Anyway, she had been too keen-eyed for him; his little ruse had failed. Norah read the personal again, and felt quite sure that "hubsand" was a rather conceited young fellow, pluming himself on that Princeton and Oxford record, and willing to patronize "Wife for Sale." For that matter Keith had had his two years at Yale, and would have graduated with honors if Dad hadn't been ill.

A newspaper box number was given at the end of the notice; she wrote it down. All morning long, as she washed dishes and made beds, the phrasing of a note to "Hubsand" occupied her thoughts.

When she went out to market she mailed a prim, unsigned permission to him to address "Wife for Sale" at her newspaper box.

"What harm does it do?" she asked herself, as she went on to the hot little busy bakery, and loitered through the big market. "I meet him, I talk to him, I don't like him. What of it?"

Her thoughts danced about him; she was bold, she was afraid, by turns. Keith came home that night all but despairing; Norah was only partially conscious of his distress.

"Guatemala," her brother muttered, when they were alone after dinner. Norah turned amazed from the dishpan. Was he still harping upon Guatemala?

"How could you go now, Keith? We couldn't *all* go, on a hundred a month."

"It would probably be more than that," he murmured. And then, wretchedly, "I was thinking of Anne. Her people—her mother wants her to go abroad. They don't like me. They don't want her to think about me."

Norah's heart was sick with sympathy.

"God has completely abandoned us," she thought, as she lay in bed that night. "There isn't any use struggling or worrying; we can't do anything."

A DOZEN hours later she had his letter in her hand. His name was Barry Dunsmuir—unless indeed he had chosen this romantic title as a disguise. But the letter did not sound romantic. It was typed on office paper—very handsome paper—and it was signed in a fine, compact, firm hand. The firm was Coates and Goldman, Electric Engineers, and engraved at the top was something that looked like a compass.

"Perhaps you will come and have luncheon with me on Friday, at one o'clock, at the Charam?" wrote Mr. Dunsmuir. "I may have to leave town within a fortnight, and would appreciate a talk with you before I go."

The Charam; nothing could be safer than that. A conservative hotel with a famous cuisine, right downtown in the hotel district. And if he tried anything irregular, Norah thought, she would simply turn on her heel and leave him. After all, one was not a child! . . .

Norah's purse was flat and almost empty when she took the subway downtown and walked westward to Vanderbilt Avenue. Within it was a silver quarter dollar, two dimes, and several pennies. She had spent her own last dollar days ago; this money was what remained from two dollars Keith had given her yesterday. She had said to him fearfully, "Keith, can you spare it?" and he had said "Sure!" with all his usual confidence. But she knew his own money was running very low.

She had made herself look her prettiest; she did not know that excitement and trepidation were doing their part too, putting dark flames into her gray eyes and sending a fluctuating exquisite color to her clear, pale cheeks. She felt her heart almost suffocate her as she walked through a glass-paneled, old oak doorway into the wide entrance hallway of the hotel, and looked about her nervously without being able to see anything or anyone distinctly.

THERE was a subdued gloom here; emptiness, palms, walls paneled in dark wood. It was not like a hotel; it was like a club, like some old English corridor leading to galleries, ancestral halls. There were big leather chairs all about, most of them empty. Two women were murmuring on a wide leather davenport; a man was writing at an oak desk. A small, dark, scowling man, pale, and heavily spectacled—not a boy—

He looked up, nodded and smiled, got to his feet.

"I'm Barry Dunsmuir," he said immediately, taking her hand. "You're Miss—"

"Oliver—" Norah supplied, faintly.

"My 'eart bleeds for 'im, sir. 'E was a famous public accountant 'til one night 'e tried to balance the tallies at 'is wife's charity bridge"

Harry Haenigsen

Something died out of her heart at that moment. A tall, broad-shouldered, athletic man—like David, only not fair—vanished from her dreams as if he had never been. This—this—this sick-looking, eye-glassed, grinning man—well, she must be polite.

"I have a table," Mr. Dunsmuir said, leading the way to the dining-room. They were placed by the window, inconspicuous, unobserved, and she sat down, in a sort of vertigo of disappointment and shame, laid her gloves beside her place, and kept her eyes fixed seriously on his.

"What do you like, Miss Oliver? I'm having pea soup because I happen to have a weakness for pea soup. Would you rather have oysters than pea soup? And afterward their special chicken?"

He gave his order smartly, sharply; everything he did was done smartly and sharply. And when he had finished he crossed his arms on the table before him, and grinned at her engagingly, as if he were inviting her approval of his smartness and sharpness.

"Well," he said, "now we can talk. You know my name. What's yours?"

She took a card from her purse; laid it before him.

"Norah Ralston Oliver," he read. He glanced up. "It's a lovely name. I like it! Now tell me about yourself. I want to know about you—your history. You've no relatives, no family except your father?"

Norah, disarmed, flushed and stammered; her gray eyes guilty, her wide, sweet young mouth apologetic.

"Well, that was partly made up," she explained, "to—to baffle the British police."

"To—what?"

"Oh, that's what we say—that was in Captain Applejack," the girl said, laughing confusedly and nervously. "Don't you remember he changed his name from Applejohn to Applejack, 'to baffle the British police'?"

"I had forgotten," the man said, watching her.

"We say that, in the family, whenever anyone lies about anything."

"There's a family then?"

"My mother and two sisters and my brother Keith."

"Oh, Lord!" Barry Dunsmuir ejaculated involuntarily.

"But my sister Elinor is married—she was married quite suddenly last year. Mother didn't like the way they did it—her going off with Mr. Gunther, and so we don't see her very much. They live in a little apartment in East Sixty-seventh."

"And why did your mother disapprove?"

He had a quick, almost pouncing manner; it was as if, she thought afterward, he was filling out a blank, and she under cross-examination.

"Well, Mr. Gunther had been married before, and divorced. My sister—she's very pretty—was his secretary. Mother didn't—like it."

"AND what," the man asked, with a chuckle that brought the annoyed color to her face, "what does Mother think of this performance of yours?"

"She has no idea of it."

"I see."

"She'd think it was—simply disgraceful," Norah added, beginning herself to think it was rather disgraceful.

"Nothing disgraceful about it!" he said briskly.

"So far!" she agreed, with a sudden flash of spirit. They both laughed.

"Nothing disgraceful at all," he persisted. "You want a protector, a position, and I—*happen* to want a wife."

Norah's face was scarlet; she could not speak.

"It's been going on for a long, long time," Barry said. "It's arranged that way in the most civilized communities of the world. The French, the Chinese, the Spanish, the Jews, they all pick out suitable mates for their children, and make the arrangements. The man gives so much, protection, position, support, and the woman on her side gives so much too. Why not? That's the way the world moves."

"I can't say that I thought it out that far," Norah confessed, finding at last a chance to speak. "It was, I'm ashamed to say, a joke. I *was* worried—my mother *is* ill, and my brother Keith has lost his job, and I lost mine—"

And suddenly, to her own acute shame and self-contempt, she was crying bitterly and trying to stem the tide of tears with gulps of ice water and a determined stiffening of her jaw.

"I don't know why I'm so silly!" she presently could say thickly. "I'm t-t-tired, I guess. I was up with Mother in the night. And everything—everything seems so—so *puzzling*. I didn't know what to do!"

Grinning his odd grin, watching her with alert attention, Barry Dunsmuir began to talk. If it was done to cover her little breakdown it displayed no particular sympathy; the waiter had brought the soup, and as its heat began to restore Norah to self-control she became aware that the man was telling her his own history in turn.

"I HAD my own hard time, too," he was saying, in his sharp, dry fashion. "There was lots of money when I was a kid, and my father sent me to Princeton and afterward for a year in England. Then my mother died—that was fourteen years ago, when I was just twenty-one, and my father married again. After that something happened to the family business—the textile business, incidentally, and when he died three years ago he only left some insurance for the widow."

"I'm an explorer—did I write you that in my note?"

"An *explorer?*"

"Yes. I've been on two expeditions with Sassoon, and on some shorter trips. Ten years ago I was engaged to be married to an English girl—she was very delicate, died in Palermo two years later; they had taken her there for the winter. After that I went off with Sassoon. Did you ever hear him talk?"

"No, but he must be very interesting," Norah said politely.

"He's a king," Barry said, as if to himself. "He's going off to the South Pole now—down to Ross Bay and all the Scott country. God, what a trip!"

"And are you going with him?"

"No such luck. I've not got the eyes. He's going to be gone ten months; starts in about three weeks. But don't you read the papers?" He was pouncing again. "Haven't you been following it?"

"I read the papers, of course. But not that sort of thing."

"Well, let's get down to business," Barry said. Norah's heart turned over, and she felt a little chill ripple from her heels to the roots of her hair.

"Just one minute, Mr. Dunsmuir," she said quickly. "Let me say this first. It was a silly thing I did, writing that letter—I didn't mean it! I've been horribly ashamed of it since. Of course I couldn't—seriously—have considered for one instant—no girl would—"

She stopped, smiling nervously, looking at him appealingly.

"Well, I rather thought you would back out of it," the man said, with his unearthly grimace and chuckle. He shrugged. "That's up to you of course," he conceded, in an indifferent tone.

"I feel horribly—flat, about it," said Norah. "I hope you won't think I wanted a husband badly enough to—to advertise in the newspapers for one. I

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The only Bargain worth while

IN TODAY'S bewildering clamor of "low prices," it is just good common sense to ask yourself what these prices buy.

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Wife for Sale

Continued from page 28

don't know what I was thinking about when I wrote that silly letter!"

"Well, I want a wife!" Barry admitted, and laughed. His laugh was simply ghoulish, Norah decided.

"You must know girls—women—you would rather marry, than a person you never have seen," she suggested politely, uncomfortably.

"I don't," he said. "I know some women who might try it. But they aren't what I want. In fact," he said, and Norah was interested in spite of the fact that he roused in her somehow a feeling of antagonism, "in fact, I didn't know that what I wanted was a wife until I read your letter.

"My life is funny, you see. I'm either away on these research expeditions, or I'm shut up in a laboratory or study working on my notes. I've got the material for a book ready—a textbook on South Sea fungi. There's a year's work on it, and I've got to live somewhere and eat while I'm working.

"When I got back two months ago—back from this trip with Sassoon, d'you see?—I found that my mother's brother had left me some money and a place in northern New Jersey. *That's* where I'm going to do my book, and have my laboratory. I'll have to have a couple of servants there—there are cows, horses—I've not seen the place for years, but I remember it. 'Foxaway,' in New Jersey—that's its name.

"It occurred to me just last week that if there was a woman who wanted that sort of thing—garden, sunshine, whatnot for her sick father—or, as it turns out, her sick mother—we might strike a bargain. You run the place and the meals, and be company for me—she sits out in the sun and gets well—I write my book and pay bills."

A SILENCE. He was grinning at her behind the strong glasses with a half-impish, half-expectant smile on his pale, intellectual face.

"You don't know, you see," Norah said, by way of answer, "that I have a nineteen-year-old sister, Eve, and a mother and brother, and another sister, married—and my Uncle Rodney."

"I didn't hear about Uncle Rodney!"

"He's my mother's uncle. He never does anything, much," Norah explained innocently, "and when we had it, we always gave him money—a little, and asked him to dinner when he came. I don't know how he lives, really."

"Mightn't your job with me be your best bet?" Barry said. "Mind you, it wouldn't be all fun. You'd have your mother with you, yes, and no money trouble, and you'd be able to help your uncle, and let your brother get married. But it'd be terribly lonely for you—gardening, reading Shakespeare—no matinées and beauty parlors, no parties. How old are you?" he broke off to ask.

"Twenty-four," she answered in a surprised tone. Her letter had said that.

"I know you said you were twenty-four. But I expected a woman much older. I don't ask you to decide today," the man said. "I couldn't decide myself, today. But why not carry this venture a little further? Why not lunch together every day for a week, and then decide—starting, here, tomorrow?"

Norah was silent for a few moments. Then—

"All right; I'll be here!" she said.

Norah found herself trembling when they parted. Vaguely, not knowing where she was going, she started eastward; turned back, walked irresolutely toward the north. She could take the subway anywhere; she must get rid of this nervous burning in her cheeks, this uncomfortable pressure at her heart.

What was she doing? To what was she pledging herself? Had she departed from her senses?

East Sixty-sixth. Norah's heart beat faster; this was David's street. She walked slowly along toward the park, looking for the number. She had come to this house once for a Sunday lunch, and had gone afterward to a movie with David. It had been a great occasion, an exciting occasion in anticipation, but not a happy time in fact. There had been smart girls and men at the lunch, all with plans. They had been going to Patsy's, and then on to the rehearsal at Jean's.

THEY had not said that they wanted David with them, but Norah had known it as clearly from their manner as any words could have made it; David had wanted to go with them, she had seen that, too. It had not been particularly thrilling for him to leave them all chattering and laughing intimately, and take his own girl, a stranger to them, a girl who didn't belong, to a movie. Any one could go to a movie; mighty few men were lucky enough to be wanted at Patsy's house, and at Jean's. But of course Norah hadn't been known by either girl, hadn't been asked to the delights of the rehearsal—he couldn't take her very well.

She remembered the miseries of the movie; her impulse to tell him to leave her there, and go back to his own people, her impulse toward tears. A wretched failure of a day, made no easier by the sympathetic enthusiasm of her mother and Eve afterward, when they had cross-examined her happily and proudly; what had the Howard home been like? Patricia Hunter—oh, her name was always on the society page. Jean Haverstock was the girl who won all the horse-show prizes, wasn't she?

Today, somberly inspecting the outside of the magnificent Howard mansion, tired, puzzled, excited, Norah remembered that Sunday. Ah, why couldn't the Howard heir be the spectacled, cackling little man she had just left, and her "want-ad" husband be David, big and square and tawny-headed, superbly sure of himself! David was only a few months older than herself; this Dunsmuir man almost eleven years.

Why couldn't David emerge from his house now, in his big warm coat, and see her, and cross the narrow street with his eager, heartening laugh, and take her to tea somewhere; some softly lighted, scented, music-drowned place where they could murmur and smile at each other, unobserved, and where the sting of these wretched months of silence could be all wiped away?

"Oh, David, come out—come out—come out!"

David did not come out. Norah loitered past the house with a sick, discouraged feeling in her heart; turned and loitered back again. The Howard house remained unresponsive; its fine windows were heavily draped and shaded; no one came or went on the handsome brownstone steps.

The Bronx, by contrast with this elegance and reserve, smote upon her senses with a shock. Cold, bleak, dirty, the familiar corners, the familiar market with its frosted windows crowded with cheaply printed signs, the familiar smells and sounds of the hallway of her own house, were so many separate affronts.

"Hello, Mother darling! Should you be up?"

"Hello, dear. How was the office today?"

"Oh, dear! I wanted it cut crisscross!" *A. S. Foster*

"The—? Oh, the office? Oh, just as usual."

"Did you have any lunch, dear?"

"Oh, yes!" Norah was conscious of a laugh, deep down inside her. She had had the famous pea soup, delicious chicken with mushrooms, peas, a delicate salad; she had had a meringue glacé and coffee—not for many months had Norah Oliver enjoyed a meal like that!

Or had she enjoyed it? Had she been too nervous, too much excited to enjoy it? Her thoughts went back to Barry Dunsmuir: "the little gadfly!" she said, half aloud.

"What did you say, dear?"

Norah turned from the closet where she had been hanging her coat.

"Thinking aloud, Mother."

"Norah sit down here for a moment. Are you worried about anything?" her mother asked simply.

COLOR crept up under the girl's pale, clear skin.

"Worried, darling?"

"Keith has lost his job," Mrs. Oliver said simply.

Norah made an effort at naturalness.

"Keith has?"

"I'm sure of it. Twice now," the older woman went on, "I've telephoned him during office hours. They didn't *say* he had left, but there was something extremely queer in the way the telephone girl answered me! Do you know anything about it?"

"I think he feels—he suspects that they won't want him after Christmas," Norah admitted guardedly.

"But *your* job is all right, Norah!" It was an exclamation of fear and appeal, rather than a question. Norah smiled.

"You know me, Mother."

"I know you're extremely valuable to them!" Mrs. Oliver said, reassured. "But Norah, what are we to do about Keith?" she resumed, anxiously.

"He's looking for another job. He'll get one!"

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" her mother wailed, smiting her palms together. "It does seem as if everything came at once. My illness—I'm still so wretchedly weak. My knees almost failed me when I walked just this far into the kitchen, today, and if anything happens to Keith's job I really don't know *what* we will do! Before, I had my insurance, you know—that's gone now—"

"Darling, you're still weak and sick, or you wouldn't let it frighten you so," Norah soothed her, one arm about the thin shoulders, her young cheek against her mother's faded one. "We'll get out of it all. Thousands of other families are worse off than we are, this winter! Keith," Norah went on boldly, "isn't in the least alarmed! Why, he's got a very good job offered him, right now, only it's down in Madagascar or Guatemala or somewhere, and he doesn't want to leave home!"

"Oh, Norah, you're such a comfort to me!" her mother said, leaning her head against Norah's shoulder.

"You're such a scared-cat!" Norah countered, in loving reproof. But in her heart she was far from feeling the courage she professed.

THAT Sunday her mother was well enough to go to church with Eve. Norah was left alone in the apartment; it occurred to her as she made beds and wiped dishes that David might be at home—might even be alone and lonely, too. She did not wait to think about it; she went at once to the telephone.

No need to look up his number; she had it always in her mind. Was Mr. David Howard there? "Yes, Madam, I believe so, Madam," said the voice of the English butler, cordially. David's voice came ringing over the line a minute later, full of vigor and pleasure.

"Hello, Gladys! Prompt to the second. I told Collins that you'd call."

"But this isn't Gladys, whoever Gladys is!" Norah told him gayly, over a horrible sinking at her heart. "This is Norah."

"Norah?"

"Yes, Norah Oliver."

A pause.

"Oh, hello, Norah, how's everything with you?" David said then, flatly. All the enthusiasm had departed from his tone.

They talked for perhaps two minutes. David said that he had been thinking about her; he was terribly busy. Norah asked him forced, pleasant questions to which she already knew the answers: he graduated this June, didn't he? And were they going abroad again?

She hung up the telephone, her face blazing. He had made no overtures, suggested no engagement. He had known that she wanted to get in touch with him; it had made no difference in his full and happy plans.

For a long time after the telephone conversation was concluded Norah sat perfectly still in the empty kitchen, staring stonily into space. After a while she spoke aloud.

"Well, Barry, I guess you win!" she said.

(To be continued next week)

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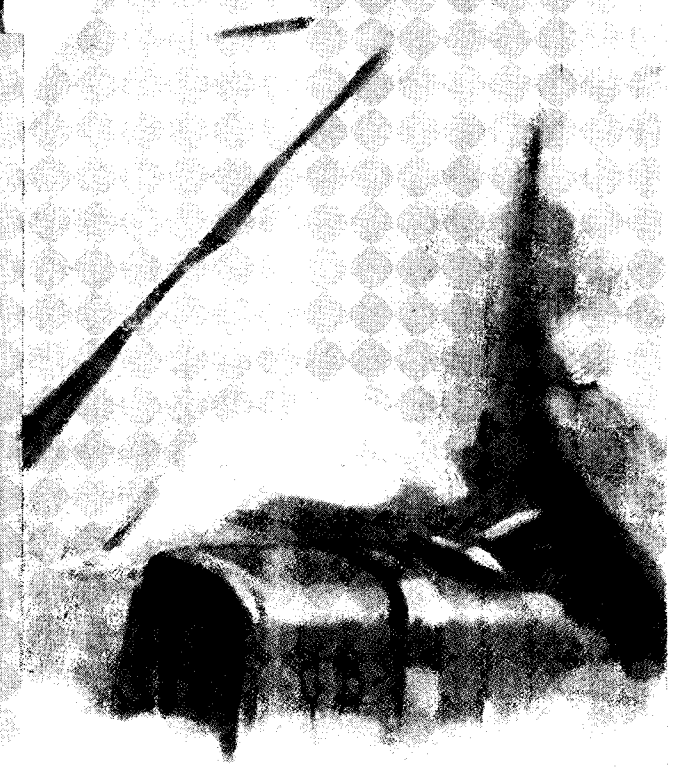

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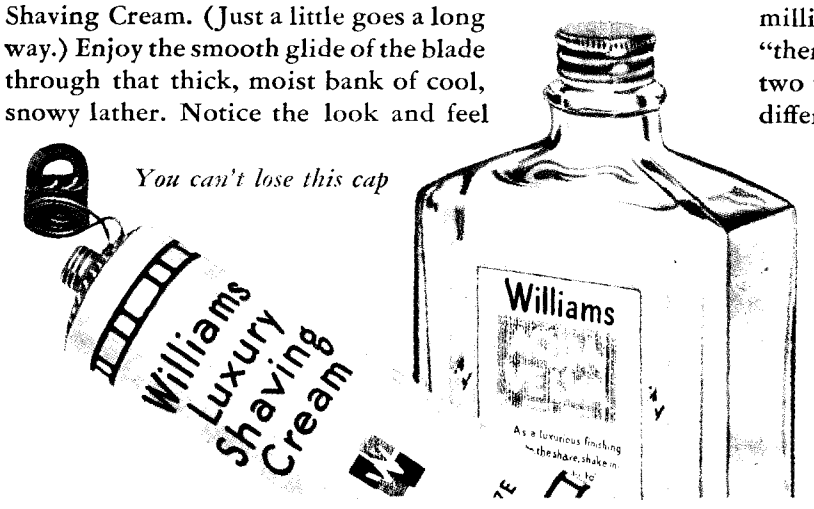

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The Number-One Wife

Continued from page 11

in the hands of the remaining Tibetan by getting in close. He sprang so rapidly, and with such force, that he did exactly what he did not want: knocked the mountaineer down and fell on top of him.

Out of the corner of his eye Parks saw the Tibetan hesitate, and, instead of firing, draw a heavy knife. The Manchu woman was gliding forward again—all this in the same split second—and Mary Candler was fumbling in her bag.

In his very frenzy to send his blade into a vital spot, the Tibetan kept his knife waving in a wide circle, fearful that if he did not finish the white man with a first blow he would be killed like his fellows. The knife started downward; the Manchu's own blade swept out, aimed at the stabbing arm. Missed. A sweep of the Tibetan's hand knocked the Manchu woman to the dirt. All this happened so swiftly that the Tibetan at the bottom of the heap had barely time to draw his skinning-blade from his belt.

Then the Asiatic-Import man felt the body beneath him writhe; heard one awful scream. He ducked the second Tibetan's blow, and, rising with a rush, smashed under the descending knife. The raider staggered, and dropped.

What had happened to the Tibetan beneath him? Then Parks saw the would-be murderer's face.

Mary Candler's own was covered with her hands; her whole body shook. The Manchu woman was wiping off her blade delicately. Somehow, they were all walking again. Parks said unevenly, "Don't. Please. You mustn't. You saved my life, you know."

"I threw it in his eyes," the nurse choked.

"Good girl. Good kid. Thanks."

"I took out two bottles," she said in a tight voice. "I wanted something for myself. In case . . . in case. If we didn't get away. I was excited. The other bottle happened to be acid. I . . . I . . ."

The Manchu woman touched Parks' arm: "They come again, lord," she said.

PARKS shoved his people into a deep doorway, hastily reloading his rifle. But the looters neither stopped nor turned into the narrow way.

Again they started toward the wall. The roar behind grew louder; flames sprang up as other places than the mission were fired. This gave Parks a bit of hope. The Tibetans did not intend to stay in L'an-fei. They would take their loot and women and go back to the hills.

The sick woman seemed as if already life had gone, although the baby whimpered without pause; then they were at the wall. Parks dragged a deserted cart to it, and was about to climb up, when the Manchu woman said calmly, "The old do not need long life, lord," and helped one of the ancient Chinese women to the top of the wall before the white man might object.

Nothing happened. No volley of shots. No cries. One by one, while Parks knelt on the top of the wall, rifle ready, the party climbed, or were lifted up, and down to the other side.

To the right was the path to the river, to the left the yellow rape-seed field, waving in the little hot breeze. Parks saw no mast, no sail, no sign of a junk. All went to earth as looters appeared again; these Tibetans raced across the bridge on devilment of their own. Obviously, escape by way of the river was entirely out of the question. Parks led the way toward the field.

He said suddenly, sharply, to Mary Candler, "Shut your eyes."

A native woman, on the ground. She had been trussed with ropes; her body was half charred, but she was alive and moaning. The first victim of the banditt's rage. The Manchu woman slipped out her knife, but Mary Candler, bag open, already bent over the sufferer. Automatically, the girl whispered her nurses' formula: "This isn't going to hurt." The woman shivered, sighed and lay still.

Parks' fingernails made semicircles in the palms of his hands. The breath whistled through his nose; the girl had more control than he now. "Come," she said. "Wherever . . . we're going."

"Damn them," Jimmy Parks muttered. "Oh, damn 'em."

"I know," said the girl.

THEY were in the field of high yellow rape, out of sight. Mary Candler was busy with the sick woman. The infant's cries were stilled. Parks thought once, chaotically, "Things are funny. She doesn't seem like a girl. She's rather pretty. Mighty pretty. She seems like a man. Like a friend. Things are funny. I wonder what she thinks of me?"

After this short rest, Parks handed his rifle to the Manchu woman, picked up the mother, and, body bent double, advanced in the protection of the waving grain. Every muscle began to ache. His wounded knee tried to buckle and throw him. Almost at the riverward edge of the field he stopped, and laid down his burden.

"We've got to hide," Parks said. "Near water. They won't stay in L'an-fei. Perhaps they'll go back where they came. If they go farther into the plain, we'll try and keep out of sight."

Mary Candler nodded; the Manchu woman asked what her lord had said. Parks repeated his words, adding, "You saved my life, Chao Ch'i."

"You are my lord."

And so they waited. Once there were horrible sounds by the river, ending in silence. The sun beat down, hotter and hotter. The women took turns in fanning their ill companion; Parks grew red as the Manchu gently moved the air with her own fan before his face, and motioned her to stop. She said, "Shall I command your other wife to care for our lord's comfort?" but Parks shook his head.

Mary Candler came over and sat beside him. She said directly, "Can we get away?"

"We'll have a try at it," Parks told her.

"You could have gotten away . . . alone."

The white man understood her desire to talk, about anything. "I needed a lot of help," he said. "Let's forget about it. D'you know, I haven't been even down river for years? When I get home—"

"By now," Mary Candler insisted, "you'd be safe. Miles away."

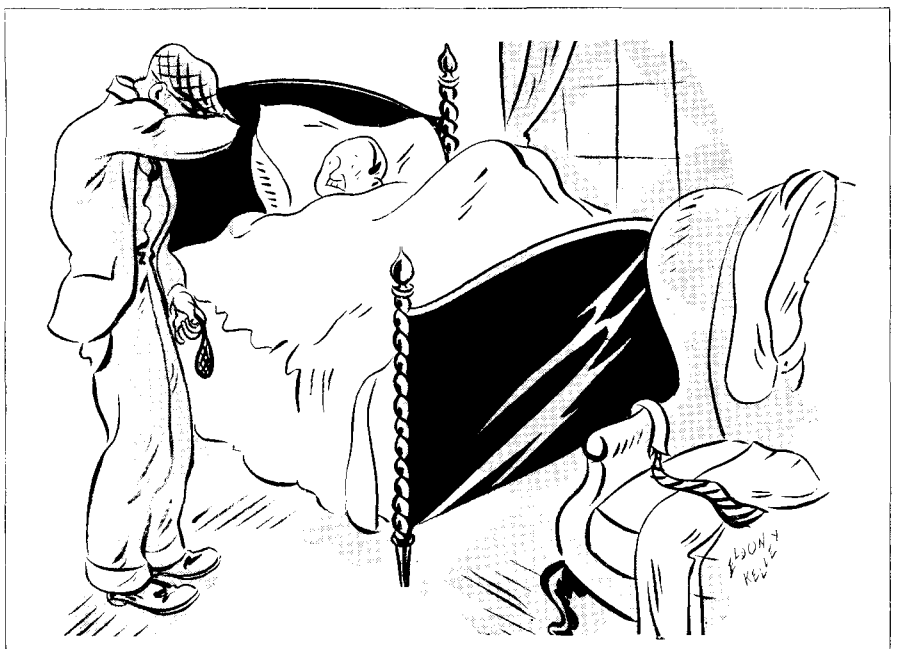
The Manchu woman began to speak in Szechwan dialect, too quickly for the nurse to understand; she looked at Mary Candler as she talked. Parks listened gravely, and then told her, "It is not yet decided, Chao Ch'i."

"What isn't decided?" the white girl asked.

Parks felt it would be sensible to give her something to smile about. So he said, "She wants to know if she's the Number-One wife, or if you are."

"Oh," said Mary Candler. "That's why you waited. For Chao Ch'i. She's lovely."

"Sure," the man agreed lightly—to the second statement. He went on, "I know people tell all sorts of tales about white men in the Orient." He was thinking about the yarns the girl must have heard in Hankow. "They aren't to be blamed too much. A fellow gets lonely. That's when . . . well, when a little difference in . . . in color . . . doesn't seem important." He turned his face so that the resumed breath of Chao Ch'i's fan was on his other cheek. Chao Ch'i, with face little darker than the ivory of the fan's handle. In different vein, having, as he supposed, covered the ground completely, he said, "I've got things figured out. About going home, I mean. Lettuce salad, without bein' afraid of cholera. Cake not made of duck grease—"



"You must think I'm a terrible burglar. I can't find my flashlight!" *Eldon Kelley*

ABRUPTLY, Mary Candler asked, "If we're caught, should I give the women what I'm going to take myself?"

"Look here," Parks said crossly, "I'm trying to entertain you, and that's all wrong. Men don't do the entertainin' in the Orient."

"Not always," the girl said. "There was one, who—"

"I suppose his name was Stevens," Jimmy Parks broke in.

"How'd you know?"

"I know him," he muttered.

With swift frankness, Mary Candler said soberly, "I didn't want to know him. He makes you believe . . . the things you hear about . . . the Orient."

They were silent after that. The sun began to near the hills, obscured by the smoke from the burning city. The Manchu continued to wave her fan, attempting to keep smoke from the white man's eyes. Not by accident, her cool fingers would touch his cheek, as if heat of fire and sun were not enough to redden his face.

His knee was stiffer. Parks said, "D'you mind putting some antiseptic on my leg?"

Even while Mary Candler said, "I thought you'd just ripped cloth," she was selecting bottle, gauze, bandage. The white man watched her quick fingers at their task. Nor did Chao Ch'i miss any detail of the bandaging, for all her fan never missed a stroke.

"I," she softly told Parks, "can recite the Thousand Words of Perfume, lord."

"It's loose," Mary Candler announced. "Won't bind when you walk. Chao Ch'i didn't like my doing it, did she?"

Parks was about to say that it didn't make any difference what the Manchu thought about the performance, but the white girl had turned away.

Of more importance was what the raiders were doing. Would the sated pillagers return to the hills, or spread out over the plain? In the latter case, he determined to follow the brawling, winding river as soon as it became dark enough. What the journey would mean to the sick woman he could guess well enough, but there was no other possibility. It would be tedious going. If the Tibetans continued their raiding, discovery would be inevitable.

PARKS wondered what had happened to the junk which was to have taken him down-river, and feared the Tibetans must have caught it at the landing-place.

L'an-fei blazed away to destruction. As it darkened the sky glowed with awful beauty. Parks only waited for night. There was even a remote chance that he might find a sampan tied somewhere along the river, although he did not see how, alone, he could guide it past eddies and boulders.

He heard a shout; a shot and a scream. Tibetans were chasing several Chinese who had somehow climbed the wall; chasing them toward the rape field. Two of the Chinese fell. The third reached the edge of the field, and began to crawl under cover of the high grain. For a moment Parks, watching cautiously, saw the stalks move, and then the dry stalks no longer waved.

One of the raiders bent, and fire flashed in the field. Others, running right and left, ignited the tinderlike rape in different places.

As casually as he could, Parks said, "We'd better start now," and repeated the order in Chinese. He led the way riverward, giving Chao Ch'i the rifle and carrying the sick woman himself.

Above the crackling of the sun-parched stalks he thought he heard the shouts of the delighted Tibetans, who were driving from the field more than they knew. The flames roared . . . no! that must be the river itself as it raced about the bend and hurried eastward.

Parks said to Chao Ch'i: "Can you see the barbarians?"

The tall Manchu, unafraid, and pleased that the man had given her the opportunity to serve him, calmly raised her height above the protecting grain. Before she could answer, a hoarse wild voice, very near, cried out triumphantly.

Parks dropped his burden and

(Continued on page 31)

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(Continued from page 33)

snatched his gun from Chao Ch'i. A slug whizzed past him; a second ended the suffering of the sick woman. As his rifle wavered against his shoulder, Parks heard a shot sharper than the thunder of the old Tibetan weapons.

A voice beat on his eardrums: "Jimmy Parks! Make it snappy, Jimmy!"

Parks' heart leaped. "Comin'," he bellowed. "Me 'nd my harem! Keep us covered!"

Bullets from the rear singing overhead, Parks hurried the women out of the field; bullets aimed no better than he could aim in the dark against shadowy, half-seen figures. He knew that the A-1 chartered junk was on the river. With his relief. Probably Miller from Hongkong; Miller'd always wanted to get up country. Funny how a fellow'd remember a thing like that now. . . .

DOWN the steep bank. Miller's gun. Cries behind him. Fierce shouts ahead. Mary Candler carrying the baby. Chao Ch'i, tall, lovely, shielding her lord's body with her own. The blazing field of rape; the smoke of L'an-fei. . . .

The Tibetans, running around the fired field, met, and gave the marksman on the boat a wonderful massed target. Not until the women were being pulled over the side of the junk did the horde do more than fire at random; then they tried to rush the high-sided craft. While boat-coolies, armed with their long steel-tipped bamboo poles, cracked down on wild heads, the ship's drums and gongs beat furiously and the *lao-pan* shrieked encouragement to his men. Ten Chinese foamed the bow sweep through the water; the junk whirled to midstream, taking with it a Tibetan who clung to the side.

Parks and Miller fired as long as they could see figures on the bank. Chao Ch'i went to the Tibetan clinging against the junk's side. Delicately her knife, crossing his fingers, dropped him into the brawling river.

It was all so fast, so rapid, that only when the junk swept around the bend did the two white men speak. Then Miller asked: "Where'd you collect 'em all, Jimmy? Boy, you're shot with luck—"

"So're you. How'd you know who to shoot back there?"

"Easy. Saw your head, James, and let fly at everything else."

"How'd you know I'd get to th' river?"

"Even a bonehead like you'd know there wasn't any other place to go. I'd have gone up and taken a look-see at L'an-fei when it got dark, but it seemed wiser to hang around and give you a chance to come before I went looking for your remains. And you might introduce your rescuer, James. I'm an important man. I want to be told I've saved lives . . . where'd you find the Manchu, Jimmy? She's gorgeous. Yours?"

The din of gong and drum was deafening, without the yowling of the *lao-pan*. Mary Candler had given the infant to one of the Chinese women, and stood leaning against the side of the junk. Parks said, "Where'd you get this cannon?" taking the weapon from Miller's hands.

"Nice? Handmade. Russian. Got a belt of soft-nosed cartridges with it. It's a sixty-bore, Jimmy. Bet I disintegrated whatever I hit. Now that you've admired the gun, I ask you again where you acquired all the women. Better have a good yarn. We stop at Hankow in th' mornin', you know, and I understand your old friend George Stevens is staying there. Bein' that kind of a fellow himself, he'll believe th' worst. And talk about it. Better practice your story on me."

Parks called, "Miss Candler. This is Mr. Miller. Our company. Good-looking, but untrustworthy."

Eyes weary, the girl strove to speak naturally. "How do you do"—and then, in a rush, "We . . . we escaped. I didn't think . . . oh, Mr. Parks. . . ."

"Don't 'oh' him," grinned Miller sympathetically. "'Oh' me. I'm the cavalry which came over the hill and saved the damsel from the redskins." Miller's arm went over Parks' shoulder. "Say, Miss Candler, if I'd been in L'an-fei I'd have driven the Tibetans off single-handed, just like in the movies."

Chao Ch'i touched Parks' arm: "Is it decided where we go, lord? Am I to prepare a bed for you? If so, will you want me . . . or the white wife?"

"Wait," Parks told Chao Ch'i.

She bowed gravely. "I am your slave," she said.

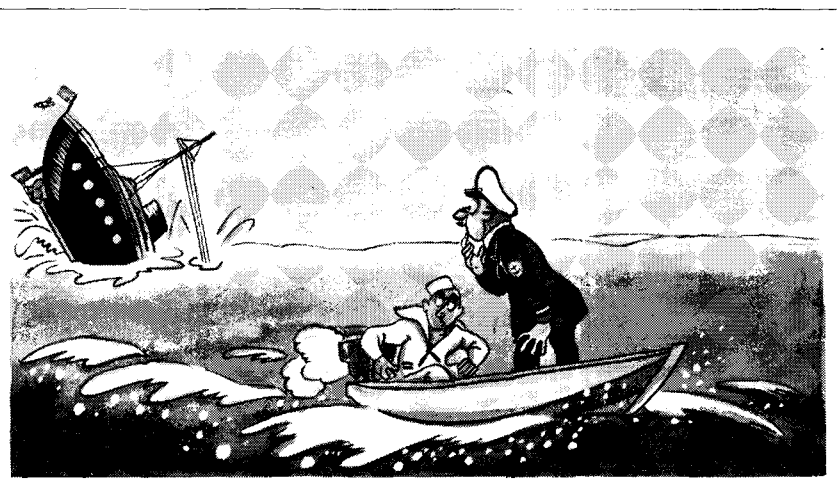
"Try and have the Hankow people laugh that one off," Miller chuckled.

"Shut up," said young Jimmy Parks.

"I will," agreed Miller, "but how about George Stevens? There've been stories about L'an-fei. He'll credit 'em all to you now."

Miller clapped for food. Soon Chao Ch'i slept, or simulated sleep. Mary Candler lay down also, but rose in a few minutes; she went to the bow of the unwieldy junk and stood silently beside her countrymen.

When the junk reached a stretch of smooth, sluggish water, and the tow ropes were thrown out, Miller said pleasantly, "We're being pulled past a *chipa*—a race—the skipper's fearful about. Feelin' better, Miss Candler?"



Yacht owner: "Hang the luck! I forgot to turn off the water in the bathroom!" *Ed. Graham*

"It wasn't real," the white girl said slowly. "It doesn't seem real now. All of this."

Unreal. The center of the stream was white wrack; near the shore was a spur of rock beyond which was a deadly eddy. The coolies, bent so low that they were almost on all fours, struggled to pull the junk through the cross-current. Men on deck fended the junk from the rocks, or hooked the ends of their poles into crevices; the current tried to force the craft into white water. For a moment the junk hung motionless, and then glided forward, unaided. The coolies swarmed back on deck and, stretching out, slept at once.

"And that's what you'd better do," Miller suggested. "All of us."

MARY CANDLER put her hand suddenly into Parks'. "Thank you," she said.

Where Parks stretched out on deck he could see all of Chao Ch'i's pale loveliness, and, nearer the side, the white oval of the nurse's face. Things were funny, in the Orient. Strange. It was a long time before he was able to sleep.

By morning the *lao-pan* screamed his way into Hankow. No inkling of the up-river disaster had been received; the party of two white men, white girl, Manchu woman and Chinese walked up the path to the mission without excitement. Chao Ch'i carried the infant placidly.

It was Mrs. Cadmon who rushed into the compound before the others: "You frightened us to death, Mary," she cried. "We thought we told you to be on the boat. . . ."

HER husband, the L'an-fei missionary, several others, and George Stevens, came into the compound.

"Good morning, Mary," Dr. Cadmon said, just about as if she had stepped from her bedroom in the mission hospital. "All's well? I'm glad. It might have been bad. And that's the baby, eh?"

Stevens whispered something in Cadmon's ear. The missionary looked at Chao Ch'i, and then at Parks. He said distinctly, "Oh, nonsense, Mr. Stevens. I've heard things in L'an-fei, but I must admit Mr. Parks was never concerned in them."

"He is this time," Stevens said. "He's certainly run off with the Manchu who was to marry Lo'tse Wau. I'm not surprised."

Dr. Cadmon ejaculated honestly, "I don't believe it."

Stevens looked at Chao Ch'i shrewdly, and saw that she stood the respectful two paces behind Parks. "Then I've got to prove it, don't I?" he said. He bristled into Chinese, addressing the woman: "Lo'tse Wau will beat you for this, O woman without honor."

"My new white lord," said Chao Ch'i calmly, "will cut off Lo'tse Wau's ears if he but looks at me."

Parks was red to the ears; red and angry. Miller fought to restrain laughter. Mary Candler wanted to say something, but didn't know what to say. Cadmon appeared distressed but unbelieving.

"I . . . I hardly know . . . what it all means," the missionary admitted at last.

"I do," Stevens said crisply. "It means that you've got to practice what you preach, Doctor. You are outspoken in your opinion of white men in the Orient, and what should be done to rectify the wrongs they do to Chinese women. Well, here's your chance. Marry them properly. Make Chao Ch'i his first wife, so he's got to keep her."

Cadmon's dislike of Stevens was apparent on the missionary's face, and yet before him was the testimony of his eyes. He had his principles, and they were honest ones. He liked young Jimmy Parks, and so his miserable gaze shifted to Parks.

But it was Chao Ch'i who spoke. Her first words made the listeners gasp.

Stevens blurted, "You are not wife Number One? You are his second wife? Then who is the first?"

Chao Ch'i bent her lovely head toward the white girl.

More distressed than ever, Dr. Cadmon whispered, "You, Mary? Oh, no! It can't be true. Or is that why you stayed at L'an-fei yesterday? Or . . ."

"He probably married the Manchu in a temple," Stevens suggested. "Which means nothing to white men here, as you've said before, Dr. Cadmon. Now that the fact is known, of course Miss Candler can't marry him at all. You've said that yourself, Doctor. That temple marriage ought to be binding. I'm sorry for the white girl, but—"

Very pale, Mary Candler said, "It's all so silly. I'm not married to anyone. Neither is Chao Ch'i." She turned to the Manchu: "Why do you say . . . I am . . . wife Number One?"

"Last night," said the Manchu, "your hand went into the hand of our lord. I saw. Let us be friends, and give him many men-children."

THINGS were suddenly clear to Parks. He wanted desperately to wipe the grin from Stevens' face, but instead said, "Please, everybody—"

"You can't talk yourself out of this one," Stevens told him.

"Chao Ch'i," Parks went on, "thinks she is bound by a promise, made in L'an-fei; made to save her life, and everyone else's in the house I broke into. That's off. Chao Ch'i will forget all about it, and marry whatever's his name, if you'll impress on Mr. Stevens, somehow, to keep his mouth shut. Or I will. Glad to do it. Everything else, as Miss Candler said, is utterly senseless. Ridiculous."

Mary Candler added vehemently, "I'll tell you why Mr. Parks brought us here." As she spoke, the dead, the dying, the red flames, the black Tibetan hills, all whirled before her. She ended with, "You can't think how horrible it was. But it's no more awful than thinking . . . things . . . about Mr. Parks."

"They really attacked?" Dr. Cadmon blurted. "Sacked L'an-fei?"

Parks turned to Chao Ch'i as the missionaries pressed questions on the escaped nurse. Stevens, in the new excitement, vanished into the compound's shadow, nearer the house. The A-1 man repeated to the Manchu what he had said in English to the others.

Chao Ch'i dutifully bent her head. A gleam broke the unplumbed depths of her eyes as she spoke softly: "I would have made you a good wife, O lord. And I should have liked to hold a child of mine whose eyes were like dark turquoises. . . ."

"Ssh!" entreated the white man.

"And a very good thing George Stevens didn't hear that one," Miller laughed. "He's a mean devil, Jimmy. Never forgiven you for takin' goods out from under his nose. Any objection to my hittin' him once, for luck?"

"Yes," Parks said quietly. He lifted his voice: "One thing more. About the baby. I told her mother I'd see to it, Dr. Cadmon. When we were in the burning field. You will?"

The missionary agreed with a shake of his head. "We will," he promised. "And now—"

"It's ended. That's all."

Mary Candler was looking at him. Doubtfully. Curiously. She repeated what he had said, "That's all." Somehow, it seemed spoken as a question.

"Is it?" Jimmy Parks asked.

"If . . . if you don't go . . . down-river . . . right away," Mary Candler said slowly, "we haven't any . . . lettuce . . . but I . . . you see, there's tinned apples . . . apple pie. . . ."

"I'll have mine with cheese," Miller told her promptly.

"Apple pie," said Jimmy Parks. "I haven't eaten apple pie for three years. Maybe I'd better stay."

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

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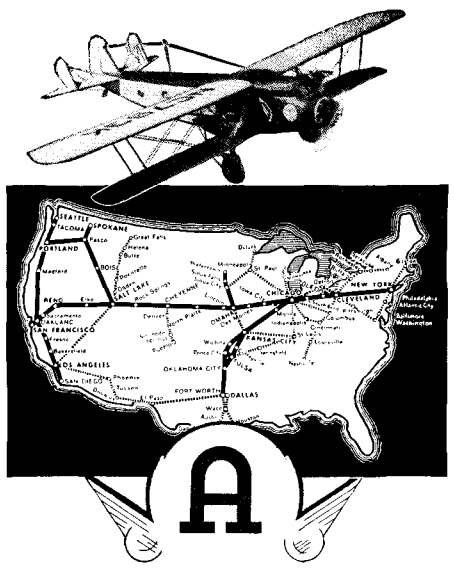

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Hot Water

Continued from page 25

and he backed against the safe, his eyes widening.

In Mrs. Gedge's demeanor, also, a close observer might have noted an equal consternation. Her rigidity now was not that of righteous wrath. She seemed paralyzed, as if by the sight of a ghost.

Twice Mr. Slattery's mouth opened, and twice no words came.

The third time he was luckier.

"Julia!" he gasped.

Miss Putnam came back into the room, swinging her revolver like a cane. She halted, and a pleased smile played across her face.

"In person!" said Miss Putnam. "I thought so. We were expecting you, Mr. Slattery."

IT WAS an observation which seemed to call for a reply, but Soup Slattery did not give one. He was still staring with that expression of profound amazement.

"Julia!" he said. "Julia! What the heck are *you* doing here, Julia?"

To Miss Putnam this seemed mere trifling.

"My name is not Julia," she said curtly.

Packy saw all.

"No, but hers is," he said, pointing at Mrs. Gedge. "And our Mr. Slattery told me all about her. Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce Long-Lost Julia, the best inside worker a safe-blower ever had."

"What," inquired Miss Putnam, "are you gibbering about?"

"I am not gibbering. If this is really Mr. Slattery's Julia—and it is?"

"Sure," said Mr. Slattery. "What the heck are you doing here, Julia?"

". . . she was for years Mr. Slattery's partner in his enterprises. She used to get herself invited to all these swell homes, having class. And if the pete was in a dame's room she would slip in first and put a sponge of chloroform under her nose, so that by the time Mr. Slattery arrived everything was hotsy-totsy. But in the end she walked out on him, and this is where she walked to. Ladies and gentlemen, featuring Mrs. Gedge, the many-sided. Am I right, Mr. Slattery?"

"Sure."

The safe-blower was still dazed, but this did not prevent him from displaying a nice gallantry:

"You look just the same as ever, Julia. Not a day older."

It was a handsome tribute, and well deserved. It was plain, however, that Mrs. Gedge did not appreciate the compliment.

"You poor goop," she said, in a hard, strained voice. "I'd like to paste you one."

Senator Opal had stepped forward like one about to bestow the freedom of the city.

"I would like to shake hands with you, Mr. Slattery."

"Yeah?" said Soup, giving him a hard stare.

He put his hands behind him. The Slatterys did not lightly forget.

"Well," said Miss Putnam, speaking with regret, for it was not thus that she had hoped the night would end, "seeing everybody's old friends here and there's nothing doing in my line, I'll be off to bed and catch up with my beauty sleep."

She walked pensively to the door—and through it.

In the room she had left, there was silence for some moments.

"Well . . ." said Mr. Slattery.

He left the sentence uncompleted. But that it had been intended for a speech of farewell was shown by the fact that he now moved towards the window.

"Yes, get out of here," said Mrs. Gedge. Mr. Slattery paused with his hand on the curtains.

"So you quit me to marry some rich guy, did you, Julia? Well, I'm not saying you wasn't right. It's a mug's game, this pete-blowing business, what I mean. Me, I'm retiring myself. Going to buy a farm. Good-by."

The curtains fell behind him.

"And now you get out, all of you," said Mrs. Gedge.

"Madam," said Senator Opal, "rest assured that . . ."

He broke off and stood staring. Into the room walked J. Wellington Gedge. He navigated towards the bed and propped himself up against it. To the discerning eye, it was all too clear that Mr. Gedge was many fathoms beneath the surface.

The mutual recognition of J. Wellington Gedge and the Vicomte de Blissac on Packy's boat some hours earlier had had the natural effect of relieving both their minds to a very marked extent. After the first moment of panic, when each had thought the other a visitant from another world, the thing had become a joy-feast.

A pleasant dinner for two had begun at the Hôtel des Étrangers at about nine-thirty. It was still in progress at midnight. At 1 A. M. the vicomte had slipped silently to the floor with a peaceful expression on his face, and it was so evidently his intention to remain there that Mr. Gedge felt that the time had arrived for home and bed. And here he was, about to turn in.

The sight of his room full of people seemed to puzzle him for a moment. Then, seeming to say to himself that optical illusions like this were only to be expected at such a time, he removed his collar by the simple process of seizing both wings and pulling. Then he climbed into the bed and fell into a peaceful sleep.

PACKY was the first to advance a comment.

"And that," he said, "is the man you want to make ambassador to France! You seriously propose to let him loose on Paris! I should like your assurance, Mrs. Gedge, that you will return with him to Glendale at the earliest opportunity."

His eye met Mrs. Gedge's. She saw the menace in it. She was a clear-thinking woman, and she realized how subversive to domestic discipline would be the confiding of her secret to Mr. Gedge. Her teeth clicked together, but when they parted again it was to enable her to give the assurance required.

"And now," said the senator, with something of the manner of a pleased guest reluctantly tearing himself away from a party, "we will be going. I have no doubt that we can find beds at the hotel."

"I have a better idea," said Packy. "Come back to my boat for the night. Room for all, and very snug."

"Capital!"

"If Mrs. Gedge will allow us to borrow her motorboat? . . . Then we will meet when you are ready at the boathouse."

"And meanwhile," said Senator Opal, "I will be doing my own packing personally. There are several little valuables which I should be sorry to lose."

He gave Mrs. Gedge a meaning look. But Mrs. Gedge made no answer. Without a word, she turned and strode from the room. A snore from the bed seemed to speed her on her way like a benediction. . . .

Through the scented night Packy walked down the hill. He reached the boathouse and opened the door. And as he did so his attention was attracted by an odd strangled noise which seemed to proceed from a dark corner.

Advancing cautiously, he was able to discern what appeared to be a large-sized cocoon. And closer inspection revealed this as none other than Blair Eggleston. He was securely tied with stout cords, and there was a gag of some description in his mouth.

Packy cut the cords. He removed the gag.

"Egg!" he exclaimed solicitously.

Blair Eggleston did not reply. He was going through an intricate system of physical jerks and massage. His mood was plainly not sunny.

It was Jane who eventually broke an embarrassing silence. She had just reached the boathouse door.

"Blair!" she cried.

Packy had delicacy. He could recognize a sacred moment when he saw one. He withdrew silently and, moving some little distance along the lake front, sat down and lit his pipe.

It was some ten minutes later that he heard a voice calling his name.

JANE OPAL came out of the shadows. "What was it all about?" asked Packy.

Jane seemed troubled.

"I couldn't make out half he said. He was so angry, I mean. He just bubbled most of the time."

"And if ever a man had an excuse for bubbling . . ."

"Oh, I'm not blaming him. Do you know, he had been there like that for hours?"

"But who did it?"

"He says it was Medway . . ."

"Medway!"

". . . and the man who called himself the Duc de Pont-Andemer. They just jumped on him and left him like that."

"Poor devil!"

"He says it's all our fault."

This was a new aspect of the matter to Packy.

"Ours?"

"Yours and mine and Father's, because we got him mixed up with Medway. Apparently, Medway and this man Oily something are going to be married."

"Tell Eggleston to take a strong line and not send them a wedding present."

"I don't suppose I shall see Blair to tell him anything," said Jane, gazing out over the dark water. "He's going back to Bloomsbury."

Packy's heart leaped.

"You mean he's broken off your engagement?"

"Yes."

For an instant, all Packy could feel was an exquisite elation. Then he told himself sternly that this was unworthy of a modern Sidney Carton. Not for Sid to rejoice at such a breach, but rather to do all in his power to heal it.

"I shouldn't worry," he said soothingly. "He will come to you and say 'Forget those cruel words!' "

Jane kicked at a twig.

"But I'm not sure that I want to forget them."

"What!"

"I rather think this may be the best thing that could have happened."

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Packy swallowed a jagged something that was interfering with his vocal cords.

"You don't mean—?"

"Yes, I do."

"Don't you love Egg any more?"

"I'm not so sure that I ever did love him. You know how it is. You meet somebody and they seem to you all chock-a-block with wonderful ideals and you get sort of infatuated."

Packy was stunned by this added proof that this girl and he were twin souls.

"You don't have to explain that to me. Boy, as good old Slattery would say, could I write a book! It was just that way with me and Beatrice."

"But you haven't stopped loving Beatrice."

"Yes, I have. With a sort of jerk around twelve P. M. last night."

"What!"

"And it's just as well," said Packy, "because my engagement has conked, too."

"You don't mean that?"

"Yes, I do. Beatrice gave me the bird face to face at, I should say, about six-fifteen yesterday evening."

"But she isn't here!"

"She was then."

"But why did she break the engagement?"

Packy hesitated.

"Well, there were several reasons. Somehow or other she got the impression that I was a half-wit. And then . . ."

"Then?"

"Well, you see, she happened to run into your father, and he told her one or two things about . . ."

"About what?"

"Well, about you and me. She accused me of making love to you behind her back."

"But you haven't made love to me behind her back."

"I know. Silly idea. But you know what women . . ."

Jane looked pensively out at the lake.

"I wish you would," she said.

A CURIOUS sensation came upon Packy. It was out of the question, of course, that some invisible man should suddenly have beaned him with a blunt instrument, but he had all the emotions of one who has undergone such a beaning. Somebody had also removed all the muscle from his legs.

He forced himself to be calm.

"Did you say," he asked carefully, "that you wished I would?"

"Not," said Jane, "if you don't want to."

The muscle returned to Packy's legs. His head cleared. He felt like a giant.

"But I *do*," he cried. "Gosh-ding it, you don't mean to tell me that you—er—that you—ah—that you, as it were . . . how shall I put it?"

"I believe I've been in love with you ever since I was a kid and used to go and watch you play football."

"It's exactly the same with me. I mean, I didn't watch you play football, but . . . well, you know what I mean."

"And when you came here and were so marvelous, I suddenly realized it."

"Isn't it a scream, the way these things sort of dawn on you!" said Packy enthusiastically. "I can see now that I really loved you from the moment you walked into your father's suite that day and sat down on the table. Something told me that we were soul-mates. Jane!" said Packy.

It was some moments after he had clasped her to him that Packy felt that there was something that remained to be said.

"You realize the sort of chump I am, don't you?" he asked anxiously. "You aren't going into this with your eyes shut?"

"I think you're a precious angel pet."

"I am a precious angel pet," admitted Packy, "but that doesn't alter the fact that I've been engaged twice before this. Once to Beatrice and once to the current Mrs. Scott or Pott or Bott. In fact, getting engaged had become with me something of a habit, and many people would say I was a flippertygibbet."

"What's a flippertygibbet?"

"It's something I used to be before I met you. But what I'm driving at is that all that sort of thing is over now. This is the finish."

"The third time," said Jane wisely, "is always lucky."

"Why," asked Packy, "does your nose turn up at the tip like that?"

"I don't know. It always has. Don't you like it?"

"I love it. I love every bit of you." A fresh spasm of ecstasy seized Packy. "Oh, gosh, what fun we're going to have! *You* won't make me go to concerts and lectures, will you? Of course you won't. We'll just roam about the world together for the rest of our lives, raising cain hand in hand. Did I say that we were soul-mates?"

"I believe you did."

"Well, we are. Young Jane," said Packy, holding her at arm's length and gazing searchingly into her eyes, "are you sure you love me?"

"Of course I am."

Packy expelled a deep breath.

"This," he said, "is like being in heaven without going to all the bother and expense of dying."

SOMETHING vast and shadowy loomed up beside them in the darkness.

"'Scuse me!"

The shadowy something revealed itself as Mr. Soup Slattery.

"I knew you were kidding me when you said you weren't that way with this beasel," observed Mr. Slattery with satisfaction.

Packy turned on him with a touch of not unjustifiable annoyance. It is not pleasant for an ardent young man to have safe-blowers popping up out of traps in his moments of deep emotion.

"What do you think you're doing here?"

"Just thought I'd say hello and good-by."

Packy's annoyance vanished.

"I'm glad you did," he said. "I haven't thanked you for coming and trying to help us."

"Aw, hell," said Mr. Slattery modestly. "I thought it over and I seen where I was doing you dirt, so I come along."

"I'm afraid you had a wasted evening, Mr. Slattery," said Jane sympathetically.

"Her gentle woman's heart," explained Packy, "is touched at the thought that you hadn't time to snitch anything out of that safe."

Mr. Slattery seemed piqued.

"Hadn't time? Hadn't *time?* Say, how much time do you think I need to dig into a pete? I just let me fingers flicker and there I am. I got away with a necklace, two rings, a pendant and a sun-boist. You won't see me around these parts no more. Me back to the old country. Going to get me a farm, that's what I'm going to do. It's the only life—the farmer's. Eggs, milk, chickens . . . and make your own applejack. Swell! Well, pleased to have seen you, boy. Wish you luck, Miss. I'll be scramming."

The night swallowed him up, and Packy gazed reverently after him.

"What a man!" he murmured.

A hideous noise woke the birds in the treetops. Senator Opal was coming down the path with a song on his lips.

THE END

"I *believe you love that old pipe better than you do me!*"

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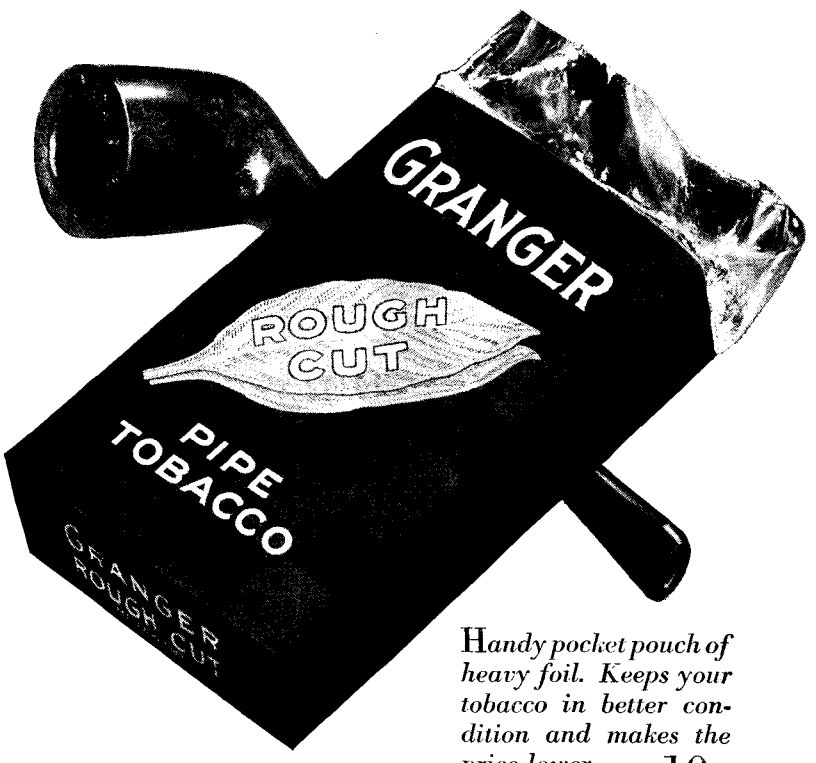

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Close Calls

Continued from page 27

amputated to save his life. Chubby's career as a trainer was over.

During the winter of 1924 I participated in the filming of an animal movie on the Pacific Coast. One day we were taking some scenes depicting a number of beasts congregating at a waterhole for a drink. All the animals did as bidden, except a puma, which acted queerly and didn't seem to know what to do. Investigation revealed that the animal was blind. I thought this was sufficient reason for excusing the creature from further work but my proposal was vetoed.

Philosophically I decided to do what I could to make that blind puma perform.

I tried leading the puma toward the waterhole by means of a chunk of beef tied to a string. I dragged the beef along the ground and got the animal headed in the right direction. All would have been well if someone hadn't left a shovel lying around. I stumbled on it as I moved backward toward the waterhole and went over flat on my back.

The Last-Day Jinx

My kicking of the shovel and the thud of my fall, combined with the shouts of those who were looking on, undoubtedly frightened the animal. At any rate he sprang, landing on top of me. Lashing out blindly with one paw, he almost dug into my throat. I jerked away in time, then, reaching out quickly with both hands, I got him around the neck. I still remember the saliva from his mouth dripping down on my face. Before anything further happened one of the animal men working on the picture with me grabbed the shovel that had spilled me and drove the puma off.

One of the superstitions of the circus world is that the last performance of the season is jinxed. I'm not superstitious but I must admit that the big top has known many closing-day accidents.

I participated in one of them. It happened in Shreveport, Louisiana, where I was appearing in the featured animal act with the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus.

As usual, several of my friends in the circus warned me to be careful during that final performance. "You've got to be on your guard on jinx day," cautioned a veteran equestrian, who then described a bad spill he had had on the final day of the season a few years before. Then he added a few gory details about an almost fatal fall that a high-wire artist had had the same day. I promised to be careful. This was easy, for I had reached the stage in my career where caution was my middle name.

One of the best of my big cats was a lioness, Babe, who was trained to make a leap for the door as I made my exit at the conclusion of my act. It gave the performance a spectacular finish.

All went well with my act. The animals responded beautifully to all my commands and the repeated volleys of applause indicated the pleasure of the audience.

The act over, I started moving backward toward the door and it was a 100-to-1 shot that I had bested that last-day jinx.

Babe came toward me, poising herself for that wind-up leap. The stunt was so timed that as I opened the door and put it between me and the occupants of the ring Babe would bang against it and slam it shut with the force of her jump, giving the impression that I had got out in the nick of time. This type of showmanship is an essential part of any good animal act. It's the sort of thing that packs 'em in.

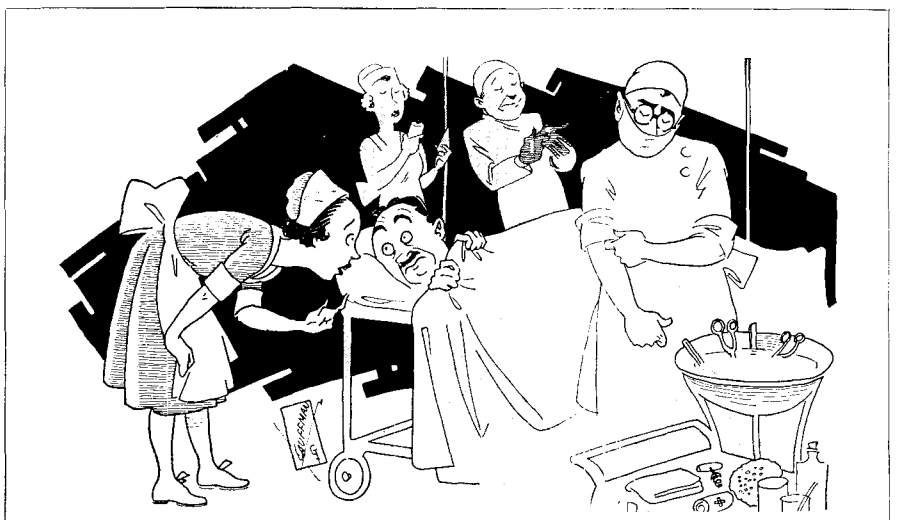
As a safeguard against grabbing a section of the steel cage itself, instead of the door whose bars were identical, I had long before hit upon the scheme of having three of the bars of the door painted white. This was an excellent guide for the eye. I could look over my shoulder as I backed out of the arena and know just where to grab the door. This facilitated a hasty exit. Perfect timing was essential, for Babe was a well-trained animal and if I did not get out of the ring on schedule it meant meeting that charge. And that, of course, meant trouble.

Babe came on toward me to do her stunt in the regular way. Having completed my backward trip to the exit, I reached for the bars. My heart sank as they failed to give.... Funny.... Those white bars didn't stand out as they used to...

Frantically I tugged away. The bars held firm. I gave another panicky yank, holding my chair out firmly to meet the charge in the split second it took me to realize that I was trapped.

With one powerful sweep of the paw the onrushing Babe knocked the chair out of my hand. I blazed away with my blank-cartridge pistol, momentarily stopping her.

I made for a big pedestal near the door and got behind it. Bredo, a big male lion, came tearing after me. As



"Would you be interested in this week's tonsils and appendix special combination offer?"

G. Francis Kauffman

I stood there, slumped down behind the metal perch, my new assailant came at me from the right side.

To protect my face I threw up an arm. I made the desperate decision to let him have my arm in preference to my face. But when he made for my arm I instinctively jerked it back.

Nero Changes His Mind

At this point I was saved by Allen Hauser, equestrian director of the show, who is keenly interested in wild animals and who always watches my act. Ready with a pole, he had it through the bars in a jiffy, beating my assistant to it. My assistant, a fraction of a second later, joined Hauser in piking away with a pole and they soon drove the animal off. I had concentrated so hard on watching Bredo's movements that I had not noticed Babe, now recovering from the "blanking" I had given her, come up from the left! She dug a claw into my leg as Hauser came up with the pole, but the injury was not a serious one. She, too, was driven off by the men with the poles.

Using a pedestal as a shield, I cautiously worked my way to the door, Hauser and my assistant ready to help me again with their poles.

This time the door yielded and I was safe. What happened when I reached for the door the first time was that my eye played a trick on me. The season nearly over, the once white stripes that served as my guide were now more of a dirty gray. They did not stand out sufficiently and in my haste I grabbed the wrong bars.

The most sensational happening of my career was my experience on January 13th of this year when I was attacked by Nero, the lion that saved my life two years ago by driving off a tiger that had me down and would surely have killed me.

You may have read the story of Nero's assault on me. It appeared in newspapers all over the country.

I have been asked several times by magazines to tell, in my own words, what happened on that fateful day, and I welcome the opportunity to do so now. The newspapers couldn't have possibly told the whole story for the simple reason that two hours after the accident took place I was battling for my life in a hospital and therefore was hardly in a position to give certain essential facts that were needed if the accident was to be presented in the exact terms of what took place.

The scene is again winter headquarters of the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus at Peru, Indiana. To avoid confusing the reader, let me point out that while I appear with the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus as its featured performer in such cities as New York and Boston, I am regularly attached to the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus. Both organizations are under the same management.

I was putting my lions and tigers through their paces and about two dozen people were looking on. Nero, my finest lion, was going over the hurdle. Instead of making a clean jump he suddenly swerved in his course and came right at me. I could see he meant business. It was one of those determined charges that an experienced trainer recognizes instantly.

The first thing I knew I was flat on my back on the floor of the arena, with the lion standing over me. Just when I lost the chair I don't recall.

I was in the worst spot of my whole career. Nero is as powerful a lion as I have ever seen and here was his chance to get me if that was his pleasure. As the crazed lion bent over me and bared the teeth with which he planned to mess up my features, I reached up with my right hand and planted it against his upper lip and nose. Then, with superhuman strength born of desperation, I shoved him away from me, actually succeeding in working him back as far as my arm could reach. He gave his head a snap to release himself from my palm-hold and as he did I found my hand in his mouth up to the wrist! I yanked it out in a hurry, scraping off patches of skin against his teeth.

I don't understand to this day how he missed biting the whole hand off. Certainly his subsequent conduct does not indicate that it was due to any desire to let me off lightly. I believe he was rattled by the unexpectedness of the move by means of which I shoved him away from me.

Animal Jealousy

He did not make for my face again, contenting himself with seizing what was nearest him. That happened to be the upper part of my leg. He grabbed it midway between the hip and the knee and tightened his jaws as if determined to snap the member in two. Having dug his teeth in deeply enough to satisfy himself—(it developed later that they had sunk right into the bone)—he started dragging me. After he had lugged me about two yards he suddenly let go and made for a near-by lioness. The attack was over as fast as it had begun.

What saved me was the fact that Nero in dragging me happened to move in the direction of a lioness that was on his mind. He had forgotten her momentarily in his determination to get me, but now that he was near her again he remembered that she was his main concern.

It was only this that saved me from being torn to pieces. The attendants outside the cage, frantically working their poles and yelling in an effort to distract the beast, had little effect on him. There was nothing else they could do. It would have amounted to suicide to enter the ring and try to fight off the infuriated beast.

It is my belief that the animal's attack on me had its roots in the fact that I had been standing near the female that had captured his interest. Her presence excited him. In a situation of this kind an animal is capable of honest-to-goodness jealousy. If I had been another male lion, Nero could not have regarded my closeness to his mate more suspiciously.

Despite the fact that antitoxin was immediately administered, a serious infection resulted. Late that afternoon I had a raging fever. The speed with which my temperature mounted was a sure sign of real trouble.

About five days after my injury I was carried to the operating-room of Duke's Memorial Hospital, where I was taken after the accident, and told that it would be necessary to amputate my leg to save my life. I pleaded with the doctors not to remove my leg unless it was absolutely necessary. A specialist who was called in had a hunch that perhaps the leg could be saved. At any rate, he recommended an operation designed to locate the pus sac that was causing the trouble. He found it somewhere between the knee and the hip, and his operation started me on the road to recovery. I was on my back for ten weeks and at one time my wound was draining through six tubes.

This is being written several months after my discharge from the hospital. My leg isn't quite right yet and I have to favor it but it is steadily improving and one of these days I'll have no more twinges to remind me of Nero's attack—just the scars.

Nero is in my act as of old and a better-behaved lion you never saw.

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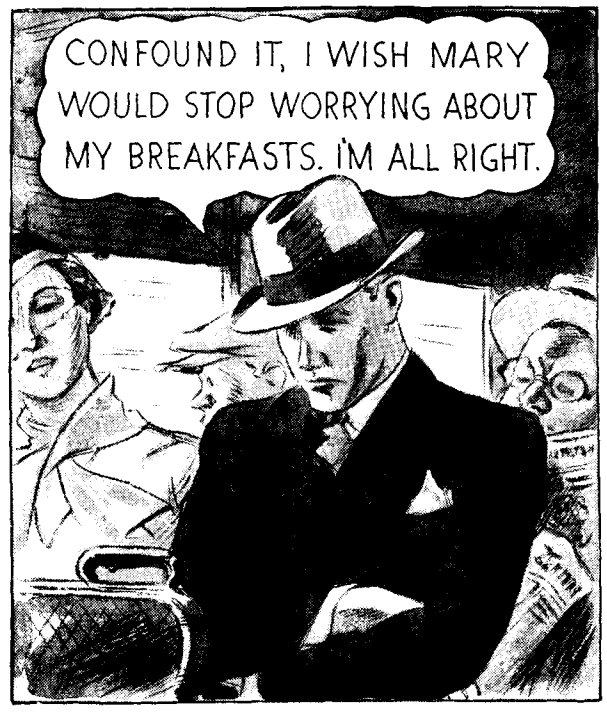

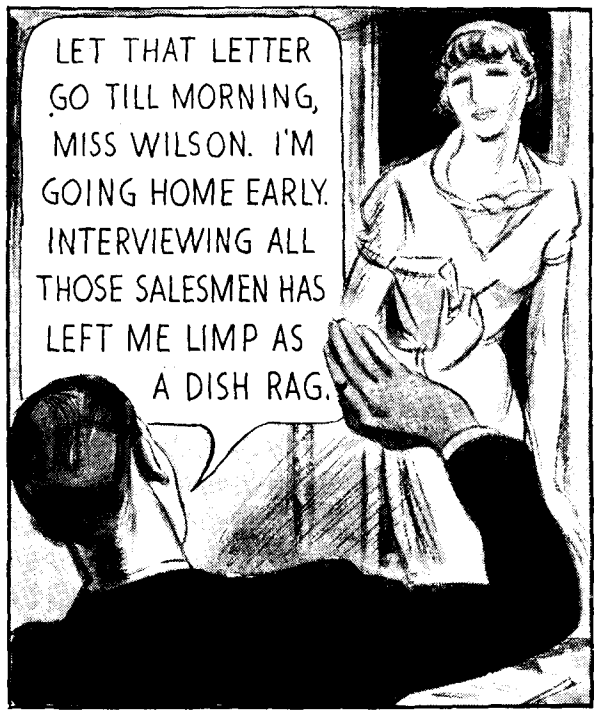
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Tower of Babble

Continued from page 17

Soft-Shelled Crabs and the Hard-Boiled Eggs of Geneva.

The former, to be found principally on the permanent staff of the League, would, if left to themselves, soon land it in a swamp of innocuous desuetude so far as major international issues are concerned. The latter—delegates, most of them—would, were they entirely unopposed, soon turn it into a rubber stamp for placing the Geneva O. K. on selfishly nationalistic policies pursued by the various member-nations—notably the Great Powers.

The Soft-Shelled Crabs were especially strong during the early years of the League's existence—nor is their influence by any means negligible at the present time. The Hard-Boiled Eggs have had a noticeable influence on the League's actions ever since its organization; never, though, has their power been greater than it is today.

General Bedazzlement

Within an hour of my arrival at Geneva I had introduced myself at the League's headquarters. It consists of a large old building—formerly a hotel—and a large new building, both on the shores of the lake. The old building is mostly given over to the League offices; the new building consists chiefly of big rooms for the holding of meetings. The new building was constructed a few years ago expressly for the League; it is simple and up-to-date, suggests efficiency in its every line, and looks like a blend of hospital and railroad station. The old building is musty and rather dark; but it is filled with the click of typewriters and the complicated bustle of modern business.

On all sides resounds a great buzzing, as of bees in a gigantic hive. There is a wild rushing about of secretaries and subsecretaries, of stenographers and substenographers. Bells ring ceaselessly. Men, with Napoleonic mien, shout curt orders. Excited underlings dash in and out of doorways, up and down corridors. On the walls hang all sorts of highly impressive maps and plans and charts. The latest economic trouble in the Saar Valley is there depicted; also the most recent alarming symptom of the Danzig disease.

I gave my card to an attendant. He disappeared with it in the direction of the office of the particular High Leaguer whom I wished to see. While I waited, I was elbowed out of the way by an agitated secretary, with a sheaf of Saar papers in his hand. Then the attendant, reappearing, beckoned to me. I was ushered into the presence of the High Leaguer. While I listened respectfully, he spoke to me many, many words. The gist of his discourse was:

"The League of Nations is making dazzling progress."

And he registered bedazzlement.

I was led into the presence of another High Leaguer. He said to me a great many things. The gist of it all was:

"The League of Nations has a dazzling future."

And he, too, registered bedazzlement.

Then I went away into the corridors of the great building, was almost pushed down a stairway by a subsecretary with the latest communiqué from the German-Polish front at Danzig under his arm, and staggered out into the open with a sense of unbounded relief.

Unless you count yourself of the Inner Brotherhood, unless you consider yourself embattled against the Powers of Darkness, unless you move in the mystic atmosphere of Utopian tomorrow and have been vouchsafed the vision of a human race so superhuman as to be unhuman, you cannot help feeling, after a stiff dose of undiluted League of Nations, that it is like nothing so much as a splendid, up-to-the-minute railroad station, a model in every detail for all railroad stations aiming at perfection, except for the one trifling fact that it has no tracks leading out of it.

In the first phase of its existence, the spirit of high-browism was rampant in the League of Nations. This was particularly true in the Secretariat. Many of its members, men and women, felt themselves to be missionaries in the sacred cause of peace. Some managed, at the same time, to keep their feet on the ground; others, though, came to think of the League as something self-contained, detached from everyday life, unrelated to the world in general. They tended to see in it something above the vulgar struggle of nationalities going on around them. They became monks in an international monastery.

In those early days, few matters of commanding international importance were entrusted to the League. Odds and ends, which the governments of the member-nations did not feel like tackling themselves, were turned over to the Geneva monastery. Thus the League came to have a hand in the administration of the Saar region and the Free City of Danzig—important enough, from certain points of view, yet by no means measuring up to other European matters, in which the League was as yet allowed no voice.

The members of the Secretariat plunged into their duties with all the zeal of crusaders. They did their work and clamored for more. The governments of the various nations good-humoredly indulged them in their thirst for furthering the welfare of the human race.

After all, what difference did it make? In those days the League was little more than an adjunct of the nations which had won the World War. And the victors, well pleased with the tangible fruits of their triumph—expressed in the crushing of their erstwhile foes and the parceling out among them of erstwhile enemy territory—were not at all averse to giving rein to harmless idealism at Geneva.

About this time the League got its first rude jolt. Mussolini, fairly launched on his career of Big Boss of Italy, got into an altercation with Greece and, to show how angry he was, rushed an Italian fleet over to the Greek island of Corfu and treated the astonished population there to a genuine bombardment. The world was shocked. "It is up to the League of Nations to do something," said the world. And the wise men of Geneva got together in solemn council, and their heads bobbed in solemn unison, and everybody thought that something would come out of Geneva which Mussolini would have reason to remember for a long time.

Enter the Dove

But it didn't. Nothing in particular happened. Mussolini snapped his fingers at the League. And the League, after taking a good look at that beetling Italian brow and the frowning Italian face, quietly adjourned.

The enemies of Geneva chuckled. And it might have gone badly for the League had not world affairs taken a turn exactly in accordance with League dreams and aspirations.

After Corfu came Locarno. The Dove of Peace seemed supreme in a new-born world, overflowing with the milk of human kindness. It looked as if War would have to hock his gun and get a job at selling ice-cream cones, or something equally pacifistic. And, though the signing of the Locarno Treaty was not directly a League affair, the League hurried to bask in the Locarno sunlight and claim a major part of the peaceful glory which had suddenly enveloped a hitherto wicked world.

The Locarno Era was a grand era for the League. Never before had such broad smiles appeared on the faces of its champions; never before had their hopes risen so high or seemed so close to realization.

But when Germany became a member of the League in 1926 there was a change at Geneva.

No longer was the League a sort of Inter-Allied Club. The German delegates brought along with them the atmosphere of international discontent which all Central Europe had been breathing ever since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. International issues, like dynamite in their potentialities of wreaking havoc, leaped to the forefront of League discussions. The Polish Corridor—the Silesian problem—the question of minorities in various distracted regions of Europe—the scheme for uniting Germany and Austria—these and other apples of discord were tossed back and forth among the delegates at Geneva.

Bitterness hitherto unknown crept into the speeches there. Vanished was the holy monastic calm which had pervaded the little city by the lake; vanished, too, was much of the influence hitherto exerted by the brooding monks of the Secretariat, who had been pacing about in mystic revery, their minds diverted from earth—except such selected portions of it as the Saar and Danzig. Earthly bickering was now luridly reflected at Geneva. The heyday of the Soft-Shelled Crabs of Internationalism was over. Into their place—scowling and scheming—came the Hard-Boiled Eggs of Nationalism.

Taking Orders

The latter have nothing monastic about them. They do not believe at all in aloofness and contemplation. Their task, as they see it, is to execute the wishes of the statesmen heading the governments of their respective countries. When one of them is in doubt as to just what is wanted of him, he jumps aboard a train from Geneva to the capital of his country, and, after being closeted for an hour or so with his boss, the foreign minister of that country, rushes back to Geneva with his memory suitably refreshed as to what he is to do there. After this little reminder, his actions, inspired supposedly by the quintessence of disinterested internationalism, show, in reality, about as much that is international as a municipal election in southwestern Iowa.

Back at his desk in Geneva, the delegate votes not like a Utopian but like a Frenchman or German, Englishman, Italian or Japanese, as the case may be. The whole method of procedure was well summed up recently by the observer who said, apropos of the actions of the Great Powers at the time when the Chinese-Japanese crisis was acute: "They left things to the League and then their representatives hurried to Geneva to prevent the League from doing anything."

While the idealists walk with their heads in the clouds and the realists trail their feet in the mud, the city of Geneva, scene of their doings, has become one of the most extraordinary places in the world.

I found it a crazy quilt of drama and comedy, tragedy and farce. In its hotel lobbies I saw crusaders, honest and whole-souled, for whom the furtherance of the cause of peace was a life mission, rubbing elbows with shrewd egoists, in whose eyes the League of Nations was a path toward self-advertisement. In its streets I encountered formidable females, marching with resolute steps toward the building of the League, with "National Association of Women's Clubs" written all over them. In their eyes gleamed the burning light of Purpose. Some of them looked more like dreadnaughts than women.

On the shores of Geneva's lovely lake I heard twentieth-century Joans of Arc doing verbal battle with up-to-date Becky Sharps. To the accompaniment of League speechifying and League circumlocution and League red tape, I repeatedly ran into modern counterparts of Sir Galahad contending sturdily against latter-day Uriah Heeps.

Geneva is a grand breeding-ground for cynics. I met them in scores there—walking on the shores of the lake, thronging the hotel lobbies—all mixed up with the crusaders for peace. Many of the cynics at one time were also servants of ideals. They had come to Geneva originally as delegates, or to present resolutions in favor of peace, or as writers on the League, or business men, or diplomats, or tourists.

All but Three Continents

Some, when they had repaired, bright-eyed, to their first League meeting, thought that the sun of international coöperation had indeed risen in the sky, that the cooing of the Dove of Peace was indeed destined to silence, without further ado, all sorts of horrid noises such as the drone of ammunition factories.

Now, however, they buttonholed me, with sardonic smiles, and sought to kill my optimism regarding the League with remarks such as:

"Put your ear to the ground!" (I did.) "You will hear a series of little explosions. Do you know what each one of them means? It means 'Pop goes another ideal!'"

And there was another disillusioned man who told me, apropos of a fruitless meeting of the League Council:

"Well, how can you expect the League to accomplish anything? America won't belong, Asia won't behave, and Europe won't act!"

Irrespective of the facts of America not belonging, Asia not behaving and Europe not acting, the League of Nations manages to keep as busy as if its duties included not only directing everything done in those three continents but everything done in Africa and Australasia as well—to say nothing of Mars, Jupiter, Venus and a few other assorted planets.

The amount of paper consumed at Geneva is simply unbelievable. The League issues uncountable books, leaflets, pamphlets, reports, agenda, digests, summaries, transcripts, statistics, whatnots. Hardly has a speaker ceased speaking at one of its meetings before every one of his auditors gets a copy of his speech. Hardly has the League Assembly or Council or some one of its numerous committees ceased sitting before its doings are spread before the world in myriads of printed pages—usually in the form of that fine flower of Geneva achievement, a *resolution*.

There is a short and ugly word in English which exactly expresses the principal need of the League of Nations, as it is visualized by those who yearn to see its destinies intrusted to a hard-hitting leader. That word is "guts."

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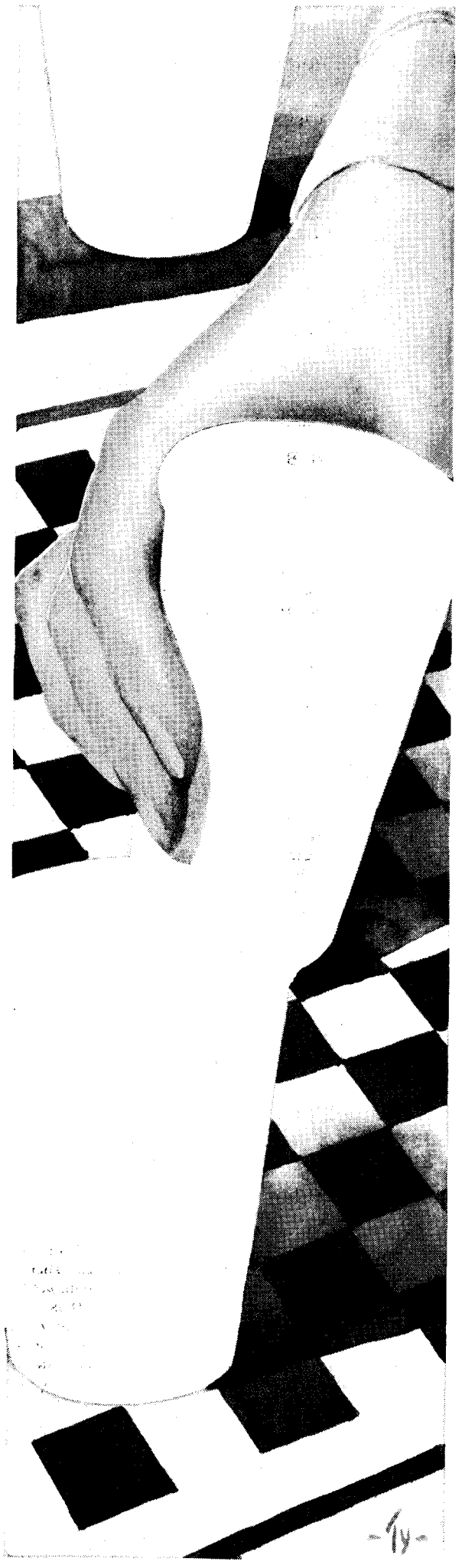

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INDIVIDUAL

DIXIES

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On Darkwater

Continued from page 20

"You done already did it."

"But Ma," the younger woman spunked up, "after them deputies took Lije, me an' you warn't able to raise our nets or handle fish. I had no place to go, and couldn't leave you here. So you was jest as glad as me when Jimmy tied his boat near ourn. 'Course with a man hangin' around, things is liable to happen."

"I ain't blamin' you none, but Lije mought. You needn't take Babe an' 'tempt to 'scape away, 'cause he'll sholy track you down. Lije picks 'em up an' draps 'em, but ain't never 'lowed nary gal to quit him yit."

"Sh! Here comes Jimmy." Madge glanced up the river, then from habit went into their cabin and stirred her fire in its little rusty stove. A tragedy might or might not occur, but women must feed their men.

His skiff crept round the bend very slowly, for Jimmy towed a cumbersome live-box. As he drew nearly abreast of Ma Jerusha, both women saw him lift his rifle, apparently without aim, and fire. On the opposite shore a rabbit toppled over, its nose neatly barked.

Madge's eye lighted, but Ma shook her head, "Keep yo' mind off o' shootin'. 'Course, Jimmy kin plug him from the bushes; but bad as Lije is, I'm Lije Carlin's mammy."

The blond young fisherman anchored his live-box at their landing, then pulled across Darkwater and picked up the rabbit. After that Madge saw him and their son tumbling in the sand together. A while she watched them smilingly before she leaned from her window with a hatchet and struck the suspended plowshare.

"Oh, Jimmy, snack's ready."

MA INTENDED to leave the couple alone, so when Jimmy sat down at the table, she kept her chair outside. Sal, having finished feeding the puppies, crawled out of her box and went to Babe. Across the red-checkered oilcloth Jimmy sat with fresh-washed face that showed his freckles, while Madge rested both elbows upon the table and nerved herself.

"What ails you, sweetheart?" the youngster asked, and gave her a loving pinch. Lije's pinches always left a bruise.

"Jimmy, Doctor Hugo jest warned us—" Madge got a start when the she-dog howled again. "Babe's hurt! Babe's hurt!"

"I'll go," Jimmy drew her back. "You look so tired."

On the stretch of silty sand old Sal was notifying the humans that Babe had got tangled in his rope. Jimmy went running, unwound his small son, and hurried back.

"Tell him, Madge," Ma called into the cabin.

"It's no use beatin' around the bush, Jimmy," Madge blurted out, and laid her hand upon his arm. "Lije will git home *day after tomorrer*."

"No, no. Not until the twenty-second of next November—a year."

"That's how we've been calculatin', but he gits out sooner. They 'lows a convict time off for good behavior."

In broken words Madge told him all that she could know for certain, quite enough to bring Jimmy upright, standing straight and pale before her.

Gabbling would do no good. So the tight-lipped couple worked together all that afternoon, transferring Jimmy's possessions to his own boat, pulling up stakes and untying lines. Yet even after every tin can and telltale scrap had been flung in the river, the signs of his long mooring were all too evident.

"Lije is *bound* to know," Jimmy said. "I'm kind o' stampeded. We've got to wait for Doctor."

"Yes. Doctor's liable to turn up with some slick plan we ain't never thought of."

DUSK was creeping through the swamps when Madge first heard his motor; then in a flurry of white-lashed water Doctor's fast little boat swept round the curve.

"Look Ma! Jest look at *that!* He's fotch a *woman*."

"Must be some gal that lives up the river. No 'tain't," Ma Jerusha snorted. "That's Josie May. I thought better o' *him*. Brazen huzzy. Got her trunk too."

Voluptuous red poppies bobbled on Josie May's hat, and thick-rouged cheeks shamed the drabness of slattern women, as that immoral craft drew near. Instead of stopping, Doctor Hugo ran past at full speed and lifted the girl's trunk inside of Jimmy's boat, then rushed back alongside of Ma Jerusha's platform.

"Hello, Ma! Hello, Mrs. Carlin!—I'll just call you Madge." Josie May breezed aboard their craft. "Gosh, I'm itchin' to meet this bully that's got you folks buffaloed. Me an' Doctor's fixin' to jerk a knot in that guy's tail. Our racket's all doped out."

"We'd better take the single seats, darling. Gimme half the candy"

Jay Irving

"Go inside, please." The white-haired scientist pushed her into the cabin.

"Shore, on the Q. T." Whatever else she might be, the girl had personality. "Doc an' me doped it. Funny as a crutch. Take the pulpit, Doc, and don't be bashful. Spill it to 'em."

Five of them huddled around Madge's checkerboard table where Doctor Hugo mapped out his plan. First of all Jimmy must go away, and Babe be properly accounted for. Good! Here was Josie May to play the part of mother on Jimmy's boat.

"No, Madge, no, Jimmy, don't look at me like that. We've got to do it—for Babe. Tonight we'll tow Jimmy's boat and tie her up at the mouth of Moccasin Bayou, so when Lije comes home, here's Madge. After that we may think of something better."

"Please lemme have Babe. *Please*, Madge, *please*," Josie May begged. "Doc filled my trunk with candy an' toys. I always did want a baby."

"You'll spile him." The mother tried to smile with misty eyes.

"Then it's settled." Doctor Hugo rose. "Come, Jimmy, it'll take half the night to move your boat."

Through their conference the she-dog had been suckling her offspring and watching that woman stranger. When Madge lifted Babe and walked out into the night, Sal came too, whining uneasily at her skirts.

Nobody spoke. Even Josie May held her tongue while Doctor Hugo attached a prow line, and their boat began to move. The she-dog swam out from shore, trying to climb aboard, then scrambled back and gave one long howl. After that, at times, Jimmy could hear Sal crash through the underbrush, keeping up with them.

For hours they traveled. It must have been well past midnight before the motor finally stopped, and Jimmy made fast his lines at Moccasin Bayou. When the plank was thrown out, Sal darted across, straight to the child.

"Good dog," Madge patted her. "Now please—Josie May, everybody go outside an' lemme be all by myself with Babe. Jest one minute."

Jimmy's oil lamp sputtered and smoked while Madge knelt beside her son, alone with the mother dog that understood, alone with an Almighty Father who knoweth charity. It was only for a minute, as she had promised; then she walked out, erect, dry-eyed.

"Jimmy, I'm goin' now." She dared not trust herself to cuddle in his arms, for Jimmy too needed all his strength.

At that point Darkwater makes a sweeping curve, and doubles back until its stagnant coils are almost touching. They had traveled fourteen miles by water, yet by land less than a mile away, lay Ma Jerusha's mooring. There was no path between. Madge took Jimmy's lantern and started across that narrow neck of briers, sloughs and fallen trees. By some freak of animal comprehension, old Sal left the child and followed its mother, giving her loyalty to the greater need.

A NEW day, and Madge must stagger through its emptiness. She and Jimmy had been very happy in Ma Jerusha's cabin with its domestic smell of cookery and stale tobacco. A snug place which their man-child consecrated into a home. One of the bunks still retained an impression of his tiny body. Ma Jerusha glared at it, and her stoic shoulders quivered.

Sal stuffed her pot-bellied progeny, nosed around where Babe's bunk had stood, trotted out to the stake in the sand, and smelled there. Suddenly the she-dog remembered where Babe was, and went loping through the briers to Jimmy's boat.

"Sal's gone to Babe," Ma Jerusha commented.

Thursday's sinking sun was still two hours high, yet in Darkwater's twilight canyons, walled in by forest trees, the shadows were already deep when Ma gave her pipe a jerk toward the approaching boat. "Madge, thar's Lije."

Artful old Hugo had met the released convict. On Saturday he regularly took Ma's fish to market, so it seemed quite natural that he should bring Lije Carlin home. The Doctor's purpose was, of course, to talk with Lije, to give him first news of Jimmy's employment in the handling of Ma's fish, and account for other facts that Lije must soon discover. All the way from town Jimmy sat in the prow of the boat, facing forward, and said nothing.

"Madge," the older woman cautioned, "don't run down to meet him and carry on, 'cause Lije won't want no fuss made."

"Yes, Ma, I figgered to keep on cookin' supper same as if he ain't never been away."

The swift little boat sped on toward them, and through her window Madge eyed all three of its men. On the front seat, Jimmy's attitude conveyed no hint of Lije's humor. In the stern sat Dr. Hugo, and she felt sure that above the noise of his motor he'd been telling things to Lije. The face of the man on the middle seat, Madge could not see, only his shoulders, for Lije Carlin did not turn and glance at the home to which he was coming back. Even when the motorboat grated against Ma's platform, Lije scarcely looked up. "Howdy Ma. Howdy Madge."

Doctor Hugo steadied his boat while Jimmy handed Ma the money for her fish, which she received as a matter of business, then gave Jimmy half a dollar. "Here's yourn. Good-by."

IT HAD been arranged that this final settlement should take place in Lije Carlin's sight, so as to confirm the doctor's story of Jimmy's hiring, and Madge watched anxiously to see what effect it had on Lije. Apparently none. He rose from his seat in the motorboat and stepped on Ma's platform, even more forbidding in his prison clothes, a strong harsh stuff to cover harsh men.

"Thankee, Doctor," was all he said. Then Doctor Hugo pulled away.

Within Ma's cabin Madge went on cooking her supper. On the platform Ma sat smoking. Without a word Lije crossed the gangplank and strode down beside the water, where he paced back and forth, back and forth, making short regular turns as if still restricted by the limits of a cell. His black eyes roved everywhere, and both women knew that he saw everything—the painted boats, Madge's new skiff, a well-cleared landing place. Yet neither Ma nor Madge dared betray the slightest uneasiness when Lije extended his walk upstream, following a path that Jimmy used to travel between the two boats. Ma did not turn her head as he went straight to the spot where Jimmy's gangplank had left its mark. Lije was observing the trampled shore, the rub of lines around a tree, yet he said not a single word; to the very end Lije Carlin did not ask a question.

Meantime Sal was back home, and a fat perch lay browning on the skillet when Madge noticed the dog go trotting across the gangplank, where Lije's unforgotten whistle halted her.

At first Sal hesitated, then went groveling to her master, for the dumb brute, like his women, mistrusted Lije.

As a mark of favor, however, he be-

(Continued on page 44)

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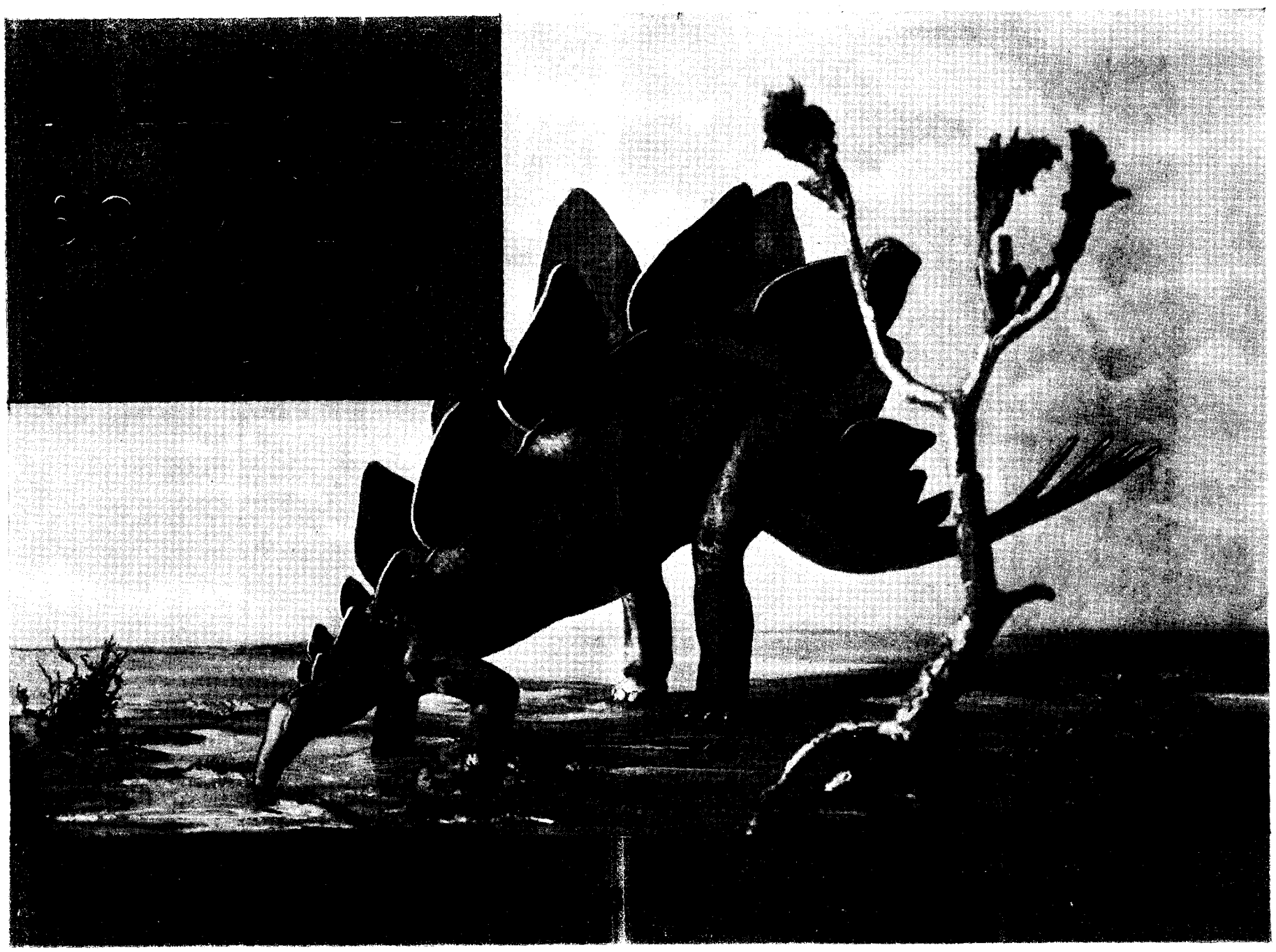

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On Darkwater

Continued from page 42

stowed no more than a gracious kick, then sat down on a drift log and snapped his fingers, "Come here, Sal. *Come here!*"

Instead of obeying him the dog backed off, whirled and ran with ducked tail, vanishing amongst the brushwood in the direction of Moccasin Bayou.

NEXT morning Lije put on his suit of overalls and rowed away in Madge's new skiff.

The dog kept worrying Ma; she could see that Lije was puzzled to account for Sal's regular disappearances. Next day he tried to coax her to go with him, then hurled Sal bodily into his skiff and pushed off. She jumped over the side, swam ashore, and ran in the same direction. Purple with rage, Lije strode into the shantyboat, grabbed his rifle and followed Sal.

The storm broke suddenly, and left two women paralyzed with mortal fear. Madge dared not trail behind, for that would infuriate him. She and Ma could only wait, wait and listen.

"Careful, careful," Ma Jerusha whispered. "Lije mought not be gone. Like as not he's hid in them bushes watchin' to see ef we's scared."

They must show no concern Madge must keep on at her task of tidying up the cabin while Ma sat and smoked. Yet, they listened. God! how those nerve-racked women listened. For hours, it seemed, they heard no rifle shot, no cry, nothing—nothing except that awful stillness of the swamp, until dry brushwood began to crackle, and Lije's overalls moved into their clearing. Without glancing at them he moved slowly to the skiff, and Madge could not believe what she saw, for Lije Carlin was smiling, actually smiling to himself.

"Ma," the younger woman gasped when he had gone, "Lije knows something."

"'Tain't but *one* thing, just *one*."

The older woman's jaws set tight as Madge took from its hiding place her own well-oiled forty-four that Lije knew nothing about, and tried the action before concealing it within easy reach. After that, through Monday and Tuesday, two endless days of torture, they might have supposed that Lije had drifted back into his regular job of fisherman. On both mornings he rowed away in the new skiff, and carried a rifle. Yet he brought home neither squirrels nor fish; and on both occasions Lije had shaved.

BEFORE his return on Tuesday evening Madge made a startling discovery—Lije's underclothes were gone. His scanty cottons had been stacked on a certain shelf, covered by a flimsy curtain. Now the shelf was empty, and Monday night he hadn't brought back Madge's skiff with the new oars. He'd gone away by water, but walked back overland, so Madge figured that her skiff was hid out with Lije's clothing, ready for a swift departure.

Their cabin was divided by a crosswise partition. In the front section were two narrow bunks, a table and cook stove. Behind the partition was Ma Jerusha's place to sleep. Through the darkness of that last interminable night Madge lay very still, gripping her forty-four, while Lije slept profoundly on the opposite bunk.

Somewhat earlier than usual he got up, shaved, put on the new suit that he'd worn from prison, and gulped his coffee without any one of the three speaking a word. Old Sal left her puppies and trotted across the gangplank, yet Lije paid no attention to her.

Almost immediately after breakfast he took down his rifle from its peg, moved deliberately up the slope until he struck the trail that Sal had taken. On the crest of the river's bank Lije paused, then shouldered his rifle and went striding through the undergrowth.

"It's fixin' to happen, *now*," Ma said. "Lije is got his head sot."

"Ma, I can't *stand* it," Madge snatched her pistol, but Ma Jerusha blocked the door.

"Ef you follows him it'll make things wuss for Babe—and Jimmy."

A hush of brooding death settled on Darkwater, a sinister silence from which no sound came back. Long, long the tense-eared women listened. By this time Lije must have reached Jimmy's boat, yet they heard nothing, nothing. Then suddenly out of the stillness old Sal began to howl. Howl, howl, howl.

"God, Ma! Babe!"

Ma Jerusha couldn't stop her. Clutching her forty-four, Madge went leaping up the bank to crash through a tangle of briers, running, tearing, breaking down obstructions, making paths where there were no paths. Across a dry ridge her torn skirts went fluttering. Down she plunged and waded a slough, stumbling among fallen timber, and approached the edge of Darkwater.

Cautiously Madge now dropped on hands and knees, creeping forward, shoving the pistol before her. From the top of the bank, peering through a tangle of vines, she could see Jimmy's boat. Its door was shut, and Sal sat there howling, howling, howling.

Not a human being was in sight as Madge ran down the slope, so intent upon that door that she did not see what lay at her own feet, until she almost stepped on Jimmy's inert body, sprawled on the ground, face down.

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" she screamed and knelt beside him, turning his pallid face toward her. The bloody head hung flabbily as she lifted it, and fell back in the same horrid position.

Jimmy! Dead! And Babe? Up she sprang, maddened with fright, and went leaping aboard the boat to kick its door wide open, to stand there with a glittering forty-four. Then something snapped within her, for Madge swayed dizzily when Babe came crawling to her on the floor, laughing and unhurt. In a frenzy Madge caught up and kissed her son, hugged old Sal, then left them on the floor together and slammed the door as she darted back to Jimmy.

The stricken fisherman had not stirred. His blond hair was dabbled in sticky red, but his heart still beat. Jimmy was alive! Alive! Water? Yes. Madge ran for a bucket and drenched him. All around her, as she knelt beside her man, those swamps lay utterly still, when from somewhere out of God's dear mercy Madge heard the rush of Doctor's motorboat. Soon the kind old man stepped ashore and hurried to Jimmy.

"He's just knocked on the head. Soon come around."

"Oh, Doctor, Jimmy ain't goin' to die?"

"No. Only stunned."

The girl, scarce less stunned than Jimmy, gazed about in stupefaction and muttered, "But Lije? Where's Lije?"

"Gone," Doctor Hugo answered.

"Gone?"

"Yes. Lije took Josie May. They passed me in your skiff."

"Oh!"

THE sudden overturning of Madge's world demanded time for digestion, so she rose slowly, went down to the shantyboat and fetched Babe to play beside his father. After a time the revived Jimmy sat up and was telling how Lije struck him from behind when Madge said, "Reckin I was too tame for Lije 'longside of a spry gal like Josie May. Anyhow, Doctor, ef Lije is plum

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The Frightened Lady

BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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gone, me an' Jimmy kin git married right away."

"Kin we?" Jimmy's pale face brightened so that Doctor Hugo hated to suggest an obstacle.

"No, Madge, not while your husband's alive; or until you get a divorce."

"We don't need no deevoce papers. I warn't hitched to Lije by law."

"Not married?"

"No, Doctor. Lije took me same as he took Josie May. But s'posin' me an' Jimmy does marry? Will that straighten us? Kinder square things, like?"

Her big brown eyes gazed up so wistfully that the old scientist smiled, "Yes, child, for when we try to correct a human error, God forgets it."

My Views on Liquor and the Law

Continued from page 8

machine in the hands of a drinking man.

A good deal of criticism has been directed against our company because we insist on sobriety amongst our men, but I don't know any company that doesn't. One difference may be that in our company the rule applies from the top down. We often receive letters from people who say they refuse to buy our product because of our stand against liquor, but I presume just as many letters are written to threaten boycott upon other firms for taking a stand more favorable to liquor. However, there is no doubt in my mind that machinery must be soberly made as well as soberly driven. I told a famous writer who had criticized me and said he would have bought a Ford station wagon if I had not insisted on sobriety in our factories, that when I saw him willing to intrust his wife and children to a drinking chauffeur I might consider trusting our works to a drinking staff. This man insists on his personal liberty to take a cocktail and insists just as strenuously on his chauffeur's being prohibited the cocktail.

A World-Wide Drive

Another gibe frequently used against us is that we run our factories just as well in countries where liquor is legal as we do here where it is not. The same rule of sobriety holds in our factories wherever they are situated. In our American factories, previous to prohibition, we had sobriety, spotted by personal and domestic tragedies due to drink. Now that source of trouble does not exist. In our foreign factories, the same spotted condition exists; it always does where liquor exists. That is why other countries are slowly closing in on the whole business. The movement against liquor is now world-wide. The advantage we now have in this country is that the law is on the side of sobriety and not on the side of liquor. We have an ally in the law. Change that, give liquor its right to stand up with the law on its side, and there will be no need of debates to determine whether prohibition has been a success. I very much doubt that the people are going to mix alcohol with this modern world they have built.

Not long ago a delightful woman of good birth and aristocratic station, one who is working for repeal, said to me:

"Why, Mr. Ford, I can't understand how you remain where you are when all the business men are changing to our side."

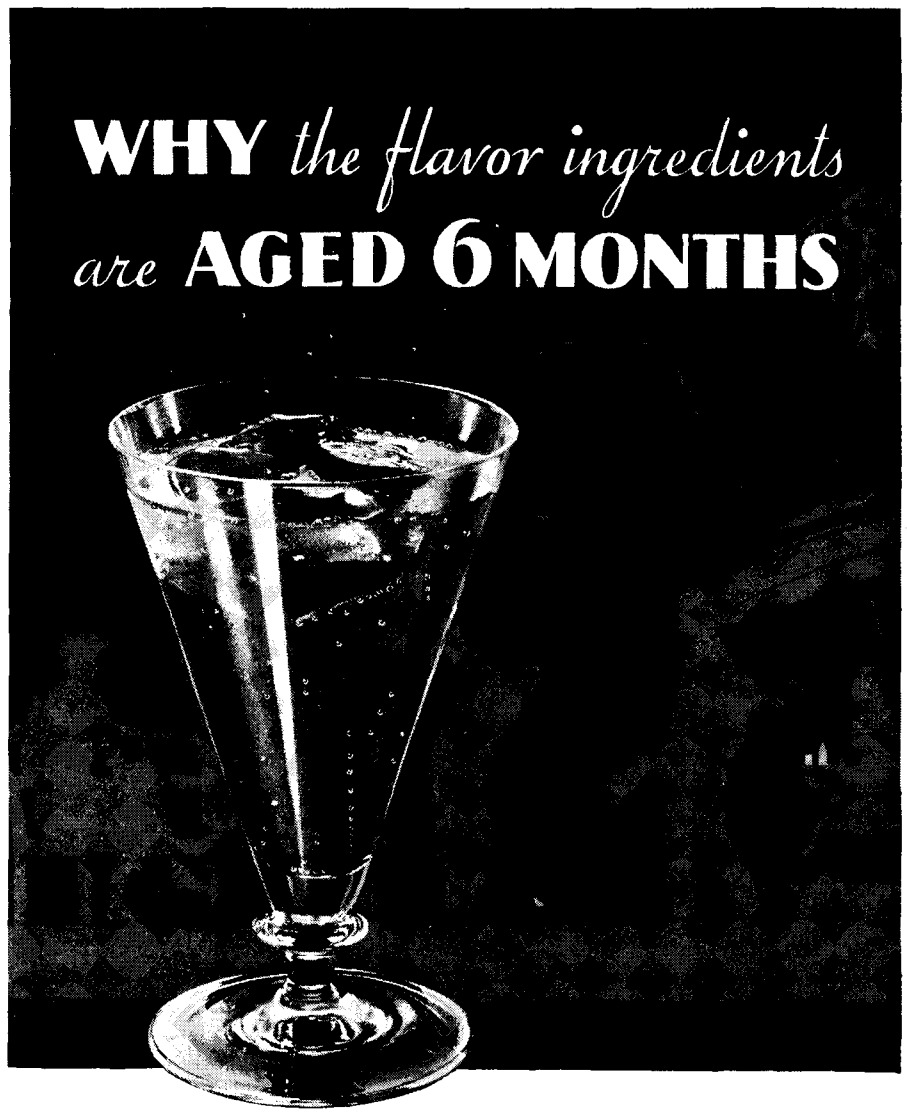
"Madam," I replied, "I'm afraid your acquaintance amongst business men is not very wide."

I agree with those who say that there is need for a renewed campaign for temperance, but they should be very sure they know what they are undertaking before they proceed, for I warn them that every temperance campaign in the United States in the last hundred years has always issued in a demand for prohibition. A temperance campaign can have no other end. So, if you are desirous of doing away with prohibition, don't flirt with temperance. Ideally, perhaps this should not be so, but practically it has always been so where alcohol is concerned. It is the element of liquor that spoils the philosophy.

As to the enforcement of the law, it is not a problem so far as the great majority of American citizens are concerned. The hold-overs from the saloon era and the more recent dupes of the illegal liquor traffic constitute the whole problem of enforcement. That problem exists largely because financial interests provide the money and take the profit not only for this but for other sorts of crime. The laws against kidnapping, dishonest banking, reckless driving and theft are in as bad repute amongst lawbreakers as the prohibition law is, and are no better enforced. It is true, as the repealers say, that law cannot rise higher than the moral convictions of the people. It is simply a question of how high or how low you rate the instinctive morality of the American people. For myself, I rate it very high. A rapid ferment of crime has been occurring *in this country but not in this nation.* Anyone who charges it to prohibition will be nearer the truth if he charges it to liquor. And the cure is not more liquor but less.

I think there is a considerable misunderstanding of the attitude which the majority of non-users of liquor take toward the man who drinks. It will probably be conceded that I have had some experience with men. I have seen them, high and low, rich and poor, for many years now, and am no stranger to the effect of drink on all sorts of careers. I have never known a drinker, even a moderate one, if there is such a thing, who has stood the test of crisis. I have seen great corporations in times of prosperity boast of their "liberal" attitude on the liquor question and encourage their responsible men to liberal behavior in that regard, and I have seen those same corporations, when the crisis came, compelled to dismiss those very men who lived by the so-called "liberal" logic. It simply does not work. My experience with the effects of drink on the family is something that no amount of argument could possibly efface. My feeling toward the man overtaken by this degrading and destructive habit is such that I would go to any lengths to save him. Because I feel that way I cannot as a citizen consent that my government shall be partner in the business whose best customers are our worst citizens, nor can I consent as a citizen to share the money taken as taxes from a business that makes merchandise of the souls of men.

Of course, I am only one. But there are millions who feel as I do. I do not think prohibition is now one of our big questions. We should be tackling the Money System now, not talking about beer. But if efforts succeed in again making prohibition a big, insistent national question, then we shall see a hundred years of national conscience rolled into one indignant act that shall silence the question for all time.



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Just a Haunch

Continued from page 19

president of some bank. He has a house down on Twelfth Street and he says he thinks he saw Klinker doing some gardening in a back yard down there. . . ."

"Gardening!"

"Sure, farming right on Manhattan Island. . . . What's so funny about that where Klinker is concerned. . . . Come on, Dan!"

They went charging out to the elevator.

There was no trouble finding him. He was out in the yard behind the apartment house, wearing overalls and with a hoe in his hand. The plot of ground he was cultivating was about as large as a baby-grand piano.

Dan started yelling before he got to him:

"What's the idea? What do you think suspended means—a life sentence? Why didn't you report? All the cops in the world are lookin' for you! We thought you were dead!"

"I been right here," said Jake.

They dragged him out and started uptown.

"This is the first game of the Brooklyn series!" yelled Dave Bancroft above the roar of the "L." "You been keeping yourself in shape?"

Mr. Klinker nodded sagely.

"Don't you ever read the papers? . . . We thought you were kidnapped."

"I been restin'," said Jake. "I been right here."

"Where's your wife?"

"Why, she—uh—" began Jake.

"Don't tell me," broke in Mr. Bancroft. "I know . . . she's visiting somebody."

"She's visitin' her great-aunt Arabella up in Maine," said Mr. Klinker.

"Well, that wasn't so bad," said Mr. Bancroft. "I thought it'd be Iceland or something."

"Maine," said Mr. Klinker.

They said no more, holding on while the cab careened up to the Polo Grounds.

Brooklyn was ahead 3-2 and the Giants were coming up in the ninth when Jake Klinker came down the steps of the clubhouse in center field and started along the right-field fence toward the Giants' warming-up pen. The crowd rose and bellowed in a voice to be heard over on the Shetland Islands. Rigler, umpiring behind the plate, had to stop the game till Klinker could reach the Giants' bench.

WHEN the excitement simmered down, Mr. Vance began to pitch again for Brooklyn. There was one out. He walked Jackson, and Vergez beat out a hit to short.

McGraw stood up then and waved Mr. Klinker up to the plate.

"All right, miracle man," he said. "You might as well be a real hero. . . . There's only one thing. Let the first ball go by. Do you hear me? . . . *Let the first ball go by.*"

Mr. Klinker went up, rubbed his hands in the dirt and stepped into the box. The first ball was right down the middle and Mr. Klinker stepped into it. Bissonette never saw it when it went past him. Babe Herman started when the ball was hit. He plunged desperately to his right but there was no chance. It went past him like something tied to a skyrocket.

Jackson was over the plate; Vergez turned third and came pounding down the base line. He slowed up as he touched the plate with the winning run. Herman still hadn't got up to the ball in right center.

The crowd swarmed out on the diamond. Mr. Klinker beat them to the dugout. Mr. McGraw had time only for one question:

"What was the idea of hitting the first ball when I told you not to?" he said coldly.

"I had a haunch," said Mr. Klinker.

The mob was on him and bore him away.

WHEN Mr. McGraw got back to the Giants' office, he found a man waiting for him there. The crowd was milling around the clubhouse below trying to get a look at Klinker.

"I have a message here for Klinker," said the visitor, "but I know I couldn't get to him in that mob. I wonder if you'd give it to him."

"What is it?"

"It's a letter from Kitty Johnson. I'm her manager. It's a little gift and an invitation."

"What do you mean, gift?"

"Oh, just a little check as a token of thanks. . . . Just a thousand dollars. And then we're having a big blowout tonight down at the theater in honor of Kitty's return and we want Klinker as guest of honor. . . . You're to come, too. . . . A special box and all that."

"It's a lot of boloney," said Dave Bancroft, breaking in. "Klinker wasn't near Kitty Johnson. He was down on a farm on Twelfth Street."

"He may not have been near her," said the manager, "but he got her back here all the same. . . . Probably saved her life."

"What'd he do," asked Mr. Bancroft, "raise some broccoli that cured her arthritis or something?"

"No," said the manager, "but when the cops stopped that car, Kitty was in the back seat with this tough guy, who was pushing a gat in her ribs so she couldn't say anything.

"Well, the cops didn't think it was Kitty at all. But they thought the guy with her was Klinker. So they brought them in to the station house to make sure about Klinker. It was a cinch after that."

"Why'd they think he was Klinker?"

"Well, the cops thought the guy looked a little . . . you know, a little . . ."

"A little what?"

"A little . . . uh . . . goofy."

"The cops were right," said Mr. Bancroft.

"The cops also told me," said the manager, "that they did it just because they had a hunch it was Klinker. . . . Something about the way he acted and all that."

"A haunch, eh?" said Mr. McGraw.

"Yes, sir, a hunch. . . . That's what the cops said. . . . You'll be there tonight, won't you, Mr. McGraw? It'll be a pretty swell affair."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. McGraw: "I'll go if Klinker goes. It wouldn't be any party without him. You'd better go on down and ask him. Take him down, Dave, and introduce him to the great man."

The manager and Mr. Bancroft went down to the clubhouse and Dave dragged Mr. Klinker out of the shower while the manager explained the proposition and tendered the thousand-dollar check all over again.

"What was the name of the lady?" asked Mr. Klinker, rubbing himself briskly with the towel while he talked.

"Kitty Johnson."

"And she's an actor lady?"

"She's leading lady of the Follies," said the manager.

"I know her," said Mr. Klinker.

"WHAT do you mean, know her?" said Mr. Bancroft. "Were you mixed up in that kidnapping business, after all?"

"No, sir; I ain't never met her, but I know her. She comes from Indiana, don't she?"

"As a matter of fact, I think she did," said the manager.

"I ain't never met her," said Mr. Klinker, "but I know her. . . . She's Emmy's Cousin Ira's girl. . . . From Terre Haute. She's an actor lady now."

Mr. Bancroft went over and aimed a kick at Mr. Hogan, just to express his turbulent feelings.

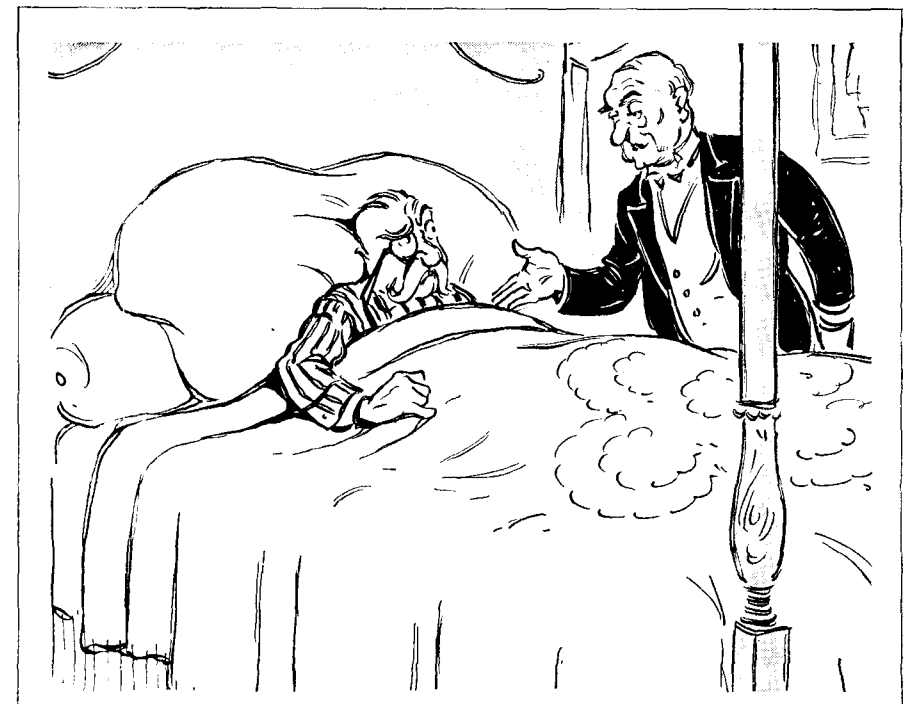
"Cousin Ira's gal!" he breathed.

Mr. Hogan went on dressing, thoughtfully.

"You know, Dave," he said reflectively, "I'm beginning to place this guy Klinker now. I've seen him before. I saw him once in a show when I was a kid. It was a great show."

"What show?" asked Mr. Bancroft.

"The Kinsman," said Mr. Hogan.



"Perhaps a change of monocles would improve your outlook, sir"

Nate Collier

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The Primrose Path

Continued from page 16

Lee. "Would you take me to the corridor please, Harrison? You've mussed me up dreadfully and I ought to fix my hair."

She hurried down the ballroom corridor, pausing opposite the door of the gentlemen's cloakroom. She had caught just a glimpse of somebody's back, a straight, slender back, broad across the shoulders and made for a tail coat. It might have been Lee. April went on, past the refreshment-room where a dozen men and a few girls stood, laughing and talking, about tables gleaming with a burden of champagne glasses. But she didn't want any more champagne and she didn't want to hear any more stories. She found the ladies' dressing-room, except for maids, conveniently empty.

April thought it was empty. She straightened her stockings, smoothed her dress, powdered her nose, and began with those deft things a clever girl does to her hair. Voices reached her from the washroom and she felt at once the guilt of eavesdropping. Then her face began to burn. "—certainly she's pretty. She's beautiful. It's too bad. I'd heard the small towns were full of no-limit girls but I never believed it."

The other voice said: "They want to be sophisticated and imitate the city, and then they are ten times wilder than most city girls ever dared be. Of course, any pretty girl can get the men for a while on that basis. My brother told me to steer clear of her."

The comb slipped from April's limp fingers. She rose and walked woodenly out into the corridor, trembling, shivering. She tried to tell herself those girls in the dressing-room were merely jealous, but she knew better. They did not have to be jealous. She was not of their kind. By an idiotically simulated, although amusing, abandon she had excluded herself from them forever and ever and ever, and she wanted back what she had so wantonly thrown away more than anything she had ever wanted in her life.

FOR a moment there in the corridor, with the slow dance music beating in her temples and finger nails cutting into her palms, April tried to find self-justification, turning fiercely against all the sensationally published and pictured and broadcast deception which, for the unwary and credulous, could so distort the ingrained human values. She hated all the boys she had known, and her blind parents, and a certain bootlegger, and Kempton Square, but mostly she hated herself. That feminine practicality which picks up splinters after a crash came to her rescue. What could be done? If only Lee should not know— It wouldn't be cheating because there was an April Gilmore who was still untouched and that April would be his.

Untouched? She felt somebody's fingers on her shoulders and turned sharply about to discover Freddie Ogden, grinning. April slapped him as hard as she could. She knew it was unfair but it had to be done. It helped her. She left the staggered Freddie and walked steadily up the corridor towards the ballroom.

Suddenly she thought she hadn't the strength to face it, to dance there before them all and read the contempt behind their smiling eyes, even the men's eyes. But she must face it. It was a first step. She went towards the refreshment-room in hope a little champagne might steady her nerve. A burst of laughter came from the group of men just inside the door. April recoiled from it.

There was something about that laughter which a girl would know. Well, it was her coming-out ball and she must expect to be discussed. If, instead of being discussed, she was talked about, that was her penalty. One of the men's voices reached her with something which made her put her hands to her face and lean weakly against the corridor wall. It was all so horrible, so far from anything she had ever intended. As soon as the laughter subsided, someone else (she thought it was Eric Forbes) said: "—because that child's normal temperature is a hundred and ten in the shade. I'm all burnt out." And another said: "Look out. Here's Sherrill."

She knew it had been Eric's voice now but she wasn't caring about that. Her heart had suddenly frozen. Eric said: "Lee Sherrill? What of it? Say, I was in college with that boy and he's not passing up any bets. Lee! Come over here. I was just telling these . . ."

APRIL couldn't hear what Eric had been telling. She heard what followed, out of a silence—the flat, echoless crack of fist on flesh, the crash of an overturned table full of glasses, a scuffling of feet, the thud of a man's body against a wall.

There was an instant after that when nothing happened. Then Harrison Wick dashed out of the door. He didn't notice her and began yelling at a waiter who was passing down the corridor: "Hey you! Get some help in here. He's knocked two of them cold. Have you got any ice in that bucket?"

Lee came out. His hair was scarcely disarranged, but he kept his right hand thrust into a trousers pocket. He said: "There you are. Sorry I had to be late. Can we pretend the next dance is the first?"

He made no reference to her distress or to the excited running up and down the corridor. He asked no questions which needed an answer and just talked, about the black dress, the decoration, the dance music. Her hand inside his arm was pressed tightly against his side. He said: "If anybody tries to cut in on us, I'll cut back at once."

But no stags cut in on them and they danced many times around the ballroom floor. Lee bantered and laughed and April occasionally nodded or shook her head. She did not trust herself to speak. She couldn't have stood unless he held her.

She knew why he was doing it—a gesture of social defiance. It was because he was a Poultney Sherrill and it had nothing to do with her. He probably thought of her as the others did. Near the door she slipped out of his arms and made a dash of it for the ladies' dressing-room. She couldn't stand it any longer. She made for the ballroom's foyer entrance where a fat major-domo was resisting by everything short of force the violent insistence of a gate crasher. April was almost past them before she saw who it was. His size, his clothes, his loud voice, and the angry flair of his blond hair caught her attention. "Wes!" she said. "Wes Perry!"

She hadn't had any idea where she was going. Not to the Sherrills, anyway. She had just been running away. Now she could let Wes Perry take her back to Kempton Square where she could drink all the gin she wanted and throw herself into any arms that reached for her and forget. He took hold of her arm roughly and drew her after him. "Come on with me," he said. "My bus is down on the street and we've got a lot of road to cover." It was a tumbling-out of dreams.

Her silence in the elevator and all the way until he put her in the front seat of his dusty open car puzzled Wes. He said: "How come you're so willing to leave all this swell stuff? I told you what they were like, didn't I? I knew what they'd do to an innocent girl." He glanced at her closely. "Maybe they have. Maybe that's what's wrong with you."

"Does it make any difference, Wes?"

"Of course it does," he said. "You thought you were too grand for Fanny Doolittle's house party. I didn't come down here just to cart home a lot of débris, you know."

All April knew was that she could not go back to Kempton Square. She stepped into the street out of Wes Perry's car and was grazed by a yellow car which skidded to a halt beside her. It was a taxicab. She opened the door of it and climbed in. "Go," she said. "Go anywhere."

The taxi-driver went "anywhere" for two hours. Then she knocked on the front window. "Go to the forty-seven hundred block on Lindell."

Cousin Lee came home from police headquarters at twenty minutes to four. He had been to Portland Place several times and at least once to the residences of Eric Forbes, Freddie Ogden, and Harrison Wick

It seemed extraordinary to Cousin Lee that the girl he was so obviously in love with should run away from him. She hadn't shown any tendency to run away from him when he first met her and now he couldn't understand it. He couldn't see anything essentially wrong with himself that would justify the girl.

Plodding with downcast eyes up the stairs to his second-floor apartment, he almost stepped on her. She was sitting on the top step, a picture of woe.

"I want to come in," she said.

"You want to come into my apartment at quarter to four A. M.? Have you no sense of propriety? Are you utterly reckless? Do you care nothing for your reputation? . . ."

"I haven't any," she said. "You know perfectly well what all those horrible people were saying—and just imagine what they were thinking." A great big gray tear splashed on her smooth silken knee. "If . . . if I've got to be wicked, at least I can say how and where, can't I?"

COUSIN LEE sat down beside her and took her in his arms. He wasn't at all expert about it but she got there. She got somehow into his lap with her arms around his neck and her head on his shoulder so that the tears made funny little rivers down his shirt front. He kissed her often but with no especial technique. He didn't even put his hand behind her head. But April knew she had never been kissed before in her life. She discovered amazingly that kissing is done not with the lips but with the heart. "But you can't, Lee dearest. Everybody will say . . ."

"I don't care a hang what they say," said Lee. "A gentleman doesn't judge a girl by what people say. I will make them . . ." (the slang phrase stuck in his throat a bit) ". . . like it."

"But how can you marry a girl people will point at, Lee. . . ?"

"Darling," he told her, "the wives of the Cæsars and the Poultney Sherrills are beyond reproach."

NO SWEARING OFF NECESSARY!

Bunker: "You seem to be off your game to-day, Ed."

Trapp: "I'll say I am. Haven't been sleeping well lately."

Trapp: "I guess I'll have to quit drinking coffee at night. I've just *got* to get more sleep."

Mrs. Trapp: "I'll get some Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffein-free—you can drink that and sleep, too."

Bunker: "You were off your game last week, Ed, but you certainly trimmed me to-day."

Trapp: "That's because I've been sleeping like a top since I started drinking Sanka Coffee."

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Men Don't Understand

Continued from page 9

see below the surface of things and sort of know how a person feels when something happens to upset her. I mean even if it's a little childish thing like losing a pet rabbit."

Bud ignored the hand stretched out to him. A sense of rank injustice filled him. He felt strangely helpless and hurt and sore.

"Oh, so that's what you think!" he exclaimed. "Well, then, I guess we're even, because I thought you were different, too."

"Really?" said Joan.

"I didn't think you were like other girls, always making a fuss and crabbing about something that nobody can help."

"Oh!" breathed Joan, putting her hand to her breast. "You brute! You unfeeling brute!"

Bud was madder than he had ever been in his life before. Also, he was abysmally puzzled as to the process by which she had adjudged him a brute. But to debate the point seemed impossible. To debate anything with a girl seemed impossible.

"Aw, what the heck!" he blurted out finally; and, turning, strode rapidly away. He fairly soared over the hedge, landed on his own property and struck out for home. There was something very final in the set of his shoulders.

Joan stood looking after him for a moment. Then she went into her own house and wept.

THE Easter holidays fled fast, but for once Joan didn't care. It was all empty and unreal. Futile.

Experimentally, she started a flirtation with Freddy Burns. But she seemed to have lost her technique. Freddy noticed it.

"You crazy about that Wentworth guy?" he complained mournfully.

"I am not!"

"Then why," asked Freddy, with considerable acuteness, "do you always duck when he comes around?"

"Has he been around? I haven't noticed. Let's dance, shall we?"

It was Freddy who took her to the final Saturday-night dance at the Country Club. Tomorrow afternoon she would start back to the boarding school. She was glad.

She wore the new evening dress that Papa had let her buy for Easter. It was a pale gold dress that swirled up from her gold slippers like a moonlit wave; a wave that broke in chiffon surf about her small breasts and over her bare shoulders. To look at her, one would not have suspected that inwardly she had decided to become a nun.

TOWARD the end of the evening she was dancing with Freddy Burns when a hand, thrust out of nowhere, fell arrestingly on her partner's elbow. A voice said: "May I, please?" And Freddy, with a startled grin, gave way. Joan felt another arm, gentle but compelling, settle about her waist. She looked up into the grave, unsmiling face of Bud Wentworth.

"Want to talk to you," he said, rather hoarsely. "Let's dance around to the door and beat it outside."

"Why—? What—? Where outside?"

"Anywhere," said Bud.

Joan felt suddenly enfeebled. Her mind produced no clear reason for protest, no guiding thought. She let Bud lead her from the dance floor. His hand on her arm was somehow a comfort and a compulsion.

The night was gloriously warm about her. A soft wind caressed her bare shoulders. She stood with Bud under a tree at the edge of the golf links and waited for him to speak. There was some miracle pending in the spring darkness. . . . Never had she seen such stars. . . .

"Look, Joan," Bud said. "I've been thinking things over, and I mean I've thought a lot about what you said to me that day—that morning—the only time I've talked to you this whole vacation!"

"Yes," said Joan.

"WELL, I'll be starting back to school tomorrow and so will you, and I've felt rotten all week about this thing, because I know now what a dumb egg I was not to see how you felt that morning."

"I guess I was pretty silly," Joan said, looking up at him. There was an exquisite pleasure in confessing her weakness.

"No, you weren't!" Bud's voice was emphatic. "It was just that I didn't understand, that's all. But I do now!"

"Do you, Bud? Do you, really?"

"Sure I do. It wasn't the rabbit; I mean it wasn't just the—the accident to the rabbit that upset you, Joan. It was knowing that a thing like that could happen, all at once, without having any point or sense to it."

"And so cruel," whispered Joan. "So brutal!"

"That's it. You see, you've always been so sheltered, and I mean you've probably never realized how cruel life can be."

"Yes, I have! Oh, yes, I have, Bud!"

"Well, maybe you have," he conceded hurriedly. "But—listen, Joan. Here's what I want to particularly say to you: A girl like you needs someone to protect her, because that's how life is. I mean it's a question of the survival of the fittest, like Jumbo killing your rabbit, and naturally a girl can't face that sort of thing alone. She needs someone to sort of understand her and protect her."

"Bud! That's awfully sweet of you, because you're right. It's dreadful to feel yourself all alone."

"Sure, I know," said Bud; and then, impulsively: "Say, Joan! Do you think you could come up to Andover for my graduation in June? Mother's coming and she could chaperon you. Do you think you could?"

"Oh . . . *Bud!*"

"Please say you will!"

Joan drew a deep breath and exhaled it slowly. She felt like shouting. But she managed to say quietly: "Thanks, Bud. I'd adore to—if Mother and Dad will let me."

"Joan, darling!"

"No, Bud, you mustn't! You—"

"I love you, Joan."

"You don't, you couldn't! Do you, really?"

"Yes, I do. I always will. Oh, Joan, please say you love me. Please—!"

His arms were around her, drawing her close to him. Joan lifted her arms slowly, feeling the warm breeze on her flesh, and clasped him. This was the miracle the night had promised her.

"I love you, Bud."

"Oh, gee!" the boy said. "It seems like fate, Joan. The way things have happened it seems as if we were meant for each other."

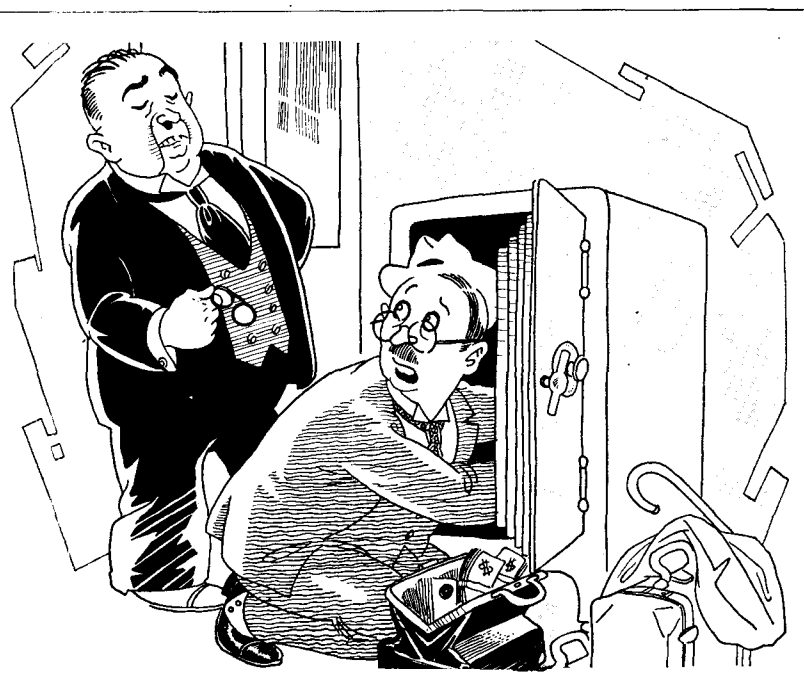
Joan laughed and kissed him. What a silly he was not to have known that from the beginning.

LATE the next afternoon, as Mr. and Mrs. Benson were driving home from the station after seeing their daughter off to school, Mrs. Benson said: "That nice Wentworth boy has invited Joan up to Andover for his graduation in June. I told her she could go, if you approved."

"Ummm!" said Mr. Benson. "I suppose it's all right. Let her have all the fun she can while she's still a kid, eh, Mother?"

Mrs. Benson said: "Yes, dear!" But she thought: "How blind men are!" For she had seen the look on Joan's face as the girl waved good-by to Bud Wentworth at the station; and she knew that her child was a child no longer. Within these past few days her daughter's life had reached that climax which is both an end and a beginning. Something born, out of something swiftly and subtly dying. . . .

So it was that when she got home Mrs. Benson took some wilted Easter flowers from a vase, and went out secretly to the garden and, smiling a little to herself, dropped them on the white rabbit's grave.



"The management distinctly frowns upon that sort of thing, C. A." *G. Francis Kauffman*

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Texas Flash

Continued from page 26

distinction of holding either the Southern or national record in every event in which she has ever competed.

She has broken, officially or unofficially, every record in the Olympic list for women. She expects to enter all the women's events in the present Olympics, competing as a one-girl American track team. The world's women athletes will compete at Los Angeles in the 100-meter dash, the 80-meter hurdles, the javelin and discus throws and the high jump. The other event for women is a 400-meter relay race.

A Versatile Athlete

Miss Didrikson plays a fine game of baseball with the Golden Cyclone club. She plays third base or pitches, has an unusual throwing arm, and is one of the leading girl batters of her part of the country. She averages 250 yards off the tee in golf, and has been known to drive greens 300 official yards away.

She bowls score for score with the average male, her strings running between 160 and 180. Her high mark in the alleys to date is 216.

The young lady is likewise an accomplished swimmer and diver. And she plays a fine game of tennis.

Brought up in rough-and-tumble fashion with brothers and neighborhood boys, the Texas girl also is quite proficient with her fists. One night at a Dallas sports dinner, she was induced to spar a round or two with Babe Stribling, younger brother of William "Young" Stribling, and a professional pugilist of some experience himself.

Stribling, true to Southern chivalry, boxed strictly upon the defensive, an art in which he once had excelled. Miss Didrikson, however, feinted him cleverly into a fault that exposed his face and she then shot a right across that even a professional might envy. It caught Stribling flush upon the nostrils with a terrific force and started a stream of gore that brought the battle to a hurried and embarrassed close.

Babe shoots a rifle expertly, rides a bicycle like a messenger boy and has won several medals for life-saving.

The girl's blood is Norwegian, the same virile stream that fired the Vikings of old. Her father, Ole, was the ship's carpenter on a Norwegian freighter that was all but battered to pieces in the terrible tropical hurricane that inundated the city of Galveston back in 1900. Ole and his wife, Hannah, had left Norway on that tramp to seek freedom and fortune in the United States.

After a terrible voyage, they managed to reach Port Arthur. They debarked there, and Ole procured employment as carpenter and cabinet-maker. It was therefore in Port Arthur on June 26, fifteen years later, that the daughter was born whom they officially christened Mildred Babe Didrikson.

That daughter now stubbornly eschews the Mildred and sticks to the Babe. She sticks to it so tenaciously, in fact, that she was about to be thrown out of a Southern A. A. U. track meet last year by the stern officials who insisted that she enter as "Mildred" Didrikson instead of "Babe" Didrikson. They couldn't accept a nickname upon an entry blank, they said. The young woman eventually and utterly confounded the eminent gentlemen by producing a birth certificate recording her legal name as Mildred Babe Didrikson. Babe it's been since and Babe it apparently will continue.

Babe is five feet seven and one-half inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. Nothing about her looks gives any clue to the tremendous athletic power within her lithe body, except perhaps that her lines and features are almost wholly masculine. She isn't pretty in the usually accepted sense of that term, yet she is certainly far from unattractive. A husky voice, a direct manner of speech that often drops into the sporting argot, and an almost complete absence of feminine frills heighten the impression of masculinity.

It is, however, a misleading impression. The Babe is thoroughly feminine.

"I know I'm not pretty," she says, "but I do try to be graceful."

She doesn't care much for boys but she has a few close girl friends. She has no definite program of diet or training. She merely keeps reasonable hours and dines with reasonable restraint. She doesn't drink, of course, and neither does she smoke.

She follows no particular plan with her clothes, and in this connection a male reporter once got all tangled up trying to ask her a question.

"Do you wear any special kind of street shoe, Miss Didrikson?" he asked. "I mean your feet are certainly vital to your athletic success. Do you take any particular care of them?"

"No," Babe replied. "I just go into a store like anybody else, try on shoes until I find a pair that feel right, and if I can afford them, I buy them."

"Well, Miss Didrikson, do you select your other apparel with any special care? I mean do you—er—find that binding garments—er—what I mean is . . ." the poor man was blushing and stuttering in evident embarrassment.

"Are you trying to ask me," said Babe, in her husky, straight-to-the-point fashion, "if I wear girdles, brassières and the rest of that junk?"

"Y-y-yes," spluttered the reporter in sudden relief.

"The answer is no," she snapped. "What do you think I am, a sissy?"

Summary of Athletic Career of Mildred Babe Didrikson

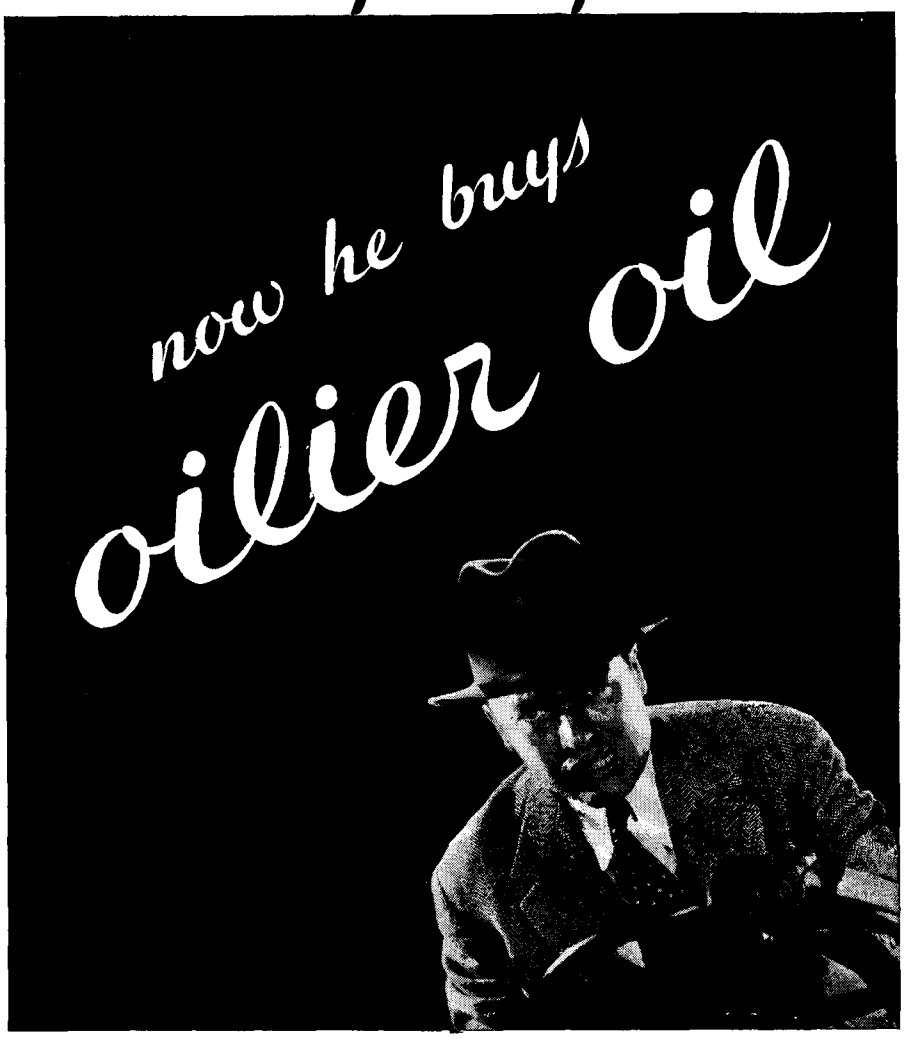
Was 19 years old June 26, 1932. Is employed in clerical work by Employers Casualty Company, Dallas, Texas. In organized athletics two years as member of various teams sponsored by that firm, and officially recognized by the Southern Association of the National A. A. U. In her two seasons of competition she has captained the firm's track team which competes under the name of the Golden Cyclone, and has led it in both seasons to the national runner-up position. She has been a member both years of the Golden Cyclone basketball team, national champions of 1931. Has been twice selected All-America forward, has established eight Southern A. A. U. field and track records, and three American field and track records. Has personally won 92 individual medals, and has helped the Golden Cyclone Athletic Club to win 17 cups. Her track and field records follow:

SOUTHERN A. A. U. OFFICIAL RECORDS

*80-meter hurdles	12 sec.
100-yard dash	11 sec.
220-yard dash	25.2 sec.
8-pound shot put	37 ft. 1 in.
*Javelin throw	133 ft. 5½ in.
*Baseball throw	296 ft.
Running high jump	5 ft. 1 in.
Running broad jump	18 ft. 7½ in.

*Also National A. A. U. record.

He RAGED and he SHIFTED on every dinky hill..



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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* — WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* — CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

Clear the Track!

WITH the best medical treatment, a cynical doctor said, a common cold can be cured in fourteen days, while a neglected cold may last two weeks.

Other authorities go further and say that, with or without medical treatment, about four fifths of the acute ailments we suffer from will cure themselves. This, it should be noted, is not an argument against good medical care but merely a doctor's explanation of the success attained by fakers and patent-medicine venders in treating diseases of which they know nothing.

If the past tells anything of importance it is that economic ills also have been cured chiefly by the healing power of time. Certainly previous depressions have not been conquered by statesmen's remedies.

This, in turn, is not an argument against using our best intelligence now to improve economic conditions. It does suggest, however, that regardless of who is elected President or of what party controls Congress prosperity will succeed bad times.

In a word, we don't have to wait until November for things to improve. Election days are important but happily in this country they are not vital to our economic welfare. The truth is that the similarity of Democrats and Republicans, so often scornfully noted, is a stabilizing influence. We know that in general both parties will behave alike. While the particular paths they travel may diverge somewhat, each is headed for the same destination.

Earlier depressions have been cured by the breaking of the dam of restricted buying. During bad years even those who can buy refrain from buying. We have to eat but we don't have to get new clothes at a particular time. Many purchases can be postponed and are postponed.

After a while people who still can buy get tired of doing without. During even the worst of depressions there is a vast unused buying power. For every man unemployed now at least four are at work. Wages and salaries and dividends are not so high but they are high enough to store up resources. Savings-bank deposits, now swollen, are one measure of this.

Sooner or later these dammed-up dollars flow out. Long-deferred plans are realized. Millions buy new shoes and new automobile tires and all of the other myriad requirements of our complex living. Then we realize that conditions have changed and bad times have become good.

The cure is, of course, not quite so simple as a shopping spree. We refrain from buying, not because we do not want things, but because we are uncertain of the future. The squirrel instinct of storing up for the winter is very strong. So, as long as we think we have to accumulate against future hunger, we go on hoarding.

The one practical remedy which any government could offer is some sort of assurance for the future. The only real trouble now is a lack of faith or credit.

How is this faith in ourselves to be restored? We know that as a nation we can make everything we need and much more to export. What we don't know is whether we can distribute profitably all that we can make. Credit, which is the blood of commerce, is our anxiety.

Credit will naturally be restored whatever the government does or fails to do. Credit can, however, be restored the more quickly if the factors which now disturb us and other people are removed.

One difficulty which handicaps governmental action is that financial credit is so vast and far reaching. An Ivar Kreuger contrives schemes in Stockholm which influence directly and indirectly men and women all over the world, even though they know nothing and care less about that unscrupulous juggler of finance.

Then, too, the ideas which other foreigners entertain concerning our future financial policies affect us. Because France and Holland and other European countries thought we were going off the gold standard, eight hundred million gold dollars were shipped abroad after last September.

We stood that international run on the bank but it did not improve credit conditions while it lasted. Yet dollar speculators in Paris, The Hague, Brussels and London seem very remote from Kansas or Mississippi. They are not so far away, however, as not to have heard of Representative Patman's pleas that the gold standard be abandoned for veterans' relief. The half-baked notions of that lone congressman did much to make credit more uncertain and thus jobs scarcer, even for the veterans he would serve.

The factors which continue to disturb credit arise chiefly from our unsettled foreign policies. Bankers of every important country are agreed conditions everywhere would be bettered if European governmental debts could be reduced to practicable proportions. So far no government has felt free to accept a settlement based on facts.

Again we would be immensely better off if we could decide definitely what our foreign trade policy is to be. Events will decide it for us if we reach no solution, but we waste money and time by hesitation.

We can cure depressions as we cure colds, by neglect, or by taking patent medicines, or by rational treatment of the disturbing conditions. We'll drift even if we won't travel. We shall, however, arrive at our destination with greater certainty if we rely upon those experts competent to prescribe curative policies and then take our medicine even though it is unpleasant to taste.

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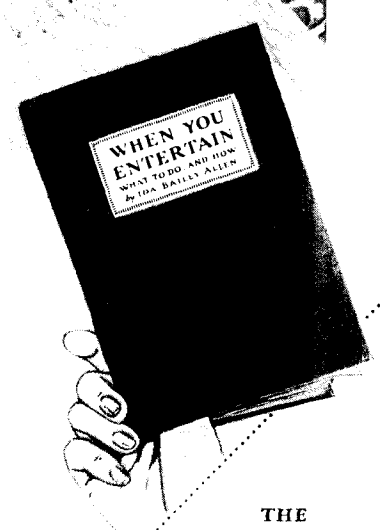

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